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Introduction



Introduction

In our quest for office space after our landlord had doubled the cost of the lease, we eventually found a suitable property at 133 Oldham Street. However the only problem was that it had a pub attached.

The City pub was purchased in August 1995.

And in a fanfare of undecided expectations, we were presented with a large box of deeds and documents that dated back to 1782. This was to

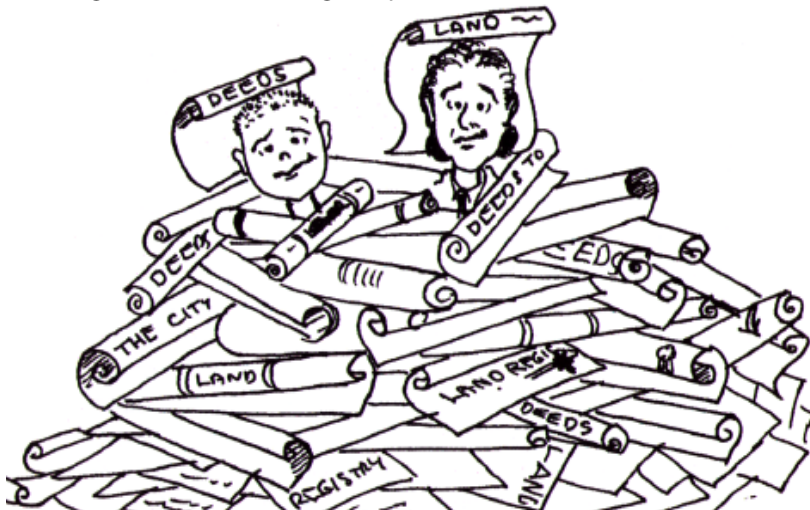
be the start of my interest in the history of the City

Public House. Our pub would appear to be one of the oldest original licensed premises in the city of Manchester, which is still in its original position with most of the external fabric still intact. The fact that the pub

was once divided into two separate pubs, only added to its charm and mystique.

With entrances in Tib Street and Oldham Street, it has been affectionately known as Peter's Vaults, The King's Arms and Coronation Inn, the Top King and many other names

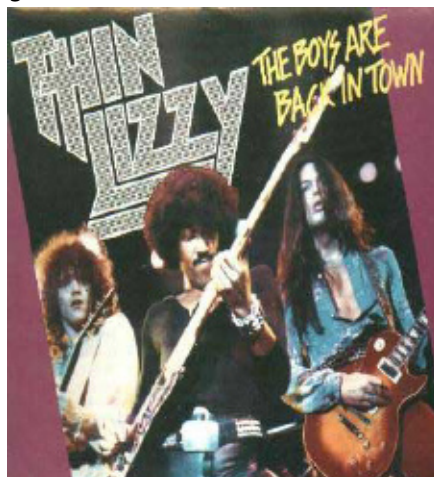
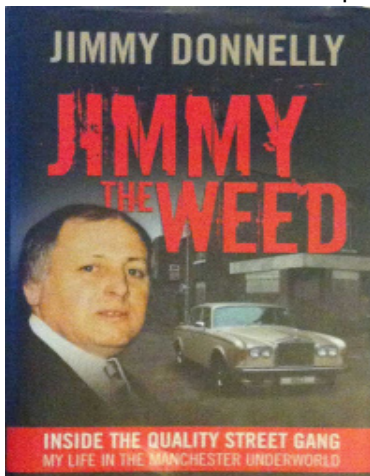
In November 1997, I published, with the help of Jean Price, Richard Dutton and Sam Acton, a small booklet entitled a Tale of Two Cities which described the history of the pub. I have decided to expand the original work in order to include some of my personal experiences. Both Stuart and myself had never been associated with the licensing trade or the running of a pub, so welcome to our new world.



Introduction

Manchester is renowned for being a hub of industry, a vibrant university town, and home to the second best-known football team in the world, Manchester United. This city, which arguably rivals London in terms of excitement, has much more to offer. My enterprises should have been centred around Liverpool but at the time it was being ripped apart by left wing ideologies, and to invest in such a place would have been suicidal. Manchester's transformation in the 1990s, was because it was the centre of the British music scene, spawning Oasis, the Stone Roses and the Happy Mondays. The opening of the Hacienda nightclub was also influential in the development of popular culture in Manchester. The mushrooming of its nightlife during the Madchester period has had a long-term impact, particularly with the subsequent development of the Gay Village and Northern Quarter. Organised crime became an unfortunate backdrop to the clubbing scene in the city (and the popularity of illegal drugs, particularly ecstasy) providing a fertile environment for organised crime. But Manchester's bubble was to be blown apart in 1996 when the IRA detonated a bomb in the city centre. This was the a catalyst for huge sums of money to be pumped into rebuilding the city. New city and canal side developments sprung up across the city. Manchester grew from strength to strength and continues to lead the way in urban regeneration. It was within this frame work that our businesses within the city centre were to grow and prosper.

A tale of two cities is the story of our tenure of The City pub, its history and the characters that crossed its doorway. Followed by a dip into the smorgasbord of Manchester's glorious past, from the clubs and pubs that have faded into history. To the buildings and places lost in the passage of time. With contemporary news paper cuttings of events and the people that helped shape the city of Manchester. I hope you enjoy the tale of two cities as much as I have in compiling it. Welcome to a "Tale of Two cities".



Chapter One - The purchase of The City pub

The purchase of The City pub and our introduction to the licensing trade: "Help!"

My very first visit to The City public house was in May, 1995. It was early evening when my business partner Stuart and I decided to walk down Oldham Street and venture into the unknown.

Like a scene from the Admiral Benbow inn, the place was old and dark. It took a while for our eyes to adjust to the gloom. Then, like a ship sailing through the mist, gradually all was revealed. The next of our senses to be aroused sent a scrambled message to the brain of a prevailing musty smell superimposed with stale beer. Had we arrived on board the Mary Celeste? The place was totally bereft of customers, except for a gentleman at the opposite end of the bar, the furniture old and broken, the bar area looking decidedly depressing, the ceiling stained by the fumes from a million Capstan Full Strength cigarettes and a ceiling fan struggling to defy perpetual motion.

The scene was set for our grand entry. The carpet had taken on the appearance of a tar macadam path around the bar, having lost its pattern a millennium ago, trodden by a magnitude of customers' boots. There had been pictures on the wall, but they had long since vanished; however, the tell-tale rectangular shapes of a different colour were the obvious give-away. The curtains over the front window had seen better days and showed the signs of continuous operation - probably from stay-behinds - and were hanging nervously by a couple of hooks. The bottom half of the pub had wall to wall fitted linoleum which had shown the ravages of time and was damaged in numerous places. (It could certainly help in propelling any customer wanting to relieve himself faster towards the toilets.)

The atmosphere was not very welcoming. Anita, the landlady, a female in her mid fifties with peroxide blonde, curly hair, medium height and a little on the plump side, was standing behind the bar talking to Ray - some relative and a local disc jockey-come-Karaoke artist who, we were to find out later, was a real celebrity on the Street. Anita must have belonged to the Green Party and keen on preserving the Earth's resources, as very few of the wall lights were illuminated. Behind the bar was a sign indicating when the hostelry (or should that be hostility?) was open from noon to 11pm on Fridays and Saturdays, all the other days from 6-11pm and closed Sundays. Another sign advertised Karaoke on Fridays and Disco on Saturdays, but by all accounts the opening time could be plus or minus one hour or two, depending on how Anita felt.

Eventually she managed to pull herself away from the conversation and reluctantly asked "What can I get you?" We introduced ourselves, saying we were interested in buying the place. This produced a shrug of the shoulders and no verbal response. A cheap perfume smell surrounded the lady, the fragrance hitting me in both nostrils. Was it "Evening in Wigan?"

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I thought. Or maybe carbolic soap with a splash of jasmine. Anyway, what she smelt of was the least of our problems as everything about the lady indicated a total lack of enthusiasm, echoed in her expressionless face. "Two pints of Boddies, my dear," I requested, to which she replied abruptly: "It's off." "OK, we'll try a couple of pints of Heineken," I ventured. But it, too, was off. It could have ended up like the Monty Python Cheese sketch. But luckily we did discover a brew that was operational. After taking our money and returning the change, Anita sauntered back down the bar to talk to Ray. As we stood at the bar taking in the surroundings in amazed silence, our jaws dropped - which was an open invitation to the bar flies hovering around the illuminated Guinness pump! Then followed a battle of looks with our D.J. friend, which he soon disengaged as he turned away and walked to the juke box to mess with the controls. We later found out it was a free juke box in the afternoons to encourage the punters in.

Eventually, and with Anita showing no interest whatsoever, I reluctantly started up a conversation with Ray. In complete contrast, he was ferociously enthusiastic about all our ideas on how we wanted to increase the trade and attract more customers, but we were faintly amused by his preposterous primary assumption that we were extremely rich and that he had a permanent job as our entertainments officer. We talked about the entertainment and he explained that the Karaoke and Disco were all his idea, and that he was the actual master of ceremonies. He added: "You could organize bingo nights, sports quizzes, card games, race nights, and loads of other stuff. I could even organise a stripper or two. I can do it all - whatever you want!" I interrupted to ask: "How much would it cost?" "I only charge £100 for my time plus the cost to hire the equipment," he informed us. "Dinnertime entertainment is quite popular on the street." I smiled and said: "It all sounds very interesting but we need to mull it over".

We took our drinks and sat down in the corner. A wooden upholstered bench ran two thirds of the way around the wall of the pub - the seating had been ripped in various places, obviously by an assortment of sharp implements. The pub was split into two areas; at the rear of the pub was an oblong area with a pool table situated in the centre. The pub's contribution to the disco scene was the tiny mirror ball hanging over the pool table. Looking closely at the pool table, we could see it was fitted with a device to enable it to be moved over into the corner on disco nights. There was also a stage - or should we say a 6 inch high platform - in the top corner of the pub which could easily accommodate a couple of performers. We were later to discover that if you have more than two performers you have to have an Entertainment Licence, so Earth Wind and Fire were never going to be an option for us. Also, an expensive licence and all the council bureaucracy that this entailed was never ever going

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to happen. We were to cross swords with the council on numerous occasions, but more of that later.

Earthquakes are uncommon in Manchester so we wondered why the TV in the bar was strapped to its bracket with a thick, orange strap, like a piece of cargo waiting to be loaded onto an aircraft. I fully expected to see the remote control bolted to a table.

We both were already a little uninspired by our surroundings, but we needed to get upstairs to see the rooms. Would they make suitable offices for DJ Communications? We had operated a very successful business in the previous years from offices at the Piccadilly end of Oldham Street.

Our lease was about to run out and we were reluctant to pay the inflated price the landlord wanted, so we were on the prowl for our own premises.

According to the prospectus that Stuart carefully laid out on the table, there were loads of rooms and a large function room to boot. We had to get Anita to show us round, but from her general attitude of indifference, this may prove to be a little difficult. Stuart suggested that we chat to her to see if we could take a look at the upstairs areas. So we walked back up to the bar and as we stood there, we could not help but notice that our feet were stuck to the carpet. I whispered under my breath: "This place is a bloody mess, but then again what do you expect for 53K?"

I took the initiative and approached Anita again, "Now, my dear", I said, "Any chance we could take a look upstairs" At long last this did draw a reaction. "No!" was her quick abrupt reply. Stuart's despondent tone underlined our frustration "When would it be convenient to take a look, then?" he enquired. She paused for a time, then said: "Maybe Thursday, before I open the pub, but call me on Wednesday." Quickly finishing our drinks and our tails between our legs we decided to depart and have a board meeting in one of our old haunts: The Castle - a down to earth hostelry just across the street.

On the way in I said to Stuart: "It must be your round", so he made his way to the bar. Kath, the landlady, was observing her face in the small mirror of a compact, examining the signs of age. Noticing our arrival she welcomed us into the pub with the words "I haven't seen you guys for a while - how's business?" She was in her late 40's, medium height and stocky build, with jam jar bottom glasses that made her eyes look even more penetrating. She always had that "no messing in my



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pub" look on her face. Kath had inherited the licence from Mrs McBeith, whose husband John ran a Rhythm and Blues Club near Piccadilly called The Roadhouse. She had worked as a barmaid for Mrs McBeith for many years and her loyalty had paid off when the baton was passed on. One of the Castle's features was the gents' toilet with a drainpipe from the lean-to roof at the rear dropping right into the urinal which was used to flush the latrine. The tip being: Never to use the toilets in the dry season, the smell being overpowering. With its stone floors, separate bars, shove ha'penny board and bar skittles, it was a world away from modern gastro pubs. Live blues bands, quiz nights and a room with its very own piano made the place totally unique.

I walked into the back room, and was quickly joined by Stu. "What did you make of all that?" I said, referring to The City, with a smile on my face. "What a place! They both deserve each other". Stuart placed both pints on the table and with a deep sigh said "Well, it's probably the best pub for the price we have seen to date. I think we can do something with it, but we have to view the upstairs. Lets have a chat with Kath and see what she thinks." She told us that the pub had a bad reputation, with travellers, fights and after hours drinking and that she would not touch it with a barge pole. "Shit!" I thought - that's not what I wanted to hear.

I was to develop a friendship with Kath Smethurst when we both got elected to join the Northern Quarter Committee .

Rumours had circulated that it was a rough pub and admittedly, in the many years we had been in the street, we had never ventured through its doors. If we could move all our equipment into the premises and even if the pub just paid its way, it would still be a bargain. Most public houses for sale in and around Manchester were for tenants only and marketed for couples who would work every hour God sends just to scratch a living. But this pub had potential - it was in central Manchester.

Oldham Street had once been the Mecca for shopping before they opened the Arndale Centre. Maybe if we could take it upmarket and make it into a wine bar we could make some serious money. But what do we do about Anita? After a couple of drinks and a chat Stuart informed me that we had an option to buy the pub, that is if we wanted to, so there was no turning back it was decision time. It was still a bit of a gamble with a sitting tenant namely Anita, and her tribe living in our office space which could have ruined our plans.

Stuart had spotted the ad in the Manchester Evening News and had responded quickly. The company selling the pub had purchased a property portfolio and an inner city, run-down pub with a sitting tenant did not feature in their business plan. We both decided that, whatever it cost, we had to entice Anita away from the pub and try to buy her out. Maybe £5,000 could get the job done?

Over the next couple of days we tried in vain to arrange a visit, and were

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fobbed off with numerous excuses. We were to find out later why she was so reluctant for us to visit the place. Eventually, through sheer persistence, we managed to arrange a viewing. Finally the bewitching hour arrived when we were to be allowed a visit, an hour before the pub was due to open. We walked down the length of Oldham Street, starting from the Piccadilly end. It was a street of mixed fortunes, which was a microcosm of the city itself, the young and trendy down one end and the old and neglected down the other. We passed "Merchants", the wine bar, then we went past "Idols Bar." Our offices were situated above this wine bar where all the female staff would dress in bathing costumes and dance around serving overpriced drinks. Then we passed by the Vinyl Exchange and the "Dry 201" bar - a legend launched by the late Tony Wilson at the height of the Madchester years and it is still an iconic draw for thousands. Next, we came past the amazing "Afflecks Palace," an emporium of eclecticism, a totem of Indie commerce in Manchester's Northern Quarter and above all else, a fantastic place to buy anything from top hats to tattoos - or at least that what is says on the front of the premises. More wine bars and then things start to deteriorate - the turning point being the "Private Sex Shop." This seemed to mark an invisible line across the street, something like the Berlin wall but without the wall, a sort of force field.

Next, we passed The Samaritans - the building was shared with an agency working with alcoholics. Further along there was the Needle Exchange, a Willy Lees pub, and then some disused and derelict shops, with The Castle pub opposite - a wonderful traditional pub serving local Robinson's Bitter, boasting a beautiful 1830's mosaic frontage and a tiled bar, which possibly dates back to 1887. Next door was the entrance to "Dickens," a club of some notoriety - and about which more will be revealed later - it was more or less sandwiched between The Castle and a newsagent and sweet shop. Next to The City was a furniture store and almost opposite that was "The Frog and Bucket," which was Dave the Rave's emporium. Dave was also the tenant of "The Kings" - another ABA elimination contest venue - or putting it mildly, the second roughest pub along the street after the City.

Circumnavigating all sorts of rubbish and vomit left in the street from the night before, we did eventually arrive at The City Pub. Anita with ear to ear hair rollers met us at the door. It had taken quite a while for the labyrinth of bolts, locks and levers to be unscrambled to enable us to gain entry. The stale smell of tobacco and old ale immediately hit the nerves which link the nose to the brain. Trying to compare the smell with a nice claret I would say: "The smell is powerful, almost overwhelming with foot odour, salt and vinegar crisps, as the major aromas. It is intense enough to lift the nostrils, and it gets even better after some agitation."

We were to find out later that the fans and ventilation system had been switched off; the increase in heat only added to the intensity of the

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smells. The aftertaste lingered in the mouth and slightly burned the nostrils like stale tobacco. Dr Johnson observed that: "There is nothing which has yet been contrived by man, by which so much happiness is produced as by a good tavern or inn." Obviously, he was not referring to the City Pub.

"Come in and take a seat," Anita said, pointing towards the bar. She was definitely in a more communicative mood, having realised that we were probably going to be the new owners. She moved behind the bar and asked if we would like a drink. We politely refused and said we wanted to get on with things. I had already prepared a list of questions, but our priority was to examine the premises because things were getting desperate as our lease was about to expire. After five minutes of irrelevant chit chat, I moved away to take a closer look at the pub - now, in the daylight, it was possible to view a bit more of the interior. The only natural light came through the front windows. The pub was long and narrow and to illuminate the bottom half required the use of light bulbs, which were mostly inoperative. Anita asked why we wanted the pub. Stuart informed her that we wanted to convert the rooms above into offices and asked if anyone lived up there at the moment. But this just prompted another question, "When do you hope to move in?" My impatience was starting to grow and I asked if we could please take a look upstairs, while walking towards the door. "Its locked" she said, stopping me in my tracks.

As I stood before the door, I had time to take a closer look, as she reluctantly took her time to arrive at the gate to the mysterious underworld. The bottom half of the door mirrored the top. A myriad of paint jobs and numerous adjustments to the bashed in door panels had taken their toll. A door that had been re-hung on numerous occasions was never going to fit the door frame neatly. "Can you also get to the cellar through this door?" I asked inquisitively. "No, the cellar door is behind the bar," was her abrupt response. Then out came a set of keys and - Bingo! We were looking into a steep staircase set within a short entrance, full of mop buckets and other cleaning materials - which, judging by the state of the pub, had not been used very often. The steep stairs brought us out on the first floor, which consisted of a kitchen, with two opposite corridors.

The kitchen had definitely seen better times and had become a den-like retreat. Around the cooker, cemented to the wall, were large flat panels of white enamel tiles covered by welded fat stains and other delicacies that had splattered onto the wall, creating weird images. They were reminiscent of some abstract paintings by William Scott. They certainly could have had a place in an art exhibition.

The room itself was adequate enough in size. Next to the boarded up grate, a washing machine sat in splendid grandeur, with a heavy crate of Budweiser bottles on top, to prevent the Electrolux from dancing around

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and escaping down the stairs. On the other side of the grate lurked a strange looking contraption - some sort of 1960's radiogram-come-record-player which sat on an aluminium beer barrel. I was later to find out that this was Ray's karaoke equipment. The enamel sink had long lost its enamel and had taken on the appearance of an Egyptian artefact. The old brass taps had been dripping for so long that a green vein had appeared along the bottom of the sink.

Nothing we could see approached anything vaguely resembling the basic requirements of normal living standards. The floor and walls did not differ much in colour, the former being of a dusky hue, that knew of no mop or broom and the latter, a dirty cream colour which had long since lost its matt or gloss finish. A worn out clock hanging on a hook ticked on one side of an old cupboard, and before the window was spread a large table, whose old-fashioned, crooked, mahogany legs, showed that it had once been in a more refined place.

A man, in decent, but half faded jeans and tee-shirt sat on one side, his arms were stretched over the table, and his head half-buried within them; he was, apparently, half asleep. His countenance was by far too dark and sinister-looking, with a few days growth attached to his chin and, as he occasionally favoured us with a few oblique glances from beneath his dark glasses, he almost gave the appearance of some celebrity in disguise. But no - it was DJ Ray.

Walking along the corridor towards the front of the pub, the first room on the right was a bedroom which was dark and gloomy from the partial light let in by the few remnants of glass that the rain had cleaned. The drapes were totally non existent, except for some net curtains, nailed to the window frame. The front bedroom was a much larger room containing an unmade double bed, an old wardrobe with its doors missing and with a variety of clothes and other items scattered around. Anita had not accompanied us on this leg of the expedition but allowed us to make our own way. She had sat down with Ray at base camp to chat. We knew the whole place needed gutting, but it had potential. We could put our telecoms equipment in the back bedroom and use the front bedroom as our main office. It was certainly large enough to hold our staff of four, Jean, Sam, Stuart and myself. We could all have a desk each, and still have room for a couple of filing cabinets. Walking back into the kitchen, we had by this time got used to the squalor. But we were not prepared for what was to happen next.

Moving along the opposite corridor past a store room on the right and the boiler room on the left to what I assumed was the function room, Anita joined us again and told us to wait while she went inside. Unlocking the door, she quickly entered the room and a few minutes later she reappeared. When the door opened fully, the smell was just overpowering. We followed her into the room, "It's for security, you

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know," she said, by way of explanation. "What filling the place with shit?" was my reply. Enter Bullseye - a Rottweiler complete with fangs, saliva, muscles and all. (This was my nickname for the beast, as it reminded me of the famous dog belonging to the villain Bill Sykes dog in Oliver Twist. The dog was vicious having been badly treated by Bill Sykes but nevertheless was loyal to his owner.) Anita had chained the dog up, but the noise had disturbed him and he was pulling ferociously on his tether to get at us. I was pretty positive it was not going to lick my face. The floor boards had been badly scratched and torn up, several tyres were in the room which the dog had gnawed on. In all, a really squalid picture. The dog was well fed but the conditions it lived in were truly unbelievable. She went on to say that a woman on her own in a pub like this needed some sort of protection. Luckily for all concerned, the front door bell rang and we all left the room together, Anita shouting to Ray to "let Ben in".



Rear of The City

This was all a bit of a shock to the nervous system and I was certainly needing that drink by now. We quickly looked around upstairs on the top floor. There were two good sized bedrooms, a lounge and bathroom, all in poor condition and we could see from the décor that very little had been done. Anita shouted up the stairs that she was going to open up the pub, and we had to leave.

We quickly joined her in the bar and it was now my chance to ask her some more questions regarding the weekly turnover and accounts, etc. She just shrugged her shoulders. "I pay cash for everything - when I run out I just call the wholesaler and he delivers," she explained. "I get the spirits from the supermarket".

"So you must have some idea of the takings?"

"Well, Ray looks after that,"

"What are your busiest days?" I asked moving onto plan B. "The weekends with the Karaoke and disco? - I know, let me guess, Ray looks after that as well!" On a light hearted note I joked: "You can't be making any money out of the durex machine in the toilet - I can't see many of your customers buying strawberry flavoured condoms!" To which she replied: "You'd be surprised!" I asked about the one armed bandit and was informed: "We just get a percentage of the take," adding: "Don't it drive you crackers?" as it played the Coronation Street theme every few minutes.

I really wanted to try to find out tactfully if we could approach the

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possibility of paying her off. But how do you suggest such a thing? In between her serving the odd customer I had time to ponder the question with Stuart. Then, just as I was building up to raise the subject, a strange apparition appeared behind the bar as if by magic. He grinned, his face all wrinkled with age and smiles, sporting an extremely short cigarette in his mouth. This turned out to be Ben, the cellar man, a snub-nosed, soft-featured, squat of a man, with a spanner in his hand - he had been in one-armed combat with a 22 gallon container of Heineken. Further description is certainly merited. He was dressed in a kind of duffle coat, which by no means diminished his breadth - he was wider than his height. A kind of white cotton rag crossed his neck, in a style as if arranged by the use of a mirror with two corners of his shirt collar peeping out from beneath. His features were kind, carrying precisely the expression of those of a masculine woman and when he spoke, it was a perfect puzzle to us both, as to know whether we heard the voice of a male or female. "Well, that's done so I'll be off," he announced and disappeared through the front door.

Then surprisingly, Anita started talking business. "OK," she said, "I am the tenant and all the furniture and fittings, glasses, etc., belong to me and are not included in the sale of the pub." This was now the ideal opportunity for me to ask the \$100,000 dollar question. "So, what are your plans?" I asked, hesitantly. Her reply astounded and delighted us both: "I think I want out," she announced. "I have relatives in North Wales - I could get another pub or do something different." Trying to mask my relief, I asked her to draw up a list of the furniture and fittings in the pub so that we could arrive at a valuation.

Stuart and I bought a couple of drinks and retired out of earshot to discuss this new turn of events. We were both a little shell-shocked, as we had half expected her legal adviser Ray - who seemed to be the mastermind behind the whole operation - to have advised her to demand a big pay off to relinquish the tenancy of the pub. But on the face of it, she just wanted paying for all the firewood and other odds and ends. I took out a piece of paper and counted all the tables and chairs, then estimated the number of glasses, stock and equipment and within about 30 minutes we had a rough idea of what the itinerary consisted of. We estimated the value to be something around £2,000. So it was decided that, if she would move out before the completion date, we would pay £3000 for the fixtures, fittings and all the stuff that the brewery had originally supplied her for free. But believe me, we were getting a bargain.

We sat looking around the pub. In the top corner opposite the entrance was a table and it was interesting to note that most of the oblong tables had been made from old Singer sewing machines, with the treadles removed and replaced by new table tops. I could not help but think of the poor souls who had laboured long hours over these sewing machines - if

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they could only see the use they had been put to now!

We noticed also that a few customers had drifted in since we had arrived.

On a chair against the wall, sat a small middle-aged man, with long, straggly, unkempt hair. He was relieving his uneasiness every now and then by giving his back a comfortable rub against the radiator. The upper part of his person was decorated with a piece of a garment that had once been a coat, of which there remained two short sleeves; the rest was suspended over his shoulders in the form of a leather-reinforced, partial tunic. Perched on his head was a kind of a hat which, from a piece of the flap still remaining, showed that it had once possessed a brim, taking on the Fred Dibnah boutique of millinery.

We were to find out much later that this character ran several fruit and vegetable stalls on Hilton Street and that he would pop into The City for his liquid lunch, giving away over-ripe fruit to some of our most needy customers.

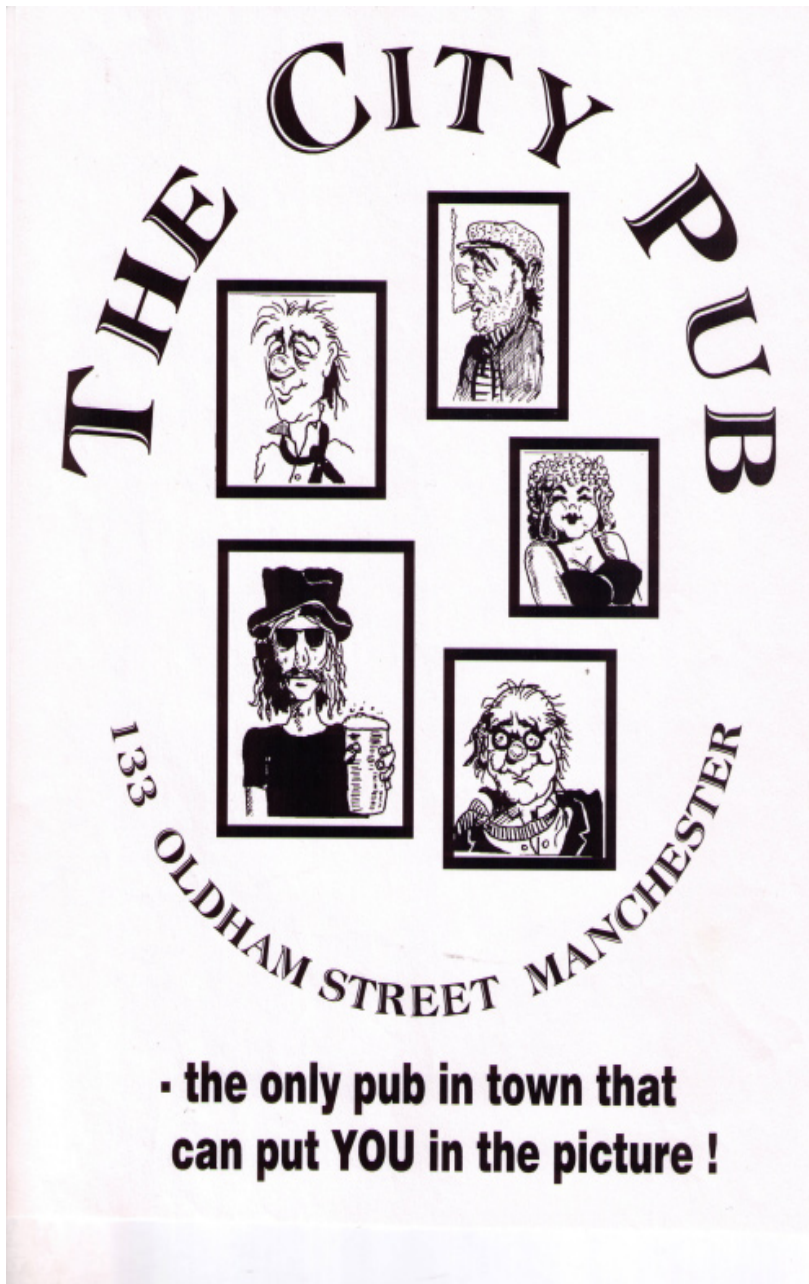
Opposite sat a character that could hardly escape the notice of the most obtuse observer. A stout man, with two walking sticks hanging onto the back of his chair. His hair was grey with a thin layer of Bryllcream that allowed it to glisten in what little light there was available. His general appearance and outfit was the perfect caricature of a bookies' runner. (On second thoughts the "runner" bit may have been a slight exaggeration.) The 2B pencil hanging on top of his ear, a handful of betting slips, the sporting chronicle folded neatly in a large square, ready for immediate release, should a reference to the runners at the two-thirty at Kempton be required. However, the shoes, trousers and shirt were immaculate, as if belonging more to a professional type.

Another individual was straining his eyes over a morning sporting paper laid out on the table. He had short, carrot hair, a low receding forehead and light grey eyes which moved around, rapidly scanning the racing page with slightly more agility than the horses he was about to lose money on. With his snub nose and projecting chin, his face bore the evidence that he had been a hard, fighting man who, quite clearly, had not learnt the art of ducking. He was the very type you would not wish to meet on a moonlit night, alone.

The next to arrive in a haze of foul language a couple of builders in their work attire, and yellow hard hats. These gentlemen provided the perfect introduction to the numerous varieties of fascinating characters that we were to meet in our future pub.



Pool Team Tee Shirt



Our successful pool team deserved a team strip. So Jean designed the above logo for the boys Tee shirts. Several of our customers unbeknown to them, had posed for the characters. We never won the trophy again!

Our first weeks in the business.

We finally settled our account with Anita. She accepted the £3,000 and was happy to leave her family heirlooms, antique wooden furniture, wrought iron tables and a myriad of other priceless treasures to help perform the task of making our customers comfortable. The generic term that Stuart and I used for the entire collection was "firewood". Later, Sam who is Stuart's brother-in-law, was to use his O-level that he had gained in woodwork as a positive asset in maintaining our acquisitions. Anita had removed all her personal belongings and possessions, along with Ray. We hired a skip and got rid of most of the junk, including a cellar full of empty bottles. The upstairs mess would have to wait, as Darren, our "fix anything" man, was finishing off another job before he could start with us. It was Mike Tyson who said: "Everyone has a plan until they are punched in the face."

Undeterred, we immediately put our plan into action with the precision and fortitude one would expect from an enthusiastic team of people, unaware of the pitfalls. We had already sent Bill, Stuart's other brother-in-law, on a course, so he was now our fully fledged, experienced Pub Manager. The 3 days course had certainly made him into an expert. We then realised that if Stuart's name was to go above the door as planned, there was every possibility that some clever arse down at the licensing authority may ask the obvious: Had he any previous experience? So the second wave of trainees, being Stuart and myself, went off to learn the idiosyncrasies of the licensing trade with Guy Simmonds.

Feeling like we were on "Jim'll Fix It", on arrival we were met by the Head Trainer, whose general appearance made him unintentionally funny. He was about five foot 8 inches tall, with red cheeks and a large nose to match - the classic stereotype of a boozier. His beer gut had given up just hanging over his belt, and had now also resorted to protruding below it, creating a sausage-like effect. He had a shaved head and, with his sleeves rolled up, had his tattoos on full display. The overall effect was not of a work of art, but more of a ugly, blue mess. He must have had the tattoos engraved on much thinner arms years ago, so additional flesh and stretch marks had distorted the mermaid into a fat deformed lady.

He started by raising his fingers on either side of his head to make a pair of air-drawn quotation marks, "Find it OK lads?" he enquired. "It's a bit out of the way, or so they say." We both nodded in agreement. On no account whatsoever should alcoholics with red noses be confused with clowns with red noses. Alcoholics are not so scary and can be highly amusing. Clowns can also be funny, but not very often. (By the way, this all happened before Red Nose Day for Comic Relief.) "I'm Ray," he said, staring at me eagerly. "Are you the lads from the City Pub I spoke to?" "I think so," I said. "So where do we start?" "Have you eaten today?" Ray asked, "There's a pub nearby where you can get food." We agreed that

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lunch would be a good starting point for our training session. During the course, we later teamed up with a very amusing American guy, who had married an English girl and had bought a pub in Shropshire. He had made his fortune by owning a demolition company that had a contract to blow up old military buildings that the US government no longer required. The course was certainly an eye opener, it covered just about everything. From how not to treat your customers to how to remove trouble makers from your premises - a skill which was to become very useful later. We did manage to obtain a temporary licence, so the pub never closed during the changeover. Our sign writer Darren had come to the rescue and Stuart's name now appeared above the door. There had been so many names above the door, that this particular feature had a pronounced, high relief.

When the time came for us to actually take over the pub, reality set in and panic. Anita had said she would pop in a couple of times to see how we were getting on, but as expected, she reneged on that part of the deal. So we were on our own, with a very large bunch of unmarked keys, collected a couple of days earlier from the agent and a sticky list of suppliers, which had originally been hanging behind the bar. And so began our first day - the first of a life changing experience.

Anita had very kindly held a party the night before; consequently, all the alcohol had been consumed and needless to say, she had left the place in a mess. We had arranged for the beer and stock to arrive from a local wholesaler and there were a few impatient customers already waiting for the alcoholic supplies to arrive, with one of the locals suggesting that if we planned to continue in the business, would it not be a good idea to buy some beer? Eventually our man arrived and, knowing the past history of the pub, he insisted that he got paid in cash before he would unload the drinks from the van. Lots of problems and mistakes followed. Sorting out the pressure on the CO² bottles was a challenge; this was used to force the beer and lager out of the barrels and up into the thirsty mouths of our customers, via a drinking glass. But eventually we got it all working. Anita never had cleanliness as one of her top priorities, so all of the pipe work from the cellar to the pumps could have helped Sir Alexander Fleming in his discovery of penicillin.

Our first week's turnover was a shade over £550, which would not even cover the wages, let alone the overheads. We stumbled on for a few more weeks without poisoning our customers, basically on a learning curve. Bill initially took up his position with equal measures of enthusiasm and trepidation.

He was from the old school of thought: Eagles may soar, but weasels don't get sucked into jet engines. He had worked for us before, but had previously had a slight altercation over his expenses from an ATM machine, which had put an end to his progress up the management

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ladder when his services were no longer required. However, that had been a few years earlier and we had now all mellowed with time, so Bill was welcomed back to the enterprise with open arms. (Probably because we could not find any other sucker to take the job on.) Anyway, Stuart and I were more interested in getting our equipment and office all running efficiently, than messing around in the pub.

Bill's first day was a mixture of what he could buy with the float, and how he could use his initiative in purchasing the most expensive revolving light on Deansgate. He explained that he was trying to create the "right ambience." Other bits of brick-a-brac quickly followed to make the place look trendy. His training and the fact we employed a part-time, experienced barmaid still didn't do much to help our Fawltly Towers approach to pub management.

It was on the second day that a character called "Wayne" arrived with a pocket full of ten and twenty pound homemade banknotes. He tried his first few notes in the crowded bars at the top of Oldham street, before he gradually infected our area. Wayne had always had dreams of becoming a self-made millionaire. His father's Xerox photocopier was going to be the key. (Its so called built-in protection system to prevent banknotes being copied was no match for "Bent Lenny," master of circuitry, which he had deftly immobilized.) Unfortunately, thousands of faulty notes were produced before he perfected the colours, which meant that he had to dispose of millions of "pounds." So he attempted to burn the money in his fireplace, but that didn't work too well. The fire got out of control and nearly burned the living room carpet. Wayne grabbed one of his father's favourite golf clubs to push the money back in - unsuccessfully. Panic set in; partially burned notes blew out of the chimney and scattered around the neighbourhood. Luckily it was night, so he was hoping that, if he got up at the crack of dawn, he could retrieve the wayward notes. Amazingly, by all accounts, he did - except for a few decorating a tree opposite. He tried out his first fake £20 at The Kings, his hand trembling as he handed it to the barmaid to buy a pint. She put the note in the cash register and handed Wayne his change. "Wow!" he thought, "It's going to work!" With his wallet bulging with cash and his girlfriend by his side, Wayne set out to flood the street with duff cash. No one took a second look at the funny money and it did not take him long before he arrived at The City. He changed £20 for the one-armed bandit, played it and lost, then changed others until he won the jackpot. He was enjoying himself so much that he spent - or should I say "changed" - over £140 through the till. Or at least that's what was found the following morning when we cashed the previous day's takings. In the daylight, the things looked nothing like - or even had the feel of - a genuine note. We were not happy that Bill had been taken to the cleaners, so we urgently bought a fake note detecting pen - if only to write "bloody idiot" on his forehead. It was a few weeks

later that we learned the full story of Wayne's exploits, when he was finally caught in the Arndale Shopping Centre with a haversack full of the stuff. So another valuable lesson had been learned.

Bill, Mine Host, was not doing much hosting and the idea of trying to drag the pub up-market was just not going to work. At the time, Bill was living in some high-rise flats in Salford, so it came as a bolt out of the blue when he informed us that he could not go on serving these low-lives any longer and wished to resign his commission. So after only six weeks, we had our first managerial resignation on our hands. This now called for some drastic action. If in doubt, call a meeting. Everyone attended except the cleaner, who had already resigned the job of cleaning the day before, on account of the pub being too dirty. A meeting was hastily arranged. The full management team were brought in, which included Jean and Sam, together with Stuart and myself. (Jean was involved in our graphic design and Sam was occupied with programming for our telecoms business).

Getting down to business, we faced the fact that, as the pub was not making any money, it was a waste of our resources so we urgently needed to find some sucker to take it over. We had tried before but could not find any takers. We had come very close with Dave the Rave from the Kings, but after a lot of time wasting, found he had no money. In all honesty, nobody was interested; therefore, to continue, we needed to replace Bill, we would have to recruit someone with experience, someone already working along the street. After much deliberation we then decided the only way forward was to move the pub down-market, and to increase the trade by putting on entertainment and making our happy hour permanent. Instead of a couple of hours a day, the slogan would be: "Every Hour Is Happy hour!" Jean was to plough ahead and make the posters. We also came up with the idea to create a theme for the pub based on the customers themselves. Yet another job for Jean, who would produce portraits of the customers and Sam would mount them on the walls. If we were only to know the problems this would cause - but more of that later. Eventually, we appointed our new manageress, Rose, a small, tough lady of very thin stature, mid 50's, She looked a little gaunt, with a well lived in face and dark bags under her eyes, which was offset by her direct twinkling gaze. Her slightly wide hips indicated that she had once, many many years ago, enjoyed a "coke-bottle" shaped figure, but the ravages of time had changed the image to that of a Budweiser. Rose was a very confident woman who had the ability to command attention, get results and, most of all, get respect - plus the knack of being able to make her enemies her friends. These qualities in someone so small were truly amazing. Also, she had a lot of acquaintances which would surely help to increase turnover. But her first real test was not long away.

It's strange how gypsies and travellers still cling to their bare-knuckle fighting contests. Crude, with no rules to prevent kicking, grappling,

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gouging, biting, head-butting or blows below the belt. With no weight divisions or time limits on rounds and no referees as such, they would normally fight at horse fairs, campsites, and fairgrounds. It did not take long to find that this particular recreation was an occurrence from time to time in The City pub - unbeknown to the new owners. In the first few months of our ownership of the pub, they had visited on a few occasions without any problems and each time, we would notice a dramatic increase in trade. Their normal tippie was a pint of Guinness followed by a Jamieson whisky chaser. The matriarch of the clan was a lady by the name of Greta, who seemed to be the only one to keep the clan from going ballistic during their alcohol-influenced, aggressive debates. Greta was a fully rounded woman, usually wearing a long dark dress that suited her long dark hair. She was of Eastern European blood, with dark eyes, giving an overall forbidding appearance.

We had become quite blasé about this potential time bomb in our midst until the detonator eventually arrived in the form of the fairground guys who encamped in Piccadilly Gardens each Bank holiday. The place was normally a mecca for tramps and courting couples, or as an alternative route to the bus terminal. The "Goodwill To All Men" festive season was upon us and the Christmas fairground duly arrived with its gaudy lights, Waltzer, Ferris Wheel and loud seasonal music. This event had the effect of ejecting all the normal inhabitants, including the pigeons, out of the area. The mobile fairground also consisted of some showmens' amusements, where you threw rings at things which never fitted over the prize. (The showman, by slight of hand, always managed to win.) Freeman's electric futurist show and the Indian torture exhibition had long been replaced by these new amusements. Times had certainly moved on and travelling amusements had become big business. The "Hellraiser" was without doubt the finest Waltzer to arrive at the gardens. According to the operators, the technology and lightening effects were second to none, with no expense spared. We were informed by a certain "Lofty", a part-time member of the crew and regular in our pub, that the rotating carriages were so effectively balanced that, with cunning centrifugal force, it took very little effort to remove all the loose change out of the riders' pockets and down the side of the seats - a very profitable job for the boys spinning the cars.

It was just before our first Christmas in the pub when things were to go into freefall. Our regular travelling friends had arrived and had taken up a couple of tables by the window, in order to conduct their business of drinking and discussing world events, when in came the fairground fraternity a couple of hours later. An argument started and Greta picked up a large glass ashtray throwing it at a rival. Quite often, it was the women in the group who were the first to kick off and it did not make for a pretty site. The drinks were knocked over, the broken glass just adding

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to the mayhem. A large lady, with thighs like a pit pony and arms to match, immediately stood up knocking the table over and at the same time grabbing Greta's hair with both hands, twisting the tresses around her clenched fists, Greta gave out a shrieking scream, her assailant pouring forth a torrent of strong Anglo Saxon words of oaths and curses. Another woman joined the affray, trying to get a vice like grip off her friend's ebony locks, only to be attacked in turn. Down went another chair as Rory, who should have been christened "Hercules" with his Atlas-like shoulders, was now trying to separate the women. Like a lion pouncing on its prey, he delivered an elbow in the face, which seemed to do the trick. At last the fight between the women subdued; one had a blooded nose with the other needing a hair transplant. Greta did not lose any of her vengeance and turned all her remaining rage upon another poor unfortunate sitting opposite, the consequence made something trickle out and it was not tears. By now, The City bore no resemblance to a hostelry, as the infernal depths of hell appeared to be opening up and devouring our pub.

Rory had flung his jacket over his arm, adopting the school bully role and, gorilla-like stance, and was striking his breast with his fist and, bellowing in his own diabolical slang, was daring the best man from the fairground lads take him on. The pub had been crowded, but even with the drunken courage of some of our own ruffians, not one of them wished to revel in the demonic delights of these interlopers. Shouts, roars, and yells, shook the pub, as Ben accepted the challenge. Ben's voice was almost breaking, competing with the din and his anger and fury had strangled his vocal cords, reducing his protests to a whisper in the universe. Surprisingly, Ben proved to be a match for the school bully. He immediately hit him in the face with his right hand, making a sickening sound as his knuckles made contact with his jaw. Rory immediately fell to his knees, which invited the coup de grace in the form of a kick to the head, which finished off the encounter with a thud to the floor.

The screaming and cursing was deafening. Most customers had already left the pub by the back door, with only a few brave souls watching from a safe distance. Rose screamed at them to "Stop or I'll call the police!"

This had no effect whatsoever and things just went from bad to worse.

Rose picked up the telephone, but this was snatched out of her hand.

"Yeah, yer feckin' feckers." Or, to translate this strange lingo into intelligible English: "Yes, I may be a angry but you're not calling the police."

A bar stool was now being smashed against the beer pumps where Rose was standing and was then thrown over the bar shattering some of the optics. Rose ducked and took refuge in the cellar. On her own, she could do absolutely nothing; the affray just had to run its course.

The pub was wrecked. The action could have matched Custer's Last Stand - assuming it had taken place in a bar. A few of the travellers were now

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hyperactive, running around like a headless chickens trying to have a pop at everyone. Shamus, the leader of fairground crew, a one-armed, massive guy with a big reputation, coupled with the rumour that the one arm had a meat hook attached, demanded that his boys left before the police arrived. They meekly scurried out of the bar with a couple of their camp followers in toe.

Eventually the pub hushed. Both mobs disengaged and, taking the wounded with them, disappeared. Our fraternity of travellers had progressed from "dodgy driveways", to fairgrounds - it sort of legitimised the idea of moving from place to place. But not all - we still had our tarmacadum friends pop in from time to time. I remember asking the obvious question: "Why do you travel?" The answer was: "Fresh people and fresh money." They also got into gardening by selling mushroom compost - which they probably used as an ingredient for the driveways. Things had certainly changed from selling the wooden clothes pegs door to door and reading palms. Stuart arrived first on the scene, I arrived a bit later. When I saw the destruction, I thought: "Shit!" Then I said: "Shit, shit, SHIT!" out loud. We had to keep these wankers out of our pub, whatever it would take. We both decided then and there, that we would install closed circuit TV, it was the only way we could assure the staff that we were doing something. Stuart decided it was time he joined the Pub Watch; it was an early warning system, set up by the pubs in the area to pre-warn others of impending problems.

It was a couple of days after we had reopened the pub when Sean and his sidekick paid us a visit. He was the type of ruffian that had seen violence all his life, whose ear had been half bitten off during hard fighting. I asked him how we could stop these morons from invading us. He was leaning over the table, looking into his pint as I spoke to him, his two sunburnt arms of solid muscle, with massive fists attached, supported his head. With no eye contact at all he said: "Its all gone to the devil! Hedge-bumpers (people who pull up on to the side of the road) - its all changed! They leave oil cans and shitty nappies behind them. Tinkers, Irish travellers, and the fairground lads - they just love a drink and a row. But Travellers are clean, and always have plenty of food for their families." His friend joined the conversation "I dinna like that - I dinna like it at all; attack a man that has summat, I say, and not one that has nought!" And with these words of wisdom, he stood up and walked to the bar to buy more drinks. I said to Sean: "What's that all about?" Clearly, he didn't understand it either, replying: "By the Holy Mother Church, you wont keep them out! You bar them and they'll burn the fuckin' place down." He sank down upon his seat, stretched his arms over the table and the worse for the drink, buried his head between them. "They've been coming here for years," he added. "You won't change anything. Forget about it - just live with it."

At that moment Rose who had been upstairs, came over. "What's he

doing in here?" she demanded. "He is banned - get him out! They're ALL banned!" I turned and said: "But he is one of the good guys!" "You must be joking!" Rose shouted, "He was one of the tribe that wrecked the pub last week!" And with that he stood up and walked out the pub, with the parting words: "I'll be back" His mate returned with the beer, so I told Rose take the beer off him and give him his money back. A few curses followed under his breath as he followed his friend through the doorway. We decided to ban them all, and if necessary, close the pub. Over several subsequent days, we had to close the pub for a few hours while the tribe moved on to find another ale house. But all was quiet on the western front for the next few months.

Jodie, one of our barmaids, was a small-framed girl who had aged a lot more than the years shown on her birth certificate. She had two swallows tattooed on her cheeks, both flying towards her nose, long dark hair, dark eyes and a gothic look, creating an general aura of intrigue and mystery. Rose and Jodie made a formidable pair - they had to be, in order to contend with to the type of customers patronising The City.

Jodie was quite eloquent in describing the Romany culture, which had once been a part of her life. "Most of the things they say should be taken with a pinch of salt," she said, sagely. "My family were travellers on my mother's side - I've seen it all. What do you think happened down in Moss side when we all besieged the police station - the blacks and us?" "We didn't dare to ask." "It was July 1981 and we'd had enough!" she continued. "Do you remember that wanker James Anderton, the chief constable? He said he had abandoned the 'gentle touch' after two nights of rioting and was going to deal with rioters his way." Realising she had our attention, she continued with the saga. "The police were everywhere and they caused the bloody problems in the first place, arresting people for no reason. But we showed 'em! There are dozens of neat little new terraced houses all boarded up or burnt out, past the spot where we took on the police. Well, nothing has changed. It's still a shit hole and that's where Greta and her tribe come from. They're used to violence - the kids are trained on it. Do you know what they do for entertainment?" We shook our heads apprehensively. "Swipe fights!" Jody informed us. "One hand is tied behind your back and the other hand is dipped in treacle and then rolled in broken glass. The idea is to scar your opponent. That's how rough they are. You think you can stop them? No way - they will do what they want."

This additional insight into the fun pastimes of these barbarians was a bit daunting to say the least, but we had to keep them out whatever it took.





On the site of The King, used to stand the Angel & Trumpet built in 1780. Between 1790-1793 a rebuilt tavern called the Angel Tavern, run by Samuel William came into existence. The King shown above has been taken over, gutted and returned as a trendy place called Northern. With an entrance on both Oldham Street and Tib Street, it now caters for smokers with "the pit" (a decorated yard), and has some great pictures of Manchester's musical and sporting heroes.

Chapter One - The Kings



Per square foot of violence the King probably had the edge. Cath one of our most successful bargirls and later manager was recruited from the very same finishing school. We had a love hate relationship with the then manager the one and only Dave Perkin (Dave the Rave). We had tried in the early days of the pub to get him to take it over as the landlord. And for a while he seemed to go along with the idea, it was only a bit later that we were to find out he did not have any money. So he could not pay for the stock and the rent.

He was a larger than life character full of self confidence, and ideas, quite a likable chap. It was only later we were to discover his ambitions lay in a totally different direction.

One of the many ploys used to remove potential troublemakers from the City was to move them onto another hostelry. One particular incident springs to mind. Connor was a guy in his mid twenties, with elegant and professional tattoos covering the exposed parts of his body. Mostly do it yourself versions and works of art created whilst at her majesties pleasure. But the crème de la crème was the dotted thick line around his neck with cut-here marked below. He had a reputation that proceeded him, for violence towards just about anyone. He had been drinking all afternoon and was starting to get aggressive. Rose told me she did not fancy trying to eject him and did we have any ideas? I said to Stuart "lets deposit him down at the Kings". I walked up to him and managed to get his attention whilst he took his time to focus on me through his drunken haze. "Hi Connor, lets buy you a drink, we are off to The Kings for the karaoke." That seemed to do the trick he staggered a bit and got to his feet. Within no time at all we had him in The Kings and sat down. I went up to the bar for three pints of bitter, and was met by Mr Perkins., with both knuckles resting opposite each other on the bar, in a No messing stance "I know what your game is! You can take that wanker out of here, take him back where he came from! Trying to look puzzled " but " He interrupted "Get him out now" I returned to the company with the bad news. I suggested we try somewhere else, but was told in no uncertain terms. We were staying Connor wanted to watch the Karaoke. It was then that I decided before the start of the Texas Chain saw Massacre, it may be a good idea if Stuart and I left.

The King had been a member of the Northern Quarter Pool League and could be found most weeks nestling on the bottom of the league table on account of the teams fondness for the amber nectar.

The King was a traditional old boozer that was frequented by North Manchester residents, and a few scallies. With a big open front room area,

Chapter One - The Kings

where karaoke, discos or just general dancing would ensue. Some strange characters would frequent the place, one that particularly springs to mind was a large “lady,” who must have been 6’4” tall and 19 stone, silk blouse, skirt and heels, sitting on her own drinking a pint and reading the racing pages of her paper. I was stood at the bar as this individual went for up for a fresh pint, and barman shouted, “Same again, Bill?” Turns out he was a slightly deaf long distance lorry driver who loved to go out at weekends in women’s clothes! He would always spend the early evening in The King before taking the walk across the road to Dickens.

The Kings was a popular, working class venue and even at lunch-time one might see a member of the Irish community giving an out of tune rendition of Danny Boy to a packed and already merry bar.

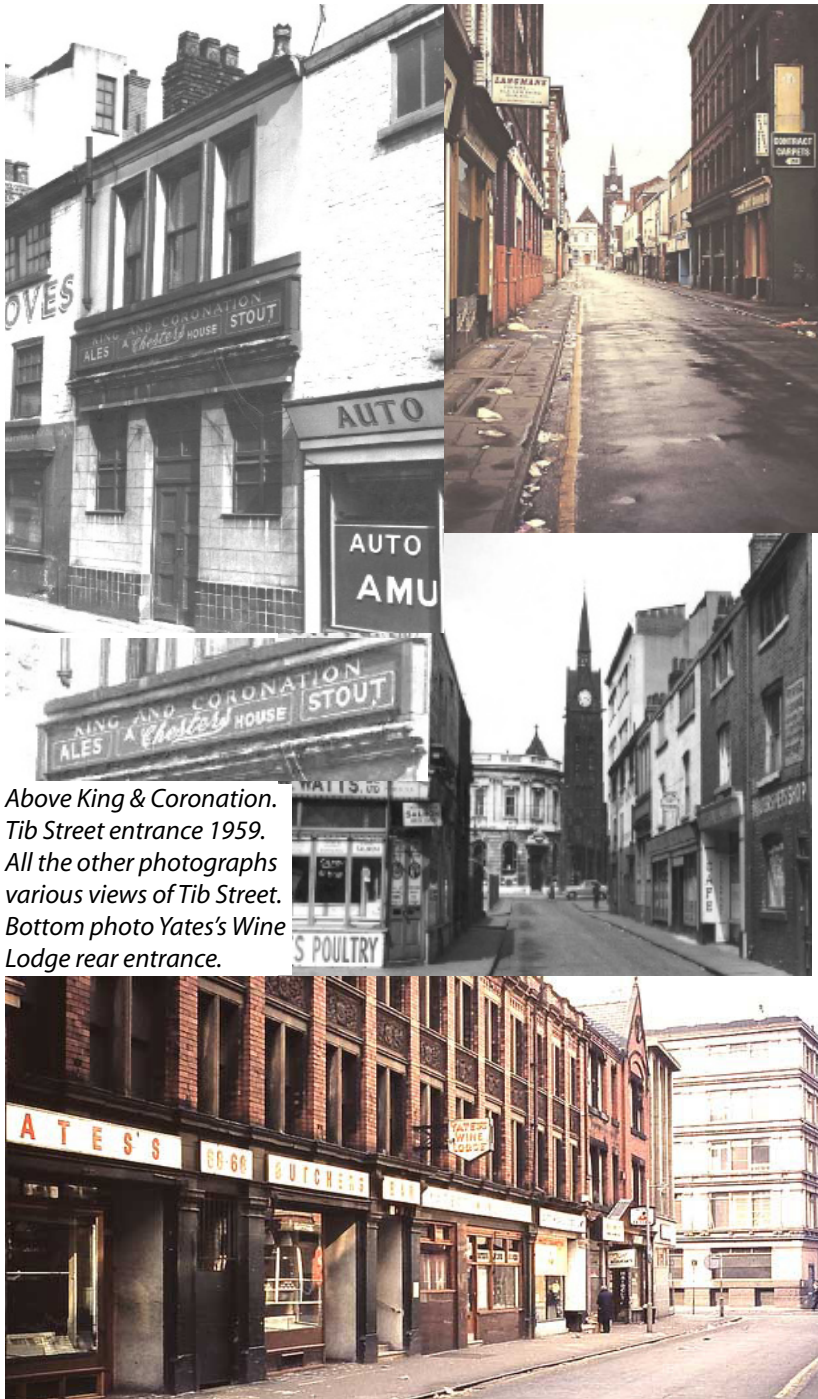
Even in the days before compensation lawyers and health and safety, the King was the first pub to be legally required to have triple glazing fitted. Which just goes to prove the quality of the singing.

Dave also had an interest in The Frog and Bucket in Newton Street affectionately known as the “Little Frog”; it played host to one of Peter Kay’s first ever stand up gigs and became popular with the student fraternity. With the simple winning formula of beer and laughs they soon outgrew the pub. The Frog and Bucket then moved to the then Yate’s venue on the corner of Oldham Street and Great Ancoats, after some refurbishment they moved in and the rest is history.

Stuart and I visited the club on several occasions as the guest of Dave. Alternative comedy was not really our kettle of fish, being from the Bernard Manning school of obscenities. Dave informed us that stand-up comedy can be a bit patchy the Frog was a kind of comedy incubator, a place where genius can develop. But this was not one of those days. The character ‘Den Perry’ in Peter Kay’s Phoenix Nights is loosely based on Dave Perkin.



Chapter One - Tib Street



Chapter One - Tib Street



The first buildings erected in Tib Street were built at the Market Street end. The first directory published in 1772, has two people living there; Benjamin Rhodes, a livery stableman, and Abraham Slack, who was of independent means. Abraham gave his name to "Slack Court" that later stood nearby.



Tib Street before and after.



Take A Whit Walk on the Wild Side

The eighth week following Easter is Whit Sunday, which is one of the most important dates on the social calendar and a massive earner for the pub. The Whit Walks tradition is a northern custom which dates back many hundreds of years, and is rooted in the history of the Lancashire mill towns. Separate walks from Manchester and Salford normally met in Albert Square, where an open air service would take place. From Saint Michaels' marched the Italians, with six men carrying a Statuette of the Madonna and Child, adorned by a thousand white Lilies, with other church processions winding their way to the square.

The Bank Holiday crowds had braved the cold weather to watch the parade and the whole city was electric and vibrant. Some followed the bands while others just stood and watched. Attempts had been made to try to get the churches to walk together but it was not until 1995 after the IRA bomb had exploded in Warrington, that this was finally achieved. The other little bang in 1996 was also to bring a few things closer together in our pub, but more of that later.

The modern version of the Whit Walks may seem a little tame compared to the following account of Whitsun by Blount in 1679 :-

"The custom is, that on Monday after Whitsun week, there is a fat live lamb provided, and the maids of the town, having their thumbs tied behind them, run after it, and she that with her mouth takes and hold the lamb is declared 'Lady of the Lamb'... attended with music and a Morisco dance of men, and another of women, where the rest of the day is spent in dancing, mirth and merry glee."

We had ordered a massive amount of extra booze and the cellar was overflowing. We had arranged for a couple of our own regulars to be on the door, to prevent kids from getting in. (The police had advised us that they did not want bottles or glasses on the streets as these can turn into weapons! So, we had stocked up on a large quantity of plastic glasses for customers wishing to drink outside.)

We were all set to make a killing! All the necessary preparations were in place. The barrels were lined up in the cellar ready to be changed over quickly, the bar was stocked to the gunnels and even the cigarette and durex machine guys had topped up their contents. (I was informed that they had run out of strawberry flavoured condoms so we had to make do with banana.)

Everyone was out to make money - including "Lofty." He was a man of much rustic shrewdness, dry wit, and proud independence. Sometimes he would forgo the comforts of civilized life to take up the gauntlet of selling the Big Issue. He was in his late 30's, slim, angular and agile, with a hardy, weather-beaten complexion. Lofty was also about 6 feet 6 inches tall and curiously, this was not how he had acquired his nick-name - apparently, according to Jean his surname was "Loftus."

Chapter One - A Whit Walk

He added to his means of subsistence by helping out around the city, odd jobs and fairground work. He sometimes engaged in travelling, and would disappear for months on end. Always on the look out for work and opportunities to ensure a regular alcohol throughput to his liver. Lofty was duly elected to guard the front door, with Tony managing the back entrance leading onto Tib Street. Incidentally, years before, Tib Street had been the mecca for pet shops, but they had since departed the area, only to be replaced by alternative kinds of "pets," operating in a Sauna Centre, along with sex shops and dirty book stores. With the same painted pink just to amplify the presence of ladies of easy virtue.

How times have changed!

So, we were all set to go with a full compliment behind the bar: Stuart, Rose, Jodie and myself. The pub had started to fill up and, looking around, everything appeared to be working. There were a couple of guys playing the one armed bandit, everyone along the bar had a drink and the cash was going in the till. This was marvellous - exactly what owning a pub should be all about. Unfortunately, it was at that point when things started to go downhill. Apparently, a little earlier, Lofty had been forced to stoop his lanky frame down to the level of a couple of teenagers, pointing out that they were under age and advising them politely that they were not f**kin getting into this f**kin pub. However, shortly afterwards, Lofty had just simply disappeared for a call of nature, which left the pub open to all and sundry from the front entrance. Consequently, a gang of teenagers soon arrived, with the tallest at the front demanding that I serve him with six pints of bitter, clutching a tenner in his underage hand. "Err, I don't think so!" I responded and few choice words were exchanged before I managed to urge them on their way - but our paths were to cross later.

The problem with these guys is they have no sense of values, social morals or respect for authority. All they know is violence and crime. They may be young but they can still be very intimidating, expressing their contempt for society in ways that range from mere vandalism to riots that can terrorize entire neighbourhoods, and should never be underestimated. One of difficulties facing a barman is figuring out who is drunk and who is just plain stupid and it is not always possible to make this distinction when the pub is very busy. There were lots of new faces - most were on pub-crawls and everyone expected to be served immediately. Standing on your feet for hours on end is very tiring and it just seems to drain you of every ounce of energy. So a short lull in the proceedings was very welcome - at least we had time for a brew and the opportunity to collect some glasses and wash them. Jodie handed me a very welcome cup of tea and in passing informed me that we were running out of pint glasses. "That's no problem - there are loads down there," I said, pointing to the cellar - only to be told that they had all gone. I couldn't believe that

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"We'd used them all?," so, having only managed one gulp from my cuppa, I decided to go outside to investigate..

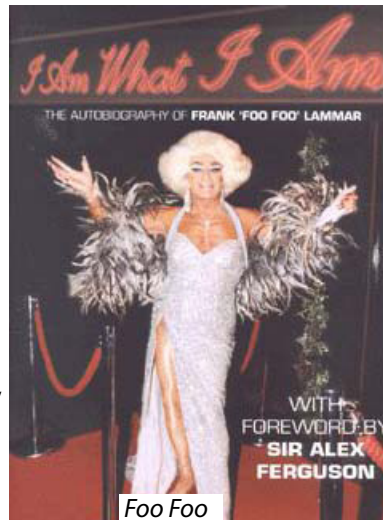
The street was full of revellers and the whole area had been cordoned off for pedestrians to walk safely. The only exception was a delivery van outside Brian's club - Dickens. Looking across the road I could see two people arguing near the van and one of them was easily recognisable as Brian, the Tranny. So, this was the femme fatale I'd heard so much about! I had heard that he could be reasonably attractive, if you liked that kind of thing, but only in the dark.

The remarkable hairstyle was the first feature to grab your attention. Jet black but with two brassy blonde streaks at the front, like a skunk about to share its perfume. It had been back-combed to death, teased, sprayed and styled into a helmet of perfectly-formed curls and waves, creating a sculpted work of art, perched on his head. He had obviously forgotten to remove the heavy false eyelashes and make-up from the night before, but the thick paint, powder and lipstick had been so liberally plastered on that it had been built to last. A pink, silky dressing gown and sequin-covered slippers completed the ensemble and the result was startling, to say the least.

He was a stereotypical drag queen; occasionally nice and endearing, but generally bitchy. Then again, sarcasm and taking the micky is part of drag culture. He was not just a drag queen, but a full time transvestite, who took his responsibilities very seriously in order to maintain the glamour status. Presiding over a busy night club was a massive undertaking, so fuses frequently ran short.

He belonged to the first gay/transvestite club scene to appear in Manchester, years before the Gay Village came into existence. When Brian's father first saw his son's stage act, he threw a bottle across a crowded pub at him. "Somebody told my dad that I was singing in a local pub," he explained, "But what they did not tell him was that I was stretched across the piano in a sequined frock," His best friend was Frank Foo Foo Lamar, a female impersonator who travelled around Manchester in a succession of Rolls Royces with the registration plate FOO 1. He was the owner of the popular Foo Foo's Palace in Dale Street, a venue hosting mainly stag nights and hen parties.

His naturally effeminate gentleness normally separated him from the



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masculine world. But in this particular altercation he became bereft of all feminine qualities. "You bloody fool," he ranted, "Fancy leaving the van unlocked! You're an idiot and, Ducky, don't think for one minute I'm paying for the stolen booze!" The driver retaliated in gruff, manly tones, anxious to establish with any onlookers that he was not part



of Brian's world. "If you hadn't taken so long to open the f**kin door," he roared, "None of this would have happened!" This just got Brian into a higher octane range, and what's more, he was off his face. The steady stream of foul language now coming out of his mouth was turning the air an interesting shade of blue. "Good afternoon, Brian!" I shouted across the road hoping to slightly diffuse the situation. "Piss off!" was the rather unladylike response.

However, this was not the time to get involved with someone else's problems - I had enough of my own, so I headed off in my quest to track down my pint glasses.

The sky was overcast, and ready to rain. The sagging street lights hovered above the hordes of people milling around, as the sound of drums and a band could be heard in the distance. Looking around I could see lots of empty bottles on the pavement but no glasses. Turning into Warwick Street I just saw the tail end of some lads running with bottles and a couple of cases of Budweiser. We were to find out later that some of these gangs of teenagers roaming the street had a day pass out from their secure unit for disruptive teenagers in Hulme. This group also had a pit-bull terrier in toe. They have a pack mentality and, for many of them, friendships and family ties have been replaced by a perverted sense of loyalty to gang members and leaders, underpinned by the fear of reprisals should any member dare break ranks - the urban equivalent of Lord Of The Flies. The Police have to prioritise their duties such as paperwork, race relations incentives, internal equality monitoring and conducting health and safety assessments for officers likely to be caught in a crime situation; therefore they are understandably too busy to patrol the streets. As was the norm, there would never be any help in that direction, so we had to be vigilant and sort out our own problems.

I continued on my travels turning right past Gulliver's Pub then right into Tib Street. I finally met up with our gang. The group had now increased in size to over a dozen and were eagerly passing around the bottles of Bud. I hurried past not wanting to get involved. As I moved down the street

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behind our pub, I spotted a couple of young guys with a load of pint glasses in their hands. I called out: "Where are you going with my glasses?" They shouted back that they were not my glasses, saying they were collecting them for The Kings pub. I decided to negotiate. "Come on, lads, let's do a deal." I proposed. "I'll pay you for all the glasses you can get your hands on - 50p each for a pint pot and 25p for a half." The deal was concluded and in no time, I had a load of glasses to take back to The City. Just as I was entering the back door, another gang of youths appeared around the corner. Shouting and throwing empty bottles down the street. I rushed into the pub and told Tony to close the door until these jobs had passed. I was told that the same morons had set fire to a bin just outside the door. The gang then moved on to concentrate on an ice cream man who was an easy target. A group of these thugs rushed towards him as he tried to close his serving hatch. They punched him in the face, smashed his van windows and stole some cash. The Asian trader told us later that he had called the police, but they had taken two hours to get to him. He said that they operate a 'graded response system,' where incidents with an immediate threat to life are given a higher priority; so by the time they arrived the culprits had disappeared. All afternoon there was a continuous supply of glasses arriving by courtesy of our street glass collectors. I told the staff about the incident at Dickens pointing out that these jobs were now tanked up and on the war path. Anything could happen.

In the corner of the pub I noticed Sean, one of our traveller friends. An Irish ballad was playing on the juke box and he had joined a couple of the locals in a sing-song. He was by far the worse for wear and was rapidly becoming quite obstreperous, his raucous, alcohol enhanced tones drowning out the other vocalists. But when he adopted a more pugilistic attitude and began throwing drunken punches in every direction, I decided he was just going too far. This was a job for Rose. "Leave him to me, born to be wild my arse" Rose said, calmly. She marched over to the lunatic and simply whispered something in his ear. I watched as the blood drained from his face. He gulped the last part of his pint down and immediately scurried off.

At this point, it is worth observing that travellers are extremely superstitious: they carefully note the formation of the clouds, the flight of particular birds and the patterns of the tea leaves before attempting any enterprise and they consider it unlucky to have an un-christened child. But more importantly, as they attract many enemies, they have to make self preservation their main concern. Consequently, when I asked Rose how she had got rid of Sean so easily, all became clear. "I told him I had a phone number which I have to ring when he comes in. I said I had just phoned and that these guys were coming to get him!"

"Well, I have to hand it to you, Rose," I smiled, "What would we do without

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you?" A few running battles with rival gangs seemed to keep our friends away from the City. Our pub was still intact and the funds had found their way to the night safe. Stuart and I settled down to enjoy a well deserved drink. A stay-behind had been organised. The curtains were closed and a full black-out put in operation, as we did not want any attacks from the Luftwaffe or unwelcome guests knocking on the door. It was our time to relax and unwind, with the staff joining us for a few beers.

The following morning was a bit of an anticlimax, the pub opened at the usual time, with the normal regulars coming in for a drink. We did notice a few new faces at the bar, but everything had returned to the mundane. I was ready to catch a train back to Liverpool, when in stepped Tommy, "The Godfather," and a couple of the guys at the bar welcomed him in. Tommy had been a member of the Quality Street Gang, and if Royalty did exist on the street, then he was truly a blue blood. The QSG had made their mark in the sixties and, as skirts grew shorter and wallets grew fatter, the Boom Years created an era for the gangs to make serious money. This particular gang was the absolute law on the street, Tommy's side-kick was 'Jimmy The Weed' Donnelly. The gang had been regulars in a Whalley Range hotel run by the mother of the Thin Lizzy singer, Phil Lynott. Several of the band's hits had been inspired by the QSG: "Jimmy the Fox meets Jimmy the Weed," for example and "The Boys are Back in Town." They were always dressed smartly with long coats, dark glasses, gold bracelets and chains. Tommy was no different; he arrived at our bar with his crombie overcoat hanging on his broad shoulders. He always commanded respect on the street; people would come up to him to shake hands and pay homage to him as he marked out his territory. Stuart and I would always acknowledge his presence by buying him a drink or just passing the time of day, but we always gave him respect. He was a regular, but he never asked us for anything or stayed very long. He was never drunk and always dignified.

It was rumoured that he was involved in a series of armed robberies in the northwest with sawn-off shot guns, stocking masks and fast getaway cars, but this was a long time ago. He was getting on a bit now, probably pushing 60, but still a very hard man, who no one would want to mess with. Tommy was long-armed, with very broad, square shoulders and there was a slightly red tinge in his greying hair. He had piercing blue eyes with a slight squint. The only visual tattoos, neatly tattooed on the knuckle of each hand bore the inscription: "Hard Luck." He was between five and six feet tall - the reason for this discrepancy being that one leg was considerably shorter than the other; therefore, his actual height depended on which limb he was standing on. Also, one shoulder rose and fell accordingly, as he walked. Apparently he had been shot in the leg during a quarrel with another gang. I wished him well, and left the pub for the railway station, unaware that I had just met the saviour of the pub.

Chapter One -The City over the years



Year 1960



Year 1995



Year 2000

Chapter One - Our old haunts



Chapter One - Our old haunts

Some of our old haunts:

1. Gullivers
2. Millstone
3. Wheatsheaf
4. Unicorn
5. Roadhouse
6. Lord Nelson - Closed
7. Royal George - Closed
8. Paddy's Goose
9. Nickelby's - Closed



A Bridge too Far

The Northern Quarter Association was formed in 1993 and was chaired by Dominic Sagar a local architect. Formed by local shopkeepers, artists, club owners and local residents. The object to improve the area and bring back its vitality. Following on from the successful transformation of the Smithfield Building to Loft apartments by Urban Splash, it was hoped to use this as a template for future improvements. I was to cross swords with Tony Wilson at the launch party of the Lofts. It had always been a bone of contention with me that the Hacienda had allowed organised crime to get a foot hold in the clubs and pubs. A number of characters "White Tony" Johnson, Paul Massey, and Chris Little had all been given space in the "Door Wars" with their new found confidence they had expanded their business interests into pubs. And a couple of weeks earlier I had been on the receiving end of a visit, so I used the opportunity to tell him exactly what I thought.

The criminals wanted to control the door on any successful club or pub, extortion and drugs normally followed. Messages had been left in the City that a couple of guys had been looking for me. I had dodged them for a couple of weeks. When one Thursday afternoon they caught up with me. I was sat at the bar having a chat with the barmaid when they entered. Rose whispered "those are the guys looking for you" Turning around I spotted them walking briskly towards the bar. The half-caste guy seemed to do the talking while the other scanned the place like a radar. They suggested we moved into the corner away from the customers for a chat. It was then that I could see from their demure that this was serious. "I'm not going to waste your time, you need a couple of bouncers on the door over the weekend to stop the trouble." I must have looked puzzled "What trouble" I said. "Last Friday, you had a couple of fights in here." Was his reply with a smirk on his face.

I shook my head and replied "Look lads I don't want any trouble but we don't need anyone on the door".

The next move came as a complete surprise I had tried to stay at arms length in case they threw a punch. But both moved forward at the same time, and a gun was poked in my ribs. then moving closer he whispered in my ear. "Its like this, starting next week a couple of our guys will help you look after the place". I was shell shocked, my mouth dried up. My mind went into preservation mode, before I could gather my senses they were gone. I immediately went up the stairs to the office. Stuart was speaking to Sam as I entered the room, I asked them if they had seen the pantomime on the CCTV. No came the reply. Had we got a tape in the video recorder was my next question? No again was the reply. I explained what had happened. We decided to go down to the bar for a stiff drink. I explained to Rose in confidence what had happened.

Her reply was not terribly helpful, she remarked that the manager of The

Chapter One - A bridge too far

Ritz Club had been attacked a couple of weeks ago and acid had been thrown in his face, he was rushed to hospital and died a few hours later. One moment we decided it may be best to close the place down, then lets try and pay them off, report it to the police, or just do what they say. Then in-between serving a couple of pints to a customer Rose said "Why don't you have a chat with Tommy. You know the retired gangster". After a couple more drinks we decided that would be the best course of action. In view of the urgency in the situation, I made enquires to locate Tommy. It was not until the following day that he appeared. I was full of apprehension when I explained what had happened. Tommy listened intensely only interrupting when he asked if the half cast guy have a couple of deep scars over his right eye. I nodded to confirm that was the case. Tommy moved closer on his chair and bending his head forward explained that this could be sorted. "This is how these guys operate. The going rate was £200 a month for 'security' and on the other side £50 for smashing up a pub or starting flights. They go to a place and cause chaos, if people get involved, then tools are used – knives, machetes and sometimes a gun would be pulled out, to keep the public away. It always took on the same pattern, then the landlord would be approached the terms spelt out, if agreed everything would be all right. If he didn't, it would end up shut-down or even burnt to the ground. Eventually they all pay up, there is no alternative!

I enquired "Can you help?" he replied with a nod and a smirk. I was relieved that someone could help. What will it cost, I asked inquisitively. "Lets just say you owe me one" I looked him directly in his eyes and could feel a confidence grow. He swallowed his whiskey we shock hands and he left. The weekend passed without any incidents. It was the following week when we met up again.

I thanked Tommy for his help and asked how he managed to get them off our back. "Look these guys will end up doing time, My lads control what goes on in Strangeways. If they cross me and go inside I will have the last laugh and they know it. I had already told Rose to give Tommy whatever he wanted to drink. After his usual whiskey he did his rounds marking out his territory.

I am still waiting for Tommy to ask me for the big favour I owe him. I cannot leave this chapter without a mention concerning the Northern Quarter. Both Kath from the Castle and myself sat on the committee for over two years and to my mind achieved absolutely nothing. We had a direct link to the council and its Chief Executive Mr Howard Bernstein. The committee consisted of a couple of pub and club owners, a left wing lesbian with short cropped hair, with every protrusion on her body pierced or with something attached ears, nose, lips, tongue and I dread to think were else! A Buddhist type person in all the garb, a few artists and not the piss variety but real artists that could draw and paint things that

Chapter One - A bridge too far

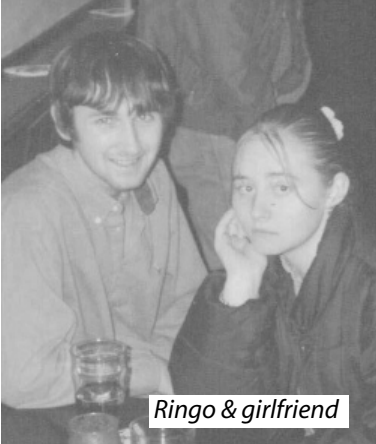
no one could understand. Also the craft centre was well represented. Basically we were over run with artist types, that obtained funding from numerous sources. They always seemed to be involved in Urban Art and a few examples are shown on these pages. The reconstruction of the area seemed to stop half way up Oldham Street. It was a financial wall similar to the Berlin Wall but without the mortar. With bordered up shop fronts and property that had been empty for years, I suggested forcing the landlords of the derelict property in the area to develop them with the threat of compulsory purchase orders. I even went to the trouble of taking a dozen or so photographs of the area to help illustrate the point. One of the photographs is shown opposite. We never had a vote on any of the art, it just seemed to manifest itself at the meetings when the funds had been appropriated. The Poem Flags that ran the length of Tib Street at the back of our pub had been the creation of Lemn Sissay and later were to become known as Sissay's Flags. The idea being you walked along looking at the ground reading the poems that were half completed, and you were supposed to figure out what it meant. I had a go shortly after its inauguration, but gave up when I walked into a lamp post. Another barmy idea that cost thousands. Along with the twelve foot stainless steel brush and shovel outside the car park in Thomas Street. by the way someone stole the shovel. The whole thing was taken over by arty types, with no concept of the real world: exit Mr Dutton. I think it only fair to say a few works in the defence of Tony Wilson,





apart from being a television personality, and record producer and the joint owner of the Hacienda, he had helped put Manchester on the map. He was rightly known as Mr Manchester. It was quite ironic that also in attendance at the opening of the lofts was Mr Derrick Hatton, one of the main instigators of the spectacular downfall in the prosperity of the city of Liverpool. The two contrasts had to be pointed out by yours truly to the annoyance of both parties, so taking my cue I exited the function for a return to Liverpool. The trip to Liverpool was not without incident I only just managed to get the last train from Oxford Road. I ran onto the platform just as the guard was boarding the train, making a mad dash for the train. I just managed to get my foot in the door, the door did not re-open but for a reason best known to itself remained closed on my foot. The guard shouted hanging out of his window "Get your foot out of the door". My reply was "Piss off I'm getting on this train" I knew the train was going nowhere with my foot firmly lodged between the doors. I'll get the police was his next remark, eventually the doors opened and I managed to get on the train. It was not until we arrived at Lime street that I spotted the driver on the platform talking to a couple of policemen. I managed to get my head down and walk behind a courting couple, and made my getaway.

Chapter One - The City Pub Regulars



Ringo & girlfriend



Scott Andy



Crazy Terry karaoke Star



Larger than life customers

By day, Oldham Street looked run down it had been Manchester's foremost shopping street, before the Arndale concrete monstrosity appeared on the scene. The dilapidated art deco facades are evidence of its past glories. It had a presence that only years of human habitation could mould into the fabric of the buildings it was steeped in history. Affleck & Browns, (The Harrods of the North) department stores closed down. C&A moved to the Arndale Centre and lots of other businesses followed. Prosperity depends on which part of the street you happened to be in. The top end away from Piccadilly was rough while the other end was fashionable among the bohemian inhabitants of the Northern Quarter. Students and intellectual collectors of 78 rpm records making up the remainder. The Smithfield Buildings have been converted by Urban Splash into luxury apartments, with a trendy walk way at the back to gain access to your Ferrari. Fashionable music cafe bars Dry 201 and Night & Day provide a dash of urban chic.

Even Merchants had become an upmarket wine bar, gone had the days of serving Blobs (Australian White wine served in a hot toddy of sugary water) a guaranteed mind blowing experience. In the good old days there had been three Yates's Wine Lodges in Oldham Street.

But after dark, everything was about to change. The coffin lids opened and a whole new set of night time revellers appeared. Converging on Oldham St you'll see groups of giggling girls in short skirts, with gangs of loud mouthed lads following. The migration had started. They passed Tony in the doorway, a guy who had fallen on hard times and had taken his revenge out on his liver. He was a mess but a feature of the street, Methyated Spirits had been his regular tippie, but some bloody stupid politician had made a law and decided to put additives in the same to stop alcoholics from drinking the stuff. Tommy and others like him, mixed it with milk to keep the concoction from reappearing in the same place it entered. He had now moved onto strong larger available in large plastic bottles. Urinating in the same place he slept, in a disused building entrance, even the police were reluctant to get involved. On the Great Ancoats Street corner, you'll find the Frog and Bucket comedy venue, and not far from here along Swan St is the famous Band on the Wall. Continuing down Oldham Street The City then Gulliver's and almost opposite, the Castle. What a place for a pub crawl, pubs on every street corner, and everyone welcoming smokers, drinkers and odd-balls. Welcome to Oldham Street.

I think some of our customers actually enjoyed the reputation of the pub. In some ways it was different from anywhere else - it was exciting and anything could happen and it often did. The large fraternity of drinkers on the street were mostly from the surrounding area and they would migrate from hostelry to hostelry depending on the happy hours on offer.

Chapter One - The City Pub Regulars

Similar to grazing wilder beast they migrated to where the grass was greener. We were lucky as in addition to these nomads, we had a hard core of regulars. With the horse racing guys between noon and 3pm, then we had the after work drinkers. Gypsies, travellers, football supporters and students on their way to the Frog and Bucket. They all arrived in waves during the course of the week.

Intermingled by the guys selling the big issue, who always kept us supplied with loose change in-between their outside forays.

Selling the Big Issue outside the railway station made the mega money. They all had a predefined patch allocated to them. Tony one of our regulars had a good patch and only had to work a couple of hours a day to pay for his booze. He played in our pool team and was a regular in the place. All that was to change when he met up with an old friend who was now down and out and looking for somewhere to spend the night. Tony was on his way home from the City a little worst



for ware when he meet up with the guy. When they got back to Tony's flat, they started drinking some cheap booze. The guy was full of booze and drugs when he flew off the handle. A massive fight occurred, which ended in Tony being battered with a hammer. Lofty his best mate made the horrific discovery, finding Tony with serious head injuries, laying in a pool of blood. It was touch and go as to whether Tony would survive the ordeal. We had a couple of whip rounds in the pub, and a few of the regulars went to visit him. He was in a really bad way, eventually he did recover and for a short time revisited the City. He had slurred speech, and continuous headaches and was just not the person we knew 6 months earlier. It was a real shame a nice guy had now turned into a zombie. The head office of the Big Issue was next door to our pub. The sellers would call in to collect their magazines, then off they go to sell their latest contribution to the paper re-cycling effort. I remember on one occasion a scruffy looking guy arrived to visit the offices with his dog in toe. No dogs are allowed on the premises so he tied the dogs lead to the drain pipe outside our pub. I was just stepping out of the pub, when something flashed past! The dog had bolted down Oldham Street, dragging the drainpipe behind it. The look on the big issue vendors face when he emerged to get his dog was a treat. I asked him if he could return the drain pipe and reattach it to the guttering, as it will probably be quite useful when it rains. Not amused he took off down Oldham Street after his dog and clutching a load of magazines. We never did get our gutter back, yet another job for Darren.

Chapter One - The City Pub Regulars

I think over the 5 years we owned the pub, we only called the police twice. We policed ourselves, the understanding was we didn't bother them and they wouldn't bother us. Stay behinds were a regular occurrence, you just had to be careful who you invited, if trouble started you could not call the police. The blackout curtains would be drawn across, the music turned down and drinking could continue. The secret was to say it was a private party and take the cash tray out of the till. We just keep a book behind the bar to tally up what was owed, but we never got raided. We had numerous visits from the plain cloths guys, looking for criminals and drugs. The golden rule was No underage drinking, No prostitutes and No drugs, easy peasy. On one occasion I had a visit by a member of the CID who was concerned that stolen property was being sold on the premises. Enter Dodgy Sid, a kind of wandering on demand thief. He stole to order, he apparently had two younger members of his family engaged in the family business. He once told one of our customers. "Good parenting was about teaching kids independence." He started by letting his kids choose their own birthday cakes while walking round the co-op, then he'd walk out and let them nick it on their own. They stood more of a chance running away, as they were fast little buggers! Sid would have a few choice goodies in his extra large ill-fitting coat, his favourite hunting ground was Marks and Sparks. Sliding from customer to customer he would show his wares and engage in conversation. He even had a tap measure with him, on one occasion he was measuring up a customer for trousers and then off he goes to steal the required item. I left instructions with the staff to ban him on sight, we just could not afford to upset the Fuzz.

Our sales were increasing weekly which meant we could put more pressure on Whitbread to get a better deal. We were a free house with no ties. John Thompson was our contact who looked after our account, we managed many remarkable deals, which helped to keep the beer flowing at a pound a pint. Special offers were our favourite; buy three kegs and get one free, with the result that sometimes you could not move in our cellar.

We had been invited to the regular Whitbread's annual piss up, but following on from my last altercation the invitations dried up.

Life had settled down to a regular routine I would call down to the pub for opening time on a Wednesday, and stay over until the Thursday or Friday. Our stock taker Alf did the stock take on a Wednesday, so that was the day to scrutinize the books, and check the stock. If everything was in order we could relax and enjoy a drink or two. If the stocks were down we would try to sort out the problem which inevitably took us down various avenues of no return. We had a few spies that would report on the staff, as it was vital that the staff did not get their money mixed up with ours. The scams could be spotted if you had an aptitude for it, under ringing the till and moving cocktail sticks until you accumulated ten. Then removing the £10

Chapter One - The City Pub Regulars

note from the cash register and sticking it in her bra, was one.

After an uneventful journey from Liverpool, I arrived around noon with the pub starting to fill up quite nicely. As I walked into the pub I met Eve the cleaner, she grinned sheepishly, her face breaking into a thousand wrinkles "Hi Boss, how about a drink"? Sometimes she would stay behind after she had done the cleaning. She was accompanied by her daughter Eve mark two, both of whom had made a career of cleaning up other peoples mess, both were very fond of the amber nectar, and both had similar hair styles, but were separated by about 20 years. I arranged to buy them a drink, but did not want to get involved in conversation, which normally submerged into. "You want to see the bloody mess in the gents toilets," or "we've run out of bleach"! Eve normally wore a headscarf to cover her plastic curlers and bemoaning the vagaries of Modern Life: "Young people today they don't know they're born, what with the telly and everything. It's not proper, like what we used to have, is it?

What do all these young kids want to get motor cars for? We done without motors and it never done us no harm, walked everywhere!" Between moaning and complaining, that was Eve the cleaner, and it got worse on a sliding scale, dependant on the alcohol intake. She was here to join in the festive activities when Billy Mac and his string ensemble arrived at two for the afternoons tea dance. Billy Mac a blind organist, similar to Ray Charles, but he could not sing, and was a lighter colour and did not sway from side to side. Anyway he was accompanied by Anthony stage name Mr Starlight a 6ft 6" Jamaican who sang and kind of played the guitar. He wore a bus drivers uniform and a cowboy hat. I remember that he had a really great, powerful voice but unfortunately he sang out of tune, and had no sense of rhythm and he used to make up his own words. The duo were well known on the street. And had a small following of elderly groupies the blue rinse brigade. So for £25 a session we had an exclusive contract for Wednesdays and Friday afternoons. Someone must have programmed the organ, because very little effort was required to produce a full orchestral sound. Anyway the entertainment in inverted commas went down a treat, with the older cliental. They had to turn down the music on the odd occasion to facilitate the racing fraternity who viewed the race meeting on the TV in the corner.

I went into the office to meet Stuart and looking at Alf's print-out of the stock. Everything added up, great no problems, lets go down to the engine room for a pint.

They say nothing will go between a Scotsman and his booze, except Rose. Jimmy a short Scotsman, with a thick Glaswegian accent close set eyes and a habit of smirking in disbelief at almost anything that crossed your lips. With an aggressive attitude that increased proportionately with ale. His face was well lived in with numerous scars, to prove how hard he really was. You know the old saying, he is hard as nails but one of these

Chapter One - The City Pub Regulars

days he's going to get a good hammering, and he had! Wearing a gold sovereign-ring on each hand. There were probably a few individuals walking around with king George and a dragon impressed on their chin, he was certainly not the sharpest knife in the drawer. But had probably used one !

Ray, also a Scot, was his side kick and co conspirator in crime, and appeared to accompany him on most visits to the city. One of his favourite tales was how he got £2000 off the insurance company. In Manchester, a city bus was involved in an accident with a car. By the time the police had arrived on the scene, Ray had boarded the disabled bus found a ticket and had started complaining of whiplash injuries and severe back pain. He was rushed off to hospital for an x-ray.

He was a taller version of Jimmy, with almost the same attitude problem, Seen it all, done it all, drunk and can't remember most of it. They were a double act, always together, even if one had a girlfriend she would have to hock up with the team, they were inseparable. They lacked originality in the scams they perpetrated, and needed to go inside jail from time to time for additional training. I always suggested to them that it was the lads outside they should take more notice of than the lads inside. Anyway the whole point was lost, when I say thick I really mean it. Their attitude was always to be on the offensive and disbelieve everything. Ray had a slight horizontal twitch when he was nervous, and Jimmy had a slight vertical twitch, as if he was wearing a tight collar. It was quite easy to see from a distance when they were annoyed or excited as it took on the appearance of a mating ritual of the Great Crested Greed. Stuart and I had just finished all our senior management duties, the stock was fine and a load of cash had found its way into the bank, without getting mixed up with the staffs cash on the way, so we were on a roll. We were in the corner chatting and having our first pint of the day.

When all hell broke loose it was Scottish Ray having a serious altercation with Rose. It was all over his side kick Jimmy who was supposed to have paid and left a pint in the pump, as he went off to find his latest female acquisition.

Ray was obviously short of cash, and Jimmy had been subsidising his afternoon drinking session. Ray was shouting at the top of his voice "I want my f**kin pint now, it's been paid for" A red faced Rose, countered with "Your mates having you on he never paid for your pint, "He f**kin well did", and so the conversation got loader and loader, until Rose lost her rag and said. "I don't have to listen to all this shit, your barred!" Immediately on hearing this, Jimmy made a move to get behind the bar and serve himself. Rose immediately lifted up a baseball bat from behind the bar and told him to get out. He grabbed it off her and started to threaten Rose. I immediately got up and ran the length of the pub. I grabbed the bat out of his hand and threw it out of harms way. At the

same time I grabbed his arm and put it up his back. Jimmy was alcohol-fuelled, and testosterone-charged. I had to act fast. I charged down the pub with him to throw him out, but unfortunately his head met the corner of the wall on the way out. He now became the proud owner of a split head, a black eye with the white of his eyes now matching the colour of his Manchester United Tee Shirt. My parting words were go and bleed somewhere else, the red mist had descended, it was impossible not to have done anything else, they only know the language of violence and it was pointless trying to remonstrate. Respect has to be earned and if you showed weakness they would walk all over you, no choice, job done. I have always tried to keep violence out of my life, I thought there was no justification for physical violence: that was until we purchased the pub, I was a slow starter in this area, my upbringing had been violence free. Just on the receiving end of a bit of bullying at school and the attentions of the headmaster and that was it. On various occasions in the pub, I was faced with no other option than to react, and react quickly. Some individuals had been involved in violence all there lives, from being battered into submission by their parents. To pushing their weight around in school playgrounds and performing in pubs when under the influence.

For centuries our pub had been at the heart of a community, a place to meet or simply a place for the lost or weary to rest up. It has been witness to both historic and horrific events, and I believe that many of those momentous events have left their indelible mark on the very fibre of the building.

Violence is a terrible attribution that harbours itself in the soul of mankind, a primeval instinct that does not go away, but must be controlled. Violence to my mind is a method of storing up nightmares for the future. So it came as no surprise that later that night my world was to turn upside down. We had finished a rather intense and enjoyable stay behind in the pub. After all the participants had gone home around midnight, I locked the doors, and retired to bed.

As I climbed the stairs up to the kitchen a feeling of intense fear took hold. I switched off the lights from the top of the stairs. When the lights were switched off the place was darker than the deepest black, no light could escape from anywhere to cast a shadow. Feelings started to immerge, and interweave with my half drunken thoughts. A feeling of dread engulfed me. A feeling of real fear, fear that makes you shiver, that drains your very soul, a fear of losing control. My heart was pounding, I started feeling out of breath, hot and cold flushes, then a trembling sensation through my whole body. Get a grip, I thought its got to be the alcohol, I'd been drinking the stuff for hours, I quickly put the light back on, then to my utter amazement the light bulb burst... What's going on I'm out of here I quickly turned and found the light switch for the kitchen. I was relieved

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me feel safe again. It was just me, my mind playing tricks. I thought I'll leave this light on, so I walked up the next flight of stairs to the flat above. I entered my bedroom and quickly closed the door. I switched on the electric fire, the heating in the pub automatically goes off at 11 pm, so the place was starting to get cold. I now felt a lot better, I warmed my hands undressed and climbed into bed. I was woken by a cold feeling the electric fire was still on, maybe the duvet had come off during the night, I needed to go to the bathroom which was on the other side of the upstairs lounge. As I walked through I felt a cold chill of air on my face and it felt like something was passing over me. I looked up and to my amazement the the cockloft cover had been slide to one side. This cover always remained tightly closed, and apart from that you needed a ladder to get up to open it. The only ladder we had that could reach was in the cellar. I quickly hurried into the bathroom to find my toothbrush and shaving gear had all been thrown onto the floor. I had been there earlier in the evening and everything had been arranged in a tidy fashion. I had been the only person in the pubs accommodation. So what was going on? With a certain amount of trepidation I returned to my room, trying to figure out what was happening to me. It was all a mystery. I am not a believer in Spirits, ghosts, poltergeists, and things that go bump in the night. I remember reading that Poltergeist activity is usually preceded by some trauma, Could it have been all the violence of the previous day that triggered this event. I know that violence begets violence, had I unleashed something in the fabric of the building, had I awoken something from its deep sleep? I had to get to the bottom of this, I decided on my way home I would call into the reference library and see if I could unearth any of the pubs strange 300 year old history. It did not take me long to discover a newspaper article concerning the death of a Mr Edwin Russell, a baker on the 29th October 1875, in the Coronation Inn. I looked at my watch and it was also the 29th October 1996. He met his death in a fracas with Mr Robert Chadwick a member of Oldham Town Council. The verdict of "Justifiable homicide," with the councillor getting off scot free, was the catalyst for my disturbed night. This poor soul was probably in torment over this injustice.

About a week later Ray did return to the pub to show off his stitches, he was un-banned following a apology to Rose and a promise not to cause any more trouble. His picture was returned to the wall, next to his mates, over their usual seats. Jimmy's face could have been a road map of how not to behave in bars, numerous other interesting features were superimposed on his delicate features. He just had another scare to talk about. and no doubt exaggerate on how he got it! It did not take long for our intrepid duo to return to jail for additional training. Jean removed the pictures for modifications and returned them back to the walls with the addition of prison bars overlaid on their portraits.

Chapter One - Yates Wine Lodge



One of the three Yates's on Oldham Street became Merchants run for many years by John a good friend of ours. The middle Yates's turned into Matt & Phreds Jazz Club while the other became the Frog & Bucket comedy club.

Bangs & Managers

Saturday 15th June 1997 will be a day very few people will forget, including our manager, Nick who was walking towards the entrance to open up the pub when "Bang!", he was propelled in the opposite direction back down the length of the pub covered in dust, having been lifted off the floor and deposited on his backside some 20 feet from where he stood! The IRA bomb did little to improve the general appearance of the pub. Modifications were made to the plumbing which enabled the cellar to return back to the River Tib. With the fractured pipes, sewage and water was liberally distributed throughout the cellar. The lady's toilet almost joined the gent's; and with all the glass broken in the building, a more open plan was achieved instantly! The blast had caused the front of the pub to implode and then return to a concave shape.



My first news of the event came by a telephone call from our manager at the time Nick. He was known to exaggerate, especially when under the influence of the dreaded weed. I was sat in my office at the time in Hamilton Square, when Chris took the call and passed it onto me. A spluttering voice on the other end "Roy the f**kin pubs just blown up" To which I replied. "Nick get a grip, have you been smoking that bloody dope again!" "No No No, its true" was his immediate reply. I could hear alarms going off in the background. "I've got to go" and the phone went dead. We managed to confirm that the bomb exploded at 11.20am on Corporation Street, just outside the Arndale Centre, leaving the street and surrounding area totally obliterated. I tried to call the pub without any luck. The next call from Nick was about 20 mins later. He informed me that the police had evacuated the area and cordoned off Oldham Street and he was calling from a call box. My first question "was anyone hurt?" Followed by "is the pub secure?" The reply knocked me for six. He told me he had no time to lock it up, he had just put the float in the cash register. He said he'd been blown off his feet and the keys shot out of his hands. My immediate reply was get your arse into gear and find the keys and lock the place up. There are police everywhere its impossible. I suggested he went around the back through Tib Street to get into the pub. I never did find out how he managed it, but he got back in, locked up the pub, put the money in the safe and rescued his cannabis. Shortly afterwards, I made a trip to the bombed out city. The buildings were torn to shreds as though made of papier-mâché, with twisted metal structures dotted in-between like a war zone. The building facades were pockmarked with holes from the blast, and there was no glass anywhere as it had all been deposited on the ground. Police believe a van carrying

what may have been the largest bomb planted by the IRA in Britain was spotted in Peterborough on Friday afternoon. Immediately after the



event the whole city was cordoned off, which was a shame because our customers felt a real need to come together. We had to close for three days. The blast had been very selective as it progressed down Oldham Street, missing some buildings all together while others every single window was smashed. Blowing in some doors and shop fronts. With a hail of glass and flying debris it must have been horrendous for any poor soul outside. Manchester had been the centre of the British music scene, spawning Oasis, Happy Mondays and the Stone Roses. But the bubble burst when the IRA detonated a bomb in the city centre, everything was to change, it ripped out the heart of the city.

We enjoyed a temporary surge in trade when many bombed out businesses had to relocate, but it was short lived. Huge sums of money were pumped into rebuilding the city.

At the same time, we had been renovating the interior of the pub which had followed on from our successful external renovations. The intention to put the pub back to its' original condition when it changed its' name to the City in March 1970. Later the City of Salford listed the property as being of Architectural and Historic Interest. A European Regional Development Fund Grant was obtained to enable the outside features to be renovated. We had numerous problems trying to obtain compensation for the damage via the Insurance company. The whole fabric of the building had been shaken and stirred by the blast. With so many claims being progressed, it was months before an assessor from the insurance company decided to appear.

Chapter One - Bangs & Managers

During our tenure of the City pub, we employed almost as many managers as Chelsea football club, but without the remuneration. Our first manager was Bill who was Stuart's brother-in-law. Bill took on the responsibility in his normal laid back way. And decided the new opening hours should fall around his busy social calendar. Bill was of medium height, with slim features and long hair which could vary in colour depending on his mood but often dyed blond. He had studied at university as a sound engineer, but was unable to find any work with his new found qualification. But he had experienced the student way of life, which qualified him to change our bar from a working mans venue into a student bar. Bill had been sent on a short course to acquire the basic knowledge of how to run a pub. On his return, the first and most important task was to change the records on the juke box from 'Danny Boy' and 'My old mans a dustbin' to the likes of Stone Roses and other hip acts. That done, the next task that came under Bills scrutiny was the lighting. All the first weeks taking being used to purchase trendy lamps placed behind the bar to create the correct ambience or at least that is what he told us. As is always the case with leading-edge technology the lamps turned out to be a disaster and the rotating images didn't cast shadows. The fans in the pub were all rotating in the wrong direction, so instead of removing the cigarette smoke we were gassing the customers. So with no students and most of the regular customers upset and gone, the business went into free-fall, and a new business plan was needed: basically to get rid of Bill. I think, after six weeks Bill had also had enough. It was the beginning of the week when Bill announced to our delight that he had decided it was time to move on to greener pastures. "I'm getting pissed off serving all these low lifes" said Bill a resident of Briar Hill Court, a tower block in Salford. I immediately went upstairs to the office and wrote out his P45 and gave him a weeks pay.

We had anticipated this move and had already approached Rose, a barmaid from the Kings, with many years of experience in the trade. She helped us to build up the business and repair the damage caused by the previous occupant.

Many of her regular customers followed her, so the takings started to improve as a result.

Enter a gipsy lady who kept screeching at the top of her voice "WooooHOOOOO IT'S MY BIRTHDAYYYYYY" Now under normal circumstances this would not be a problem. It was her way of attracting attention, having past her peak in both the looks and age department. She had a habit of getting drunk in the pub and would often ask if she could put her jewellery in the till for safe keeping. She had three or four birthdays in the year, the alcohol seemed to blare the passing of time. Some people appear to have a genetic predisposition to a blackout after drinking, and this lady was no exception to the rule. She was popular

with some of the guys in the pub because of her generosity. Our problem came one morning when the lady appeared in the pub demanding that her jewels be returned. Rose explained that they were not in the till.

All hell broke loose. Later in the afternoon her 6ft 6in son arrived and wanted his mothers jewels returned immediately. We explained that his darling mother had not deposited the jewellery within the confines of the pub, so we had nothing to return. His parting comments, "if you don't return the jewellery I'll burn the f**kin place to the ground", and departed in a blaze of Anglo Saxon curses and swearing. Luckily for us he did not torch the place, that was to happen later, and his mother and jewellery were never seen again.

We started to get visits from organised crime. Ian McLeod was trying to muscle in on new territories. Apart from the attack on Liberty's bouncers, it was going to be pubs that could offer rich pickings, especially the independent untied businesses. He sent a couple of his strong-arm fraternity to 'negotiate'. Ian was thirty-one, with short shaved hair, his neck and shoulders bulging with muscle. His claim to fame was kidnap, robbery, drug dealing and he had been shot at least twice. Detective Constable Paul Moores described him as 'a legend in his own lunchtime'. Luckily for us his drug dealing episodes caught up with him and he was sent down. This was to be the start of a violent and intimidating episode for the City. It was Pat Karney, chairman of the council's city centre initiative that wanted Manchester to be a 'twenty-four-hour' leisure and entertainment centre. Which was the signal for the gangs to move into the city starting with Canal Street (Gay Village) and moving its sticky tentacles further out into the clubs and pubs.

It had always been Roses dream to manage her own pub along with her partner Tom. She was to find her dream in Miles Plating, but this was to turn into a nightmare when her partner took to drinking the stock, spending most of the time in a drunken stupor upstairs in their flat. Enter Nick who was a complicated character, I struggle to remember how we gave him the job in the first place. He was the manager during the pub modifications carried out by the IRA when he was blown off his feet. His fondness for the wacky baccy had become a problem. I could quite often smell the stuff on entering the pub, and with the odd joint left behind the bar, it was starting to be an embarrassment. I had to give him the final warning. "What you do upstairs is your own business but in the bar stop smoking this shit, you'll get us all arrested and shutdown" Drugs being used freely in the pub was a definite no no.

"Lets chill out man what's the problem?" was his reply. Shaking my head and walking away, I turned and in an angry voice.

"I've told you, I smell it again and you're out!" I must admit it seemed to do the trick. The drug den moved up two floors, and remained there during his pub career.

Chapter One - Bangs & Managers

Another of his hobbies was skip diving, looking for items to use in his cannabis farm, which I happened to stumble on, in one of the spare bedrooms upstairs. Nick was instructed to decorate the pub for the festive activities, this he did and to amuse the customers he would inhale helium gas to make his voice high-pitched! He was also keen on dressing up in drag cloths and with his hurricane-force hairdryer and sprayed on lacquer, his wig took on a life of its own, which helped to amuse the customers no end. He quite often returned home at the weekends to visit his family. One particular Friday he packed his overnight bag, but did not return on the Monday. We tried to make contact with him but to no avail, he left his rooms in the pub full of his belongings, including a tv, stereo system, cloths, books and all manor of personal items. It was as if he disappeared off the face of the planet never to appear again.

Next to run our hospitality suit was Frank, ex-army, with short dark hair, of medium height. Down on his luck in Bolton he did what a lot of young men did if you were "too proud to go on the dole and too dumb to steal", he enlisted. After finishing his time in the army he worked as a barman in various hostilities, and according to him what he did not know about the drinks business was not worth knowing anyway.

He did not lack confidence, and went on to reassure us that he was the man for the job. After checking some references we both decided to give him a start.

Where do I start? with my recollections of the antics of this man, best to say, life was never dull. A visit from Campaign for Real Ale (CAMRA) was one of the Penny Blacks of the licensing trade.

Frank even had an argument and threw out the local CAMRA representative, who had come to sample our real ale and write a review. But guess what, he got his own back by featuring the City pub on the front cover of the local rag suggesting to all and sundry it was not a suitable place to visit on account of the aggressive manager. Needless to say we did not feature in the 1995 Good Beer Guide.

Frank and Christmas decorations did not go together. With instructions to decorate the place for the festive session, I produced two massive boxes of fairy lights, streamers and other paraphernalia. I returned upstairs to the office to let Frank get on. I'd only been back ten minutes when I got a call over the intercom Frank had fell off the ladders and cut his head open, and could I call an ambulance. It was some time later that I was to discover that Frank had in fact stood on a bar stool and forgot the fan was running and managed to make contact with one of the rotating blades, this in turn knocked him off the stool. Another trip to A&E. It was shortly after the event that Jean produced a caricature of the incident. Showing Frank falling off the bar stool with a tuft of hair stuck to the fan blade. The picture was framed and found a home on the wall opposite where the incident took place.

Chapter One - Bangs & Managers

One early Monday morning I called into the pub unannounced just before opening time, Frank let me in. I normally called in each Wednesday and sometimes stayed overnight. A full set of ladders were resting in front of the bar. Thinking Darren was doing a job in the pub, I ignored the obstacle. Then to my absolute amazement a window cleaner stepped into the pub with a shamois leather over his solder, and stepped behind the bar to fill up his bucket. I turned to the barmaid and said "I suppose he's about to clean our windows?" No came the reply he always leaves his ladders here. This was my signal to ask the window cleaner "Who gave you permission to leave your ladders here?" as I pointed to the obstacle in front of the bar. "I always leave them here," was his reply.

"Well I'm sorry to say you, and the ladders will have to find a new home, I don't want them in here!" He looked annoyed as he mumbled under his breath and picked up the ladders and left. It was a couple of hours later when I was actually relating the incident to Stuart in the upstairs office. When I heard an almighty crash, going downstairs I discovered the idiot had thrown the ladders through the pubs window, luckily no one was hurt.

An interesting foot note: we had in the cellar spare glass and frames for the windows because they had been put through that often.

We had won the Northern Quarter Pool trophy the previous year, but this year was to be a whole new ball game.

With the creation of the Northern Quarter Pool League in 1996, the City pub team were victorious in the first year.



Left to right: Stuart, Paul, Loffty, Roy Junior, Shawn, unknown, Billy & Sam. I was taking the photograph.

We were banned from several of the away games, some pubs would not even allow our team to visit. I was that cheesed off with the performance of some of the younger thugs that had caused the problems, so I had it out with them, this resulted in three of them coming at me in The City with pool cues in their hands. I managed to pick up a bar stool and hit the first guy, but realised that the impact had no effect it was the upholstered end that hit him, I quickly dropped the weapon and took up the next stool that was made from solid wood, and smash! I connected with one. By this time I had started to retreat, it was looking ugly I was just preparing myself mentally, if such a thing is possible for a good hiding. When to my relief another guy joined the affray, a fellow pub licensee, he had seen my predicament and came to my aid. He planted the bigger lad who had not seen the closed fist arrive on his chin and down he went onto his knees. I jumped in and hit the other a couple of times. Job done they shot off through the door, just another bloody mess for the cleaner. Numerous other incidents happened during Franks tenure, but are mostly unprintable. Most of the time Frank just melted into the fabric of the place. But periodically he must have surprised himself by his own antics, which generally ended in A & E in the local hospital, where he was on personal terms with many of the nurses.

First and foremost behind every good man is a woman, and Frank was no exception. His companion was a lot younger and to be quite honest a good-looker. When the pair had been drinking all hell would break loose, and Frank was certainly the looser in this abusive relationship.

He was quite often intoxicated and very difficult to deal with, he had offered me out on several occasions, and this was going to be another opportunity for me to give him a good slapping. A certified nutcase worthy of free room and board in any mental institution, but he had elected to join our institution.

The last time I met the pair they were both giddy, and supportive of one another. Frank and his girlfriend had been drinking all afternoon. He never seemed to wander far, his regular haunt was the Wheatsheaf: a typical back street boozer similar to our own emporium.

Another of our many heated arguments was to follow. "You are never in our pub, you are supposed to be the manager" was to start our current altercation.

"Piss off its my day off" was his immediate reply.

"Every days a f**kin day off." was my angry reply.

I could see in his eyes, and the look on his face that he had something to prove. He then offered me out.

I stood up quickly in response to his threat, I knew from experience it was better to be standing, in case a left hook was going to materialize. When we left the pub the cold night air was whipping around me and I felt the wind cutting into me through my jacket, like a hundred razor blades.

Chapter One - Bangs & Managers

I took three steps in the general direction of the pawnbrokers next door, I heard him behind me. This was my chance; I swung around and hit him first time on the bridge of his nose. He fell down, he gasped for air. He had got the message better than any management course.

On his return his girlfriend just twisted her mouth in disgust and gave Frank a look that exiled him from the human race.

Along with the antics of Frank, I was in no mood for reconciliation, I turned to Stuart and said "That's it he's out, the mans a bloody idiot.

He had bitten the hand that fed him just to prove he still had teeth.

To be very honest, at times it was like living in a movie or a dream, but it was just another layer in life's rich pageant. Did I really need all this hassle?

Our next unfortunate link with humanity came in the form of Danny, the Casino King. An absolutely charming guy, tall stocky built, with an educated manner and a voice without any trace of a Northern accent.

During our interview he produced several references on headed paper, so Stuart actually rang one from our office upstairs while I continued the interview. There was no way we were going to be taken to the cleaners again. Everything appeared satisfactory, he could start immediately and was prepared to live on the premises. So began another Forsyte Saga at our expense: his antics came to a head when he lost all Fridays takings on roulette, then took Saturdays taking to win back Fridays and so on.

By Monday, with no pub receipts paid into the bank, our attention was drawn to the episode, and he was discovered. Danny the Casino King had come of age. I went ballistic and our friend decided in his own interests to do a runner, and vacate the pub leaving all his personal belongings behind. I spoke to one of our gangster fraternity friends and asked if he could help us locate Danny. News must have reached him that a price was on his head and he gave himself up to the police. We even had his father on the phone saying he would reimburse us, however the genes followed through the family tree and he proved to be another lying bastard. It was then that we decided to report the incident to the police, using the excuse we were hoping to get the money back without causing any hassle. The following week a detective arrived to take a statement from me concerning the theft. I produced all the till receipts to be used in evidence, and explained in detail what had happened. After several pints the detective stood up to use the toilet and at the same time flicked open the file on the table allowing me to view the contents. It had been his intention to let me see the contents. I stared in disbelief at a long list of previous convictions for theft and embezzlement.

The irony of this entire episode is that we did not get any of our money back and the guy is probably continuing his career in another part of the country.

It was now back to the Kings on another recruitment drive. Cath was a slim dark haired girl. She was reluctant at first, but when we offered her



a weekly bonus based on the takings and with three children to support she jumped at the chance.

We had to dodge Dave who was a little pissed off to say the least.

"I'm not running a bloody recruitment agency from this pub" was one of his previous remarks.

Her appointment really propelled the pub into the financial stratosphere, her charisma and friendliness was appreciated by all. Her involvement and concern for the customers knew no bounds. She even organised a Christmas lunch for some elderly and lonely customers. From helping organise days out, to organising the pool team. She was probably our longest serving manageress and most successful.

The end was to come very unexpectedly; she had been going out with one of our customers for some time. But the eventual break-up in the relationship ended with the police becoming involved, and numerous treats, which resulted in Cath wanting to leave the area. It was mutually agreed that if we helped her financially she would leave the Northwest all together. And leave this nightmare behind her.

Rumour has it that she returned a few months later and is now working for Greggs, the pies and snacks company, and had been promoted to manageress.

We even had to close the pub for one of the fraternity, who had broken into another hostelry and he had been attacked by dogs with the result

that he fell off the roof. Some would say an occupational hazard. But woe betide you, if you did not close the pub on the day of the funeral out of respect. It is an irony that as my struck off solicitor once said respect has to be earned. Using Darwin's theory of the evolution of the species, we are probably less likely to see repeats of this activity in producing an event stronger line of travellers more adept at the art of removing surplus property from unsuspecting publicans.

Our next manageress to take up the gauntlet was Keeley, a very likable lady, she had been a university student at the Metropolitan, in fact she was a barmaid under Caths stewardship. With Joan working on the alternative shift, the pub was covered each evening. Derek Owen was the cellar man and the cleaner was George Brown. With a couple of other part-time staff, mission control was complete. It was on the 4th November 1999 that the batten was truly passed over, when Keeley became the Licensee.

I remember one of our drunken customers as he was spilling his full pint on the carpet, telling me he was always sticking to the carpet. I explained that the section of carpet he was standing on was going to be supplied to NASSA for the next space station to be used as an anti-gravity aid to prevent the astronauts from floating out into deep space. He looked amazed and nodded in agreement as he walked away in his drunken haze. All went well for a while, until Keeley fell in love with one of our traveller friends. Our fortunes were to change dramatically with a lot of bad luck besetting The City Pub. The entire pubs taking were removed from the safe. An investigation by the safe company assured us that the safe had not been tampered with, and with only two keys in existence. Our suspensions were quickly focused on one person. Even the jackpot on the one-armed bandit was won several times on the run. Urmston Automatics were quickly summoned and asked to explain the phenomena the machine apparently had a floor. Our Coronation theme bandit not only produced a repetitive annoying signature tune but could be coaxed into giving up its jackpot by the insertion of a flattened drinking straw up its paying out tube. The explanation: if you put in the tube, when ever you won something, the counter was prevented from counting the correct winnings and would disgorge the entire jackpot. The manger of Urmston Automatics told us they had modified the mechanism. This really did not help us get our money back. We were also informed by Alf our intrepid stock taker that the Jameson and Guinness departments were a little bereft. Numerous unsavoury characters seemed to appear and then disappear; the prosperity of the pub seemed to go in the same direction. Even the strawberry flavoured condom machine disappeared from the toilet. A truly versatile group of Romanies had discovered our Achilles heal. To add to our problems a couple of our newly bought cast iron tables and chairs also went the

Chapter One - Bangs & Managers

them vanish, even the CCTV had blown a fuse.

It was around this time that we received a visit from Hurricane Higgins he would hustle for money and drinks, his lifestyle and gruelling cancer treatment had caused some of his teeth to fall out, he looked a wreck of a man, it was a long way from being crowned world champion at the Crucible Theatre in 1982.

It has to be said that this unlucky girl had been manipulated by her traveller friends and the whole episode had been both expensive and embarrassing for all concerned.

Luckily, the problems were only to last a short time before things got back to normal, if such a thing was possible.

On the 8th February 2000 Prince Charles visited the Big Issue office in Oldham Street, which was next door to the City Pub. The homeless fraternity had decided to practice on their drums, so for about two weeks each afternoon our office vibrated to the din. I even went next door to try and persuade them to cease, but without any luck.

Later Charles tried his hand as a drummer with a group of Big Issue sellers at the magazine's offices. Jean had produced a couple of not very flattering caricatures of the royals, and just before the visit we were paid a visit by a couple of special branch detectives taking a look around the pub. We just hoped Charles would not pop in for a pint, and a spell in the Tower was thankfully avoided.

The Big Issue office had always been a bone of contention to us, because a few years earlier when we had our own publishing company in Liverpool we had set up a meeting with John Bird's organisation founder of the Big Issue, about setting up a similar project in Manchester. We had even produced a dummy copy called "The Gaslight". At the meeting they all looked disinterested and did what ever they could to dissuade us. I did suggest because the guy sounded uninterested "Why Don't The Homeless Just Go Home". John was seldom seen in the company's offices. He moved to Lille to write his autobiography. They went ahead on their own and produced their own version. We could have produced the magazine at a fraction of their costs and given a bigger percentage to the homeless. Things in the pub just seemed to go from bad to worst, and our love affair with The City was on the decline.

I think the final straw was when the pub was robbed yet again, this time the thieves came through the roof, and with more competition on the street, the result was less beer sales. We thought things had turned for the worst and rumours that smoking would be banned it was time for us to exit. When we did decide to sell the pub in December 2000, Mr Paul Harrison was to be the next lucky owner. He wanted to keep the staff on in the pub to maintain some form of continuity. Joan eventually went on to replace Keeley as manageress. John was her partner: a well built Irishman of a loyalist persuasion judging by his King Billy tattoo, and other

body graffiti which took a dislike to the papacy. A man of considerable presence, he would stand at the end of the bar, without participating in our alcoholic delights but would enjoy the odd cup of tea, and kept a close eye on proceeding and all for free. His aloof manner and stare definitely underlined his presence, with the odd person taking the time to travel the distance of the bar to show their respects. I always had the feeling he was our unpaid bouncer, and at times it was a relief to have him in the bar.

It was some time later that Stuart and I decided to pay a visit to our old pub business, when to our horror found the place boarded up and closed. We will have to go back in time to discover the reason.

Joan was a very private person, with five children to support and health issues, her life was to fall off the edge of a cliff, all her demons came to haunt her, and she just snapped, and the rest is history. Without any idea of what she was doing, it was only after the closed circuit television had been examined that the cause of the fire could be established. It clearly showed Joan setting fire to the curtains at the front of the pub and walking away with the blaze engulfing the pub behind her. Her nervous breakdown came as a complete shock to her family and friends who all thought she was made of steel. No action was taken by the authorities; she needed help and medication to get her back on the road to recovery. The City was to reopen in June 2007 after being closed down for over 15 months. The bottom half of the building had been totally gutted with smoke and scorching affecting the upstairs. Luckily the pub was well insured and repairs were undertaken, the result was a new internal and modern appearance. But the soul had been ripped out of the pub, never to be replaced again. It came as a complete shock when we discovered her untimely death. Joan was to pass away at the young age of 39 in April 2009, a very sad end to a lovely lady.



Chapter One - Inland Revenue

The bewitching day arrived when we travelled down to the Inland Revenue office in Bridge Street for our meeting in November 2001, and this was after we had sold the pub.. Before our arrival we met up with Ken our accountant. "Hi Guys, now remember let me do the talking and keep your cards close to your chest." We reported to the reception and were told to sit down and wait. The scene was similar to the waiting room in a dentist with some individuals looking the same colour as the white walls. You just expected to read a sign on the walls informing you of the correct way to brush your teeth. Anyway instead of your teeth hurting this was going to hurt somewhere else, namely our wallet.

Eventually we were summoned into the interview office with two revenue inspectors sat down behind a large desk. We were told to take the seats opposite. The room had no real furniture as such just a few additional chairs around the wall. I half expected the blinds to be closed and a spotlight to appear. The sterile environment was designed not to allow the mind to wander. Our Accountant introduced us to the inspectors, and in return they introduced themselves to us.

Both of the inspectors were young and probably only been out of university a couple of years, the guy sat opposite me had taken to staring me out. My head was bowed in reverence as I attentively flicked through my notes. I could feel his eyes boring into my skull, and sucking out the relative p11 and p60 forms. I looked up and our eyes locked. The lenses in his glasses had been designed similar to the bottoms of a couple of milk bottles. He had short cropped hair, with an off-the-shelf suit that had not been designed for his shoulders, the concave outline revealing an un-athletic physique, his pocked-marked face showing an earlier attempt by his body to master puberty. I always remember a guy I once played poker with saying, "don't let them look into your eyes, the bastards will know all your moves" and this is how I felt.

They must have practiced for hours in the mirror to acquire the "I don't believe a word you are saying look" Gentlemen I think we all know why we are here, your accounts just don't stand up to scrutiny and our initial questions produced unsatisfactory answers. We are here to discuss the 2000 tax return and under the powers invested in me under section 12 TMA 1970, I wish to seek the necessary explanations. A long protracted discussion then occurred between our account and the inspectors.

Then, in layman's language, we were brought down to earth with a bump. Can we start with the wage records, then turnover and profit figures, and the repairs well they certainly need some explanation. I thought to myself and this is only the start.... Our accountant then went into some technical mumbo jumbo with his opposite number with them both apparently agreeing. Then the questions started. How many members of staff did you employ, and why are they not all recorded on your records? I explained it was difficult to get staff to work on the books, and anyway most were

Chapter One - Inland Revenue

students. We only employed two full time staff that were actually recorded in the paper work. Some of my answers and that of the accountant, did not obtain any real positive response from the inspectors. So after more discussions, we eventually got onto the emotive subject of repairs and replacements. I said our pub did suffer from vandalism and the odd fight or two, which would result in repairs and replacements, having to take place at regular intervals. There it was again, that look of disbelief. We had been at this for over an hour. I decided it was time to go on the offensive. "May I suggest that you gentlemen take a trip down to our pub, say on a Friday evening to get a feel for the ambiance? Then you may well understand why the costs in this department are so high. Between the travellers and the IRA and other degenerates they have all modified the appearance of our property. And this was not via any interior design course adaptations, but by their endeavours to get somebody's body fluids spread around the walls.

Many more questions followed about pilferage, stock taking, staff levels, but our repairs seemed to be a sticking point. After a lengthy interview we were dismissed, with the words that they will be back in contact with our accountant.

We both needed a stiff drink after this encounter, in the wine bar opposite. I said to the accountant that I could not understand their line of enquiry. It was quite apparent that in some areas they did not have a clue. His reply. "It was probably text book inspecting. What they needed was an old arse, an ex publican on their team". The account informed us it was mostly a fishing trip. They were seeing what else would pop out of the woodwork. He went on to explain a client of his firm who owned a fish and chip shop was queried over the weekly takings, by virtue of the gas consumption and food containers bought. They have different ways of skinning a cat! Eventually an official response was sent to our accountant, they expressed concern about our book keeping, and the lack of cash control. They then went on to quote a Business Economics Model, using our stocktakers reports to calculate the product mix, and arrived at additional takings of over £8,000. Another set of negotiations followed which resulted in a satisfactory conclusion for the revenue and a hole in our pockets.





Both photographs were taken in early 2000, after we had decided to sell the pub. Stuart and I are with a couple of our regular customers. The guy in the top photograph did not want to appear on the picture and turned away. You can clearly see some of the many portraits Jean had sketched on the walls. We eventually sold "The City" to Paul Harrison. The photograph below is of Ray a regular in the City. He worked on a farm and would arrive each day with surplus vegetables that he would give to his mates. A very popular and likable guy.





Shakey with Mike Maguire



Stuart with Keeley



Steve playing pool



Steve Redmond

Chapter One - The City Pub 2007

The following three pages concern the re-opening of the pub following the fire, together with a collection of photographs taken by Paul.

Welcome to The City Pub

The City Pub has been serving quality ales and hospitality to the community for over 200 years, but sadly due to a major fire incident, caused by an unprovoked arson attack by a member of staff in the early hours of Monday 22nd May 2006, The City pub will be CLOSED.

Some of the events of that night plus The City Pubs own CCTV video footage, which has now been released by the Police, showing all the terrible awesome devastation of the arson attack are at the link below. (The Video has been edited for showing on the Web)

City Pub Fire.wmv

Close to £250,000 costs will have been incurred by the time we re-open which should be in the region of LATE MAY /EARLY JUNE 2007.

All details of the opening and planned events will be posted on this site as soon as possible, leaflets will be distributed and a banner will be hung outside the pub.

At this site, you will learn all about us, our history and about some of our customers. Feel free to browse around, future visits will show you more about our pub and its various characters. If you have any comments or questions about our products or just want some further information, feel free to contact us.

I would like to clarify a point, recently people have been asking me "Is The City going to be a wine bar?" I can say with all honesty, "NO...its NOT going to be a wine bar" There was nothing wrong with The City Pub before the arson attack so it seems only right and proper to restore the pub to the way it was.

We'll still be selling Boddies and Flowers Bitter plus all the other products we had on the bar before the fire. The bar will be in the same place, as will the pool table and big screen. The toilets are still situated in the same place.

Once again I would like to apologize for any inconvenience.

For further details please contact:

Email: info@thecitypub.com

Thanks for visiting and we look forward to seeing you at The City soon.

Paul S Harrison
Proprietor

The above information taken from the following web site

[HTTP://WEB.ARCHIVE.ORG/WEB/20070710101150/](http://WEB.ARCHIVE.ORG/WEB/20070710101150/)

[HTTP://WWW.THECITYPUB.COM/](http://WWW.THECITYPUB.COM/)



Chapter One - The City Pub 2007



Chapter One - The City Pub 2007



THE CITY PUB

133 Oldham Street

Real Ale reintroduced to The City

Adding to the growing number of
quality real ale pubs emerging
in the Northern Quarter

Initially two permanent pumps

- One serving the house bitter
City Pride, 4% @ £2.30 a pint.
- A pale, gold and refreshing brew
from Acorn Brewery of Barnsley

Other beers including Durham, Hawkshead,
Purple Moose, Oakham, Phoenix, Coniston
and many more.

We plan to offer real Milds and Stouts
when trade supports it.



CONISTON BREWING CO.
Bluebird Bitter
BOTTLE CONDITIONED
AWARD WINNING ENGLISH ALE



Oakham Ales
BLACK BARON
3.8%
version 1

City advert from
SSM CAMRA
Opening Times
Apr. 2010



BRAGGY MWS PWS
PURPLE MOOSE BREWERY



The India Pale Ale or IPA was one of the most popular drinks consumed in The City, it may have been the 99p a pint, that gave it the edge. First brewed in England around 1840, ships transported the beers to India, which benefited from the conditions on the voyage and was highly regarded among its consumers in India.

Whatever Hodgson's recipe was, the Bow brewery's pale ale was certainly the top seller in the East, even after the brewers of Burton-upon-Trent began exporting to India from 1822. In 1829 it was said that Mr Hodgson's beer ... is by far the best and most sought after in India.

In Calcutta Hodgson sold more than 50 percent more than its rivals Meux, Whitbread, and Barclay (the three big London porter brewers).

Ten years later, in 1839, it was described as "Hodgson's ale, the universal and favourite beverage of our vast Indian territories."

However, this beer was called "pale ale for India," "Pale Ale as prepared for India" and similar circumlocutions, not the familiar name we know today. see advert below for The Sheffield & Rotherham Independent on January 30, 1835, Saturday, May 30, 1840; Issue 1062.

Pale ale, along with porter from England, made by unnamed brewers, was being advertised for sale in India by 1784. Nine years later, Hodgson's pale ale and porter were being advertised in India by name But we don't know whether the Hodgsons were putting extra hops into their pale ale sent to India in the 1790's, as brewers were being advised to do in the 1760's. The first known use of the term "India pale ale" is an advertisement in the Sydney Gazette and New South Wales Advertiser in 1829.

TO INDIAN FAMILIES.—PALE BUR-
TON ALE, as prepared for India, in the finest condition, at 7s. 6d. per dozen; Barclay's Porter, 5s.; Double Stout, 7s. 6d. per dozen; Guinness's Extra Stout, 7s. 6d. per dozen; Devon and Hereford Cider, 7s. 6d. per dozen; Sparkling Perry, 10s. 6d. per dozen; Scotch Table Beer, 5s. per dozen; Edinburgh, Leith, and Alloa Ales, from 9s. to 11s. per dozen. Orders for not less than two dozen sent to any part of town. RICHARD WEBB, 24, Haymarket, and 24, Walbrook, City.—N.B. The celebrated Red and White Stein Wine, 21s. per dozen; Mazzara White Wine, 21s. per dozen.

CIDER, ALE, STOUT, &c.—FIELD,
WARDELL, and CO. (late W. G. Field and Co.) beg to acquaint their Friends and the Public that their genuine BURTON, EDINBURGH, and PRESTONPANS ALES, pale Ale, as prepared for India, Dorchester Beer, London and Dublin Brown Stout, CIDER and PERRY, are in fine order for use, and, as well as their FOREIGN WINES and SPIRITS, of a very superior class.—22, Henrietta-street, Covent-garden.—N.B. London and Dublin Brown Stout, Burton Ale, and Pale Ale, as prepared for India, in casks of 18 gallons.

CHEAP CANDLES & HOT CLIMATES



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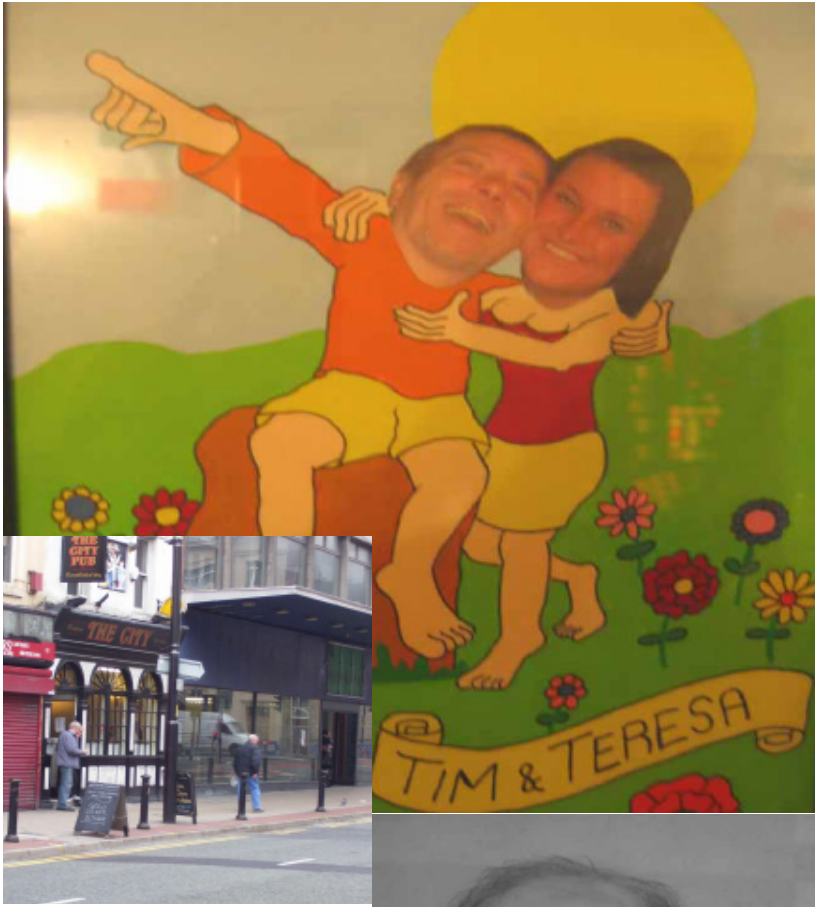
Chapter One - City pub visit in May 2012



These photographs were taken on one of our many visits back to our old pub. The pub had burnt down in May 2006. It shows the new interior, to my mind the heart of the pub had been ripped out. On this particular visit in 2012, we bumped into a few of our old regulars. It was during this visit that we were to discover that Joan had passed away..



Chapter One - City pub visit in May 2012



The above picture shows Tim (Tiny Tim) with Teresa the current manageress of The City. While we had the pub Tim was one of our regulars. He was born without any legs he would leave his wheelchair and go on a crawl around the pub just using his hands. For someone who had such a severe handicap he always managed to be cheerful. On one of the pubs organised holidays on the Norfolk Broads. They voted Tim the Captain of the boat to the amazement of the Boatyard Manager.

Mad Mick, Joans step dad

Relief Panels

During our renovations to the outside of the pub, we re-discovered two magnificent relief panels. These items would have cost quite a lot of money to commission. Unfortunately the paint was flaking off and they were in poor condition. The easy option was just to paint over them and leave off the detail. Our in-house artist Jean was of the opinion that they should be restored to their original condition. It was back to the library to try and find old photographs showing the relief's, the only photographs available were in black and white, and of little use.

Outside the pub was a small ledge, so without any input from Health and Safety we decided to run a rope between the two windows which would help support any painting attempt. Jean working out of both windows with the occasional foray onto the ledge, managed to start the renovations. We had no sooner started when a letter arrived through the post. A university lecturer had been taking a special interest in the panels. And commented that he was very pleased that we had undertaken the work, but that the colour painted on the union flag on the shield was incorrect. It was like painting by numbers and over a period of about six weeks we received over half a dozen letters, with recommendations, suggestions and words of encouragement. He apparently had a birds eye view from the top of a bus on his way to work.

The connection our pub had with the Orange Order can best be illustrated by the panels above the entrance to The City pub on Oldham Street.

The Orange Order reached England in 1807, spread by soldiers returning to the Manchester area from service in Ireland. According to information held by the planning department, there was a period when the pub was known as the Prince of Orange. Based on freemasonry, both organisations played a part in the history of Manchester and The City Pub.

The first Orange riot in Manchester occurred on 13th July 1807. There was further trouble in Manchester in 1830 when Catholics attacked a number of public houses where the Orange lodges were meeting to celebrate the 12th July and they had hung banners out of the windows. The last riot in Manchester in connection with an Orange procession occurred in 1888.



Chapter Two - The City relief panels



The top relief contains the Royal Arms with lion and unicorn. It would appear that the Royal Arms has the 1801-1815 detail with the Electoral Connote (Hanover).



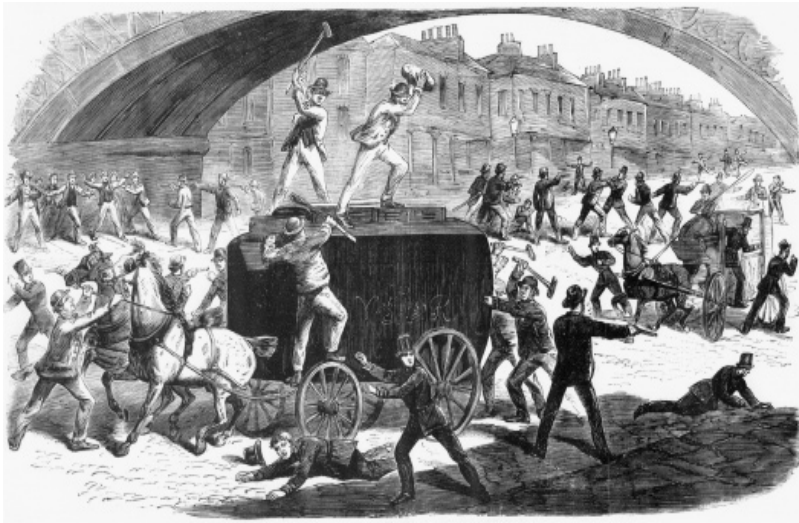
The bottom relief depicts the arrival of William and Mary, welcomed by Britannia curtsying and presenting a crown. The ornate plaque also features a pair of helmeted women, a parson with raised arms and an angel with a trumpet. The face of William III resembles the Westminster Abbey death mask. This relief could possibly depict the arrival of William III landing at Torbay on the 5th November 1688 or the 1689 Coronation. The Britannia shield depicts the St. Patrick Cross. That puts the sculpting to post 1801.

Chapter Two - The City relief panels

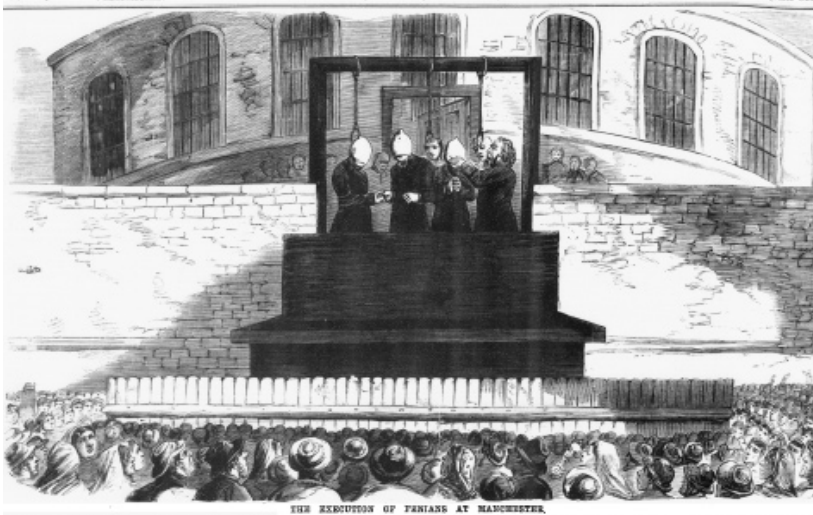
On 18 September 1867, Brett was helping to transport a group of prisoners from court to Belle Vue jail. Among them were two leaders of the Irish Republican Brotherhood, Thomas Kelly and Timothy Deasy, both violently opposed to British rule in Ireland.

As the police van approached the railway bridge on Hyde Road, a group of about 40 Fenians, many of them armed, attacked it. Kelly and Deasy were sprung to freedom, and Brett was shot dead. Kelly and Deasy were never recaptured and escaped to America.

Allen, Michael Larkin and Michael O'Brien were found guilty of Brett's murder and were hanged two months later.



FENIANS ATTACKING THE POLICE VAN AT MANCHESTER.—SEVERAL PERSONS KILLED AND WOUNDED



THE EXECUTION OF FENIANS AT MANCHESTER.

Chapter Two - Public house entertainment

The bread riots at New Cross on 20th April 1812 occurred when a cart was stopped at New Cross and fourteen sacks of meal was stolen by a crowd of hungry men and women. The shopkeepers of Oldham Street closed their shops, but quiet was not restored until the Riot Act was read and the cavalry marched down the street. It seems that the noise problem within public houses has been an ongoing concern. In 1819, the inhabitants of Oldham Street sent a petition to the magistrates, complaining of "profane and denatured ballad singing by men and women" and the nuisance was abated. It puts you in mind of The City pub many years later. So watch out Crazy Terry (the resident karaoke star) or you might get petitioned, or something even worse!



At the top of Oldham Street can be found New Cross market. Shown here in 1820 on the right of the picture is the Crown & Kettle.



New Cross was a meeting place, the above from the Illustrated London News dated 25th June 1842, shows a riot in support of the chartist petition. The riot act was read at Manchester Town Hall, anyone found on the streets could be arrested.



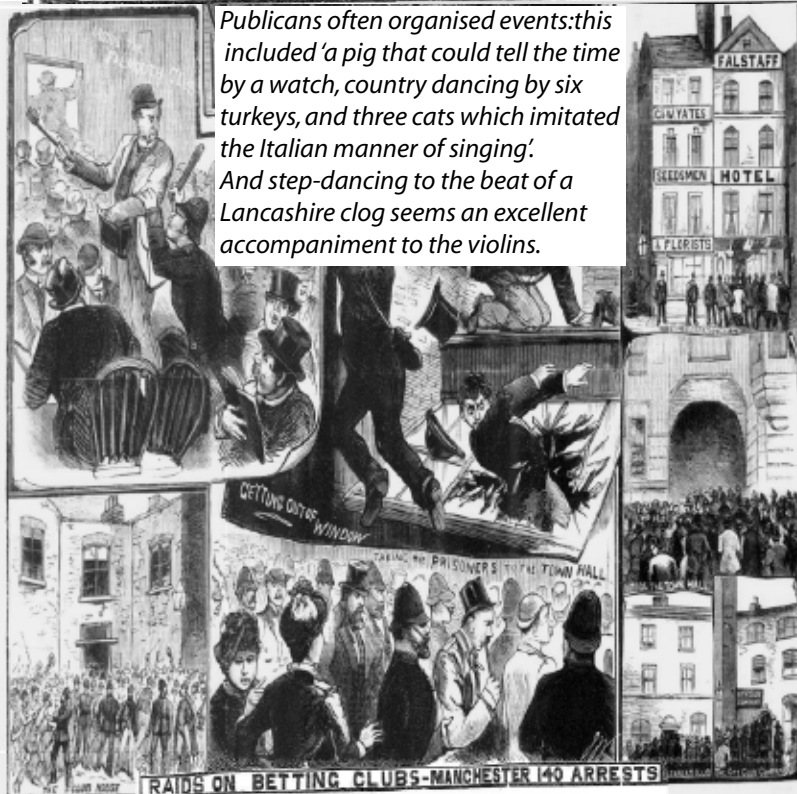
The Albion Hotel, on the corner of Oldham Street, was demolished to make way for the new Woolworth's store in 1928. In the image above, you can see The Albion Hotel but not in Piccadilly but in Market Street between High Street and New Brown Street.



In 1796 John Watts, a Didsbury farmer, opened a family business on the corner of Deansgate and Parsonage, in central Manchester. It catered for the elegantly dressed women of the era and proved so successful that by 1830 the shop, now called the Bazaar, had expanded into a purpose built premises located close to the current Waterstones site. It was a covered market building and forerunner to the modern department store.

**KENDAL, MILNE AND FAULKNER,
THE BAZAAR,
95 to 99, Deansgate,
AND
3 to 7, Police Street,
MANCHESTER.**

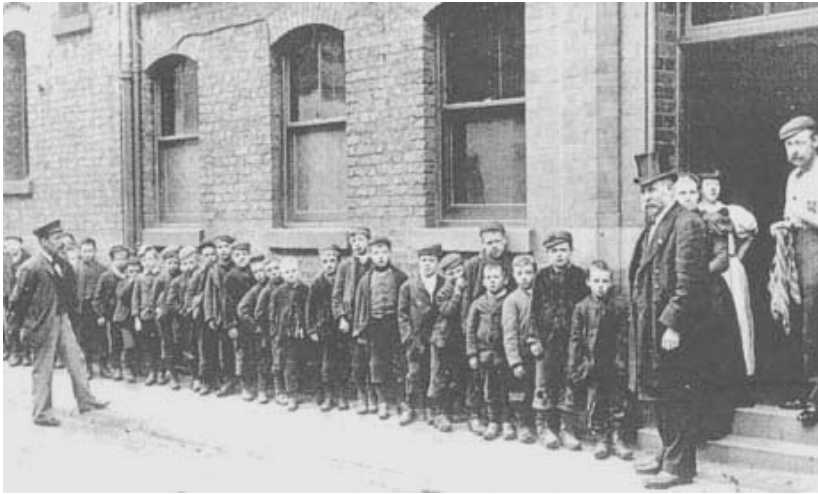
Chapter Two - Public house entertainment



Chapter Two - Manchesters poor



In the 18th and 19th centuries second hand clothing markets were an essential service for the poor in society. The type of clothing sold cannot be compared to the second hand goods sold today: they were more likely to be fifth or fourth hand. They carried a heavy stigma of poverty and desperation — written accounts sometimes refer to the silence at these markets, with no person wanting to draw attention to him or herself. The nearest we have to this today is the clothing found in charity shops. The market held at Camp Field in Manchester in Northern England sold threadbare garments bought by the very poor and needy. Camp Field Manchester clothing resellers on the left. On the right Houndsditch market for old clothing.

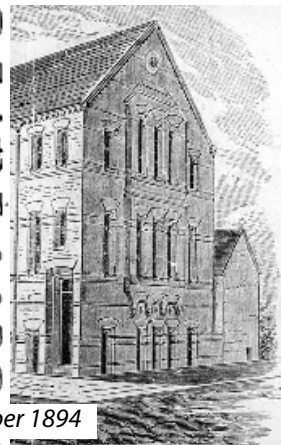


THE STREET CHILDREN'S MISSION.—Since the first week in October last 21,000 street children have received help through the children's dinner and breakfast fund connected with the Wood-street Boys' Home, and although the public have heartily responded to Mr. Alsop's appeal hitherto, there is reason to fear that in little more than a week's time this exceedingly useful part of the mission will have to be given up unless immediate help is rendered. The present expenditure is about £18 per week. Mr. Alsop and the volunteers who assist him are exceedingly anxious to continue their good work until the end of March, and they calculate that £100 will enable them to do so. Certainly the present is not the time to give up feeding the children.

Manchester Times 16th February 1878

CHARTER-STREET RAGGED SCHOOL AND WORKING GIRLS' HOME.—During the past month 9,000 poor men, women, and children have been provided with a breakfast or supper in the Charter-street Ragged Schools, Angel Meadow, at which addresses have been given by Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Simpson, Mr. W. Murray, Mr. Spafford, Mr. Thomas Johnson, Mr. Ellams, and other friends. On many occasions the schools have been crowded to excess, especially on the Sunday mornings.

Manchester Times 7th December 1894



Chapter Two - The City History

Pubs & Customers

During the early days of the pub's history, the beer sold would have been brown or black in colour and very strong, although 'small' beer (a weaker version) was popular with women and children for drinking at breakfast. At this time beer was seen as a nutritional drink and totally harmless it was swigged by all ages in society.



In 1840, there were almost fifty thousand brewers in the United Kingdom including small innkeeper brewers. By 1880 there were less than half that number, and by 1900 the number had declined to just over three thousand.

The two most significant products developed during the 1860's were Porter and East India Pale Ale or IPA. By coincidence, one of our most popular drinks in the City Pub when we owned the pub was Flowers IPA, brewed by Whitbreads and at 99p a pint it's not surprising!

By the 1800's, many establishments were divided internally to segregate the various classes of customers.



Public houses - inns or taverns - were considered socially superior to alehouses, beer-houses and ginshops..

Chapter Two - The City History



A SUNDAY AFTERNOON IN A GIN PALACE
LONDON: PUBLISHED BY J. H. & CO. 178.

Long before radio, cinema, television or recorded music - the pub was the unrivalled focus of entertainment, and was the social and entertainment centre of the community. To entertain customers, publicans often organised shows or exhibited 'curiosities'. The acts could include 'step-dancing, clog-dancing to the sound of violins, exhibition of trained animals which included 'a pig that could tell the time by a watch, country dancing by six turkeys, and three cats which imitated the Italian manner of singing'.

It was a very difficult time in the 1830's with the passing of the Duke of Wellington's Beer House Act, which would allow any householder liable for the poor rate to obtain a license to sell beer from his home or shop. 24,000 licences were issued in 1830 alone, with 50 new beerhouses a day opening in Liverpool, this had a devastating impact on the existing licensed trade. It was designed to move the populace away from hard liquor such as gin and encourage the masses to manufacture, sell, and consume large amounts of beer and ale. The idea to prevent the ruination of the working class by making beer cheap and readily available. The beerhouses by law were only permitted to sell beer and cider. Within three years, things were to change with a select committee enquiring into intoxication among the labouring classes.



Chapter Two - The City History

The result was the Beerhouse Act with annual licensing by magistrates, and restricted opening on Sundays. In Manchester and Salford, by 1850, the number of beerhouses exceeded 1000, almost double the number of taverns and public houses. On average, 16 new beerhouse opened each week for 20 years. By 1867 there were over 2000 beerhouses, outnumbering pubs by four to one. This also led to prosperity among farmers due to the demand for barley and helped reduce the aspirations of the working class, by 'forestalling revolutionary activity.'

Unlicensed premises were restricted in 1869 by the Wine and Beerhouse Act. In 1890 there was one public house to every 300 people. By 1900 an estimated 95 per cent of all the public houses were tied. During the First World War, there was a limit on opening hours from nineteen and a half hours a day in London to five and a half hours. Also, the alcohol content of strong ale was reduced from 5 to 3%. This changed again with the 1921 Licensing Act, which meant that pubs could open nine hours a day with a five hour limit on Sundays.

On 19th May 1800, Mr Edward Swan sold the Tib Street plot with the buildings upon it (the two dwellings) to Mr James Oldham and his trustees. Mr Edward Swan owned three houses in Tib Street. The Oldham Street plot, now measuring 20 yards, 23 inches by 5 yards, 1 foot and 10 inches was sold to Mr Thomas Birks for 390 pounds on 20th May 1800. However, from the title deeds dated 27th April 1822, it clearly states that the premises were used as a public house in 1798.

Mr James Oldham then purchased the land on the Southerly side of the plot and sold his half to Mr Thomas Birks on 24th June 1800. Mr Thomas Birks now owned the whole plot which is where the City now stands. At this time the two plots consisted of two separate houses which faced onto Tib and Oldham Street respectively. According to Manchester Archives, soon after 1800 when the house which was used by persons in the textile trade was converted, it is claimed to have been called the Prince William of Gloucester. Prior to this it was called the Prince of Orange.

From information obtained from the Liquor Licensing Department of the Magistrate's Court, the first record of a licensed building on this site was in 1803. At that time it was known as the Kings Arms. By 1811, Manchester was second only to London in size and population.



The City Pub History

Our records of 'the City' start in the 1780's with the land owned by Mr Arthur Glegg, the younger, who was a timber merchant and Samuel Loaff, occupation a sawyer who cut wood for a living. The land was probably used in connection with the timber trade, as being in close proximity to the Smithfield fish market, carts and fish boxes would have been in great demand.

In the 18th century, Tib Street could best be described as rural, with a stream flowing through pleasant meadows and a line of oak trees where Oak Street stands today. Part of the land where the City Pub stands today was leased by Mr Arthur Glegg and Samuel Loaff on the 20th November 1781 to Mr Joseph and John Stopford (brothers and cotton manufacturers) for one year, for 8 pounds 5 shillings and 4 1/2 pence. The plot of land consisted of, North, 33 yards 18 inches (Land owned by Peter Bound). East (Oldham Street) 18 yards 28 inches. South 33 yards 27 ³/₄ inches (Land owned Arthur Glegg and Pilkington). West (Tib Street) 17 yards 21 inches. The City Pub nowadays is approx. one third of this area, 26 yards long by 5.5 yards wide.



The first buildings erected in Tib Street were built at the Market Street end. The first directory of the town, published in 1772, has two people living there; Benjamin Rhodes, a livery stableman, and Abraham Slack, who was of independent means. Abraham gave his name to Slack Court which later stood nearby.

The stables for the Bridgewater Arms Inn, the latter being a conversion of the house of a Mr Bower, were built at the end of this street. Bower, who died in 1755, had been a wealthy hat manufacturer. His house, built in 1736, on High Street was a prominent building in the town.

Chapter Two - The City History

The Inn founded about 1755, became the premier coaching house of the town and remained so for 40 years. Today it is remembered by the road that runs at the back of Debenham's - Bridgewater Place. The stagecoaches that plied their trade to and from the Inn also carried the mail of the town, and the Bridgewater Arms was the receiving depot. That is, until 1816, when on one day in January the London mail coach arrived as usual, and as the guard was taking in the London mail bags someone stole the bags from Derby, Ashbourne, Leek, Macclesfield and Stockport. No trace was ever found of the thieves or their booty. They were believed to have made their escape via the Kings Arms (now the City). After this the mail appears to have been dealt with via the post office established at Market Street



The exchange, then known as the Commercial Rooms, on the corner of Exchange Street. The stables of the Inn gave their name to Stable Street, which was the original name for the Market Street end of Tib Street. Most of the buildings and original street layout at this end of the road

were obliterated by the building of a number of large textile warehouses - dominated by those of John Rylands & Sons and J. & N. Philips. Rylands eventually built a monster head-quarters on the corner of Tib Street and Market Street - the present day Debenham's. It is interesting to note that shown on the 1850 Ordinance Survey Map, there is a workhouse called "Manchester Union Industrial Workhouse" opposite our pub in Tib Street, and opposite Cantor's loading bay, another pub called the Wheatsheaf.



OLDHAM STREET WESLEYAN CHAPEL,
As it appeared in 1867.

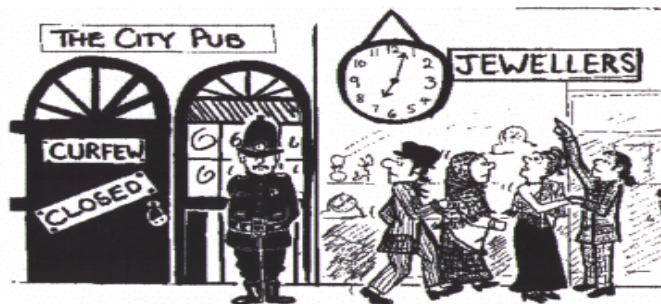
Chapter Two - The City History

A demise (transfer of an estate) of the 8th January 1782 shows that the brothers John and Joseph Stopford had lately constructed dwelling houses on the land near Newton Lane end in Manchester. Their lease was re-newed on 22nd August 1783 and at the same time the land was divided into two equal parts between John and Joseph.

The Swan Street end of Tib Street was probably laid out sometime after 1783; this was the year that the River Tib was culverted. The culverting of the stream turned it from a babbling brook to a drain; occasionally our cellar still gets damp. It is probably around this time that the six dwellings were erected where the City now stands, which takes in an area equivalent to two of the dwellings.

The winter of 1795-6 was marked by great distress and discontent among the working classes. War was raging on the Continent, food was scarce and dear, and little work was to be found. That most dreaded companion of hunger and misery, fever, made its appearance, and as winter gave place to summer, matters got worse, until on July 31 the magistrates ordered that all the public houses should be closed at seven in the evening, and that all persons appearing in the streets after nine o'clock should be required to give an account of themselves. In 1798, Joseph Stopford, cotton manufacturer, died and according to the will, dated 8th May 1798, the lease on the land was passed over to his brother, John. The will describes the premises as dwelling houses in Oldham Street and Tib Street. Some money was also used for the upbringing of Joseph's children, Betty, Margaret, Molly, Hannah, Sally and Joseph, his son. The will also states that his share of the land would be passed over to his son Joseph, when he reaches the age of twenty one. His other land was to be sold and the money divided equally between his children as soon as they reached twenty one years.

Molly went on to marry Mr John Smith who died in 1800 and left all of his land and possessions to Molly. Unfortunately, his son Joseph, must have not reached the age of twenty one, as a later document shows the land to have passed to a Mr Edward Swan of Sandbach (who was named in the will as the recipient of the land had Joseph's son, Joseph not reached the age of twenty one).



Chapter Two - The City History

It is thought that Oldham Street is so named because it links Piccadilly with Oldham Road. However when Oldham Street came into existence, Oldham Road was named Newton Lane.

The first Methodist chapel in Manchester was opened by John Wesley on the 7th April 1751.

A prominent member of the congregation of the Methodist Street Chapel was one of the trustees, a wealthy hat manufacturer and felt-maker, Adam Oldham, who resided in a large house which stood on a rural footpath which linked Daub Holes, (now Piccadilly) with Ancoats Lane (now Great Ancoats Street). It is quite possible that on one of John Wesley's regular meetings with Adam Oldham the latter suggested building a new and larger chapel near to his residence which, at the time was surrounded by fields. In 1772 the footpath on which Oldham's house stood was one of the few buildings which was transformed into a surfaced roadway and named Oldham Street. It is very likely that the street was named in connection with Adam Oldham as he possessed the necessary attribute, such as honour; wealth and social standing in the community together with owning land on which the street was built.

John Wesley, who founded Methodism was a frequent visitor to Manchester and on 27th March 1781, he formally opened a new chapel in Oldham Street. During one of his many sermons, he pronounces that the world would come to an end in 1836. However, undeterred The City pub continued to trade.

Adam seems to have been corrupted by money and the easy life and was later denounced for betraying his Methodist beliefs. It is interesting to note the involvement of his son James Oldham, in land deals (20th May 1800) associated with our pub, who seems to have been a chip off the old block. Amongst many persons born in Oldham Street during the last century, none achieved a greater fame that did Isabella Varley. She was most famous for "The Manchester Man" published in 1876 which was the study of Joshua Brookes.



Chapter Two - The City History

Another interesting character is Mr Samuel William Ryley. For forty years he moved around the country but always returning to Manchester. He was an occupant of the Angel Tavern in Oldham Street from 1790 to 1793. For a short interval he tried the experiment of keeping a tavern, but in the Autumn of 1793, he was once again on the move, leaving his property at the Angel to his creditors. He then resumed his connection with the stage; however, a tour of Lancashire towns was a financial failure. Later, he tried his hand with our pub, but again fell on hard times. He then tried theatrical management at Buxton and Chester, but disaster again overtook him, and for a time he was confined in Chester Castle for debt. He died in 1837 at Parkgate, poverty being his companion to the end.

On several occasions in 1773 and 1793 there was a circus held in Oldham Street and with a girl's school, chapel and many taverns. Oldham Street must have been a very busy and interesting place. Nothing changes just the occupations, it is still full of character.

Close to Oldham Street was a collection of buildings, dating back to the 17th Century, which has lived an interesting life. Originally they were located in a street of medieval building known as The Shambles close to Market Place. The engraving below shows the Old Wellington as seen from Market Place.



SMITHFIELD MARKET, FROM OAK STREET.

Chapter Two - The City History

Kings Arms & Coronation Inn - 1959

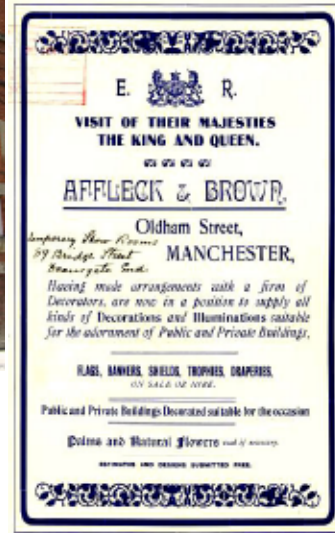
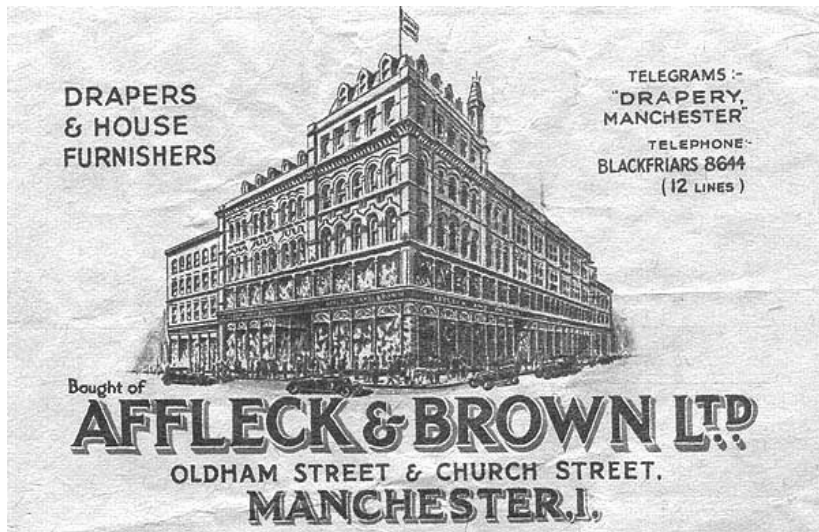


The City at 133 Oldham Street was originally two private dwellings built before 1782 by two cotton manufacturing brothers. By 1800 the premises were combined and used as a public house, then known as the Prince of Orange, the character probably depicted in the sculpted plaster panel at first floor level. The ground floor front of the inn is decorated with numerous carved timber panels.

The City pub - 2012



Chapter Two - Central Manchester



Times change and during the 1990s 'Madchester Summer of Love' period – when local bands like the Stone Roses, Inspiral Carpets and Happy Mondays were at the height of their popularity; Affleck's Palace was a fashionable spot to get oversized flared jeans and tie dyed t-shirts and 'Eastern Bloc' was a popular record shop as it dealt in all the latest underground dance tunes of the time.

On 31 March 2008 Affleck's Palace ceased trading, another one of those orchestrated "Lets take the suppliers for a ride jobs." It then re-opened on 1 April 2008 as Afflecks under new management, this time managed by Mancunian property developer Bruntwood after the expiry of a 25 year lease in 2007, they will redevelop the building, possibly leading to its closure. When the time is right it will be another set of trendy flats.

Chapter Two - Central Manchester



Over 500 customers and staff were inside the Woolworths building at the top of Oldham Street when the fire broke out on the 8th May 1979. Ten people died with 47 people taken to hospital.



Chapter Two - Central Manchester



1910 Piccadilly Gardens



1953 Piccadilly Gardens



1959 Piccadilly Gardens

Chapter Three - Pubs & Clubs past and present Castle Hotel

Our relationship with the Castle goes back to the late 80's when Mrs Hilda Lewis was the licensee. A lady of small proportions, dark hair and no taller than my shoulders, her partner was none other than John McBeith, who later helped launch The Roadhouse.

Stuart and I spent many an enjoyable evening watching blues bands and chatting with John in his new club. From the outside the place looks a bit grim, but once down the steps into the inner bowels through the dark haze, a fantastic atmosphere developed "Testing one two, one two....Then the group started up, the blues harmonica, drums and lead guitar playing "My Babe", an old classic by Little Walter, the stage was level with the floor, so you almost feel a member of the band. What a place, the atmosphere was electric!



Anyway back to the Castle.

One of the oldest hostelrys in Manchester with a 200 year long history, first trading as The Crown and Sceptre , then The Crown and Anchor and later The Clock Face. In the late nineteenth century the pub was acquired by Kay's Atlas Brewery and renamed The Castle Hotel with its Victorian tiles, mosaic floors and an impressive brown tiled façade all dating back to this period. In the early 1930s Robinsons took over Kay's Atlas Brewery and, consequently the Castle Hotel.

In 1979, a now legendary John Peel interview with Ian Curtis took place here, weaving The Castle further into the fabric of Manchester's musical heritage. The Castle's custodian at the time was Kath Smethurst, who put on local band nights in the back room and furthered the pub's reputation as a musical and creative hub. Sadly, The Castle fell on hard times, Kath passed away, and The Castle closed its doors in 2008.

This public house was not to remain closed for long, and in 2009 friends Rupert Hill former Coronation Street star and Jonny Booth took ownership of The Castle Hotel and set about bringing the decrepit building back to life. After a period of restoration which saw the infamous leaky roof and outside toilets at the back of the pub, which were a legend in themselves, replaced and the pub's entire interior sympathetically brought back in line with its rich heritage, the renovation was completed in October 2010.

So that's the story so far. The small front bar is pretty much as it always has been: the second room, a kind of snug, with comfy sofas, is much improved, while the third room, the concert room, now reveals a wonderful Victorian wooden skylight and small stage.

I'm not too sure what to make of The "New" Castle, despite having many fond memories of the place. This is the pub where I had my first pint of

Chapter Three - Pubs & Clubs past and present Castle Hotel

Robinsons Bitter, where Stuart and I devised many business ideas, and were subsequently banned by Mrs Lewis for throwing beer mats. I'd seen numerous bands play in its grimy back room, which always smelt of piss and stale beer. The pub is part of the 400-strong Robinsons estate. The company, based in Stockport, is a traditional family brewery founded in 1838 and still going strong. You can even get the fearsome Old Tom, a strong ale first brewed in 1899, weighing in at 8.5 per cent. Somehow I think the heart has been ripped out of the old place, but progress has to continue. The staff are friendly, and the beer is great but it is just not the same place. I think the ghosts of the past are shaking their heads.



Chapter Three - Pubs & Clubs past and present The Hacienda

Factory boss Tony Wilson of television fame, and Rob Gretton decided that there was no club in Manchester that catered for their music tastes. So the Hacienda was dreamed up. The Hacienda was a nightclub designed by Ben Kelly, it opened its doors on Friday the May 21st 1982. The whole space-age concept of its design, made from steel, iron, glass and a wood interior, meant that it took almost ten years for other clubs to follow, but now the basic ingredients of the Hacienda's design can be found all around the world. The club put on live concerts featuring a who's who of stars including The Smiths, Oasis, Orchestral Manoeuvres in the Dark, Echo and the Bunnymen, an unknown Madonna (1984), the Happy Mondays, and Blur to name but a few. It did not take long for organised crime in the city to see the potential. In 1990, the drug gangs moved in intimidating staff and public alike.

Then in 1991 a young clubber died from ecstasy poisoning. Soon after security staff were threatened with a machine gun and both management and the police decided to close the club.

This event was recorded in the New Musical Express.

Transcript of article from 9 February, 1991.

A packed press conference was held on the club's dance floor last week to hear Factory Records' TONY WILSON, along with co owners NEW ORDER, read from a prepared statement.

'The Hacienda is closing its doors as of today,' said the Granada TV presenter, looking tired and haggard. 'It is with the greatest reluctance that for the moment we are turning the lights out on what is, for us, a most important place.

We are forced into taking this drastic action in order to protect our employees, our members and all our clients. We are quite simply sick and tired of dealing with instances of personal violence.

With new security and restrictions the club again opened its doors in 1992, but the club was never to reach the same heights again. Cream in Liverpool was to take the idea a stage further and become the most successful club in the UK after the Hacienda had held the title for over ten years. The atmosphere and crowds that made its name worldwide

as the centre of the 'Madchester' explosion started to desert in droves.

The Hacienda was demolished in 2002 by Crosby Homes to make way for apartments, keeping the iconic name, which is provided under license from New Order's Peter Hook. He also owns the Hacienda and FAC51 trademarks.



Chapter Three - Pubs & Clubs past and present Tommy Ducks

Tommy Ducks was a Manchester institution a Greenall Whitley house. It was famous for, amongst other things, its collection of knickers pinned to the ceiling, donated by the female customers! It was used by American Service men when they visited the city in the 50s, with its close location to Central Station the Yanks would visit from their base at Burtonwood. When it was demolished it was all done in a hush hush way, it happened during the early hours of the morning. When the landlord came to open the pub all he found was one big heap. He made a protest and laid himself in an open coffin and his mates carried him round to the Rising Sun in Queen Street stopping at the front of the town hall to show his protest over the demise of the pub. It had been served with a temporary preservation order.

Arguments had raised between the developers and brewery who owned

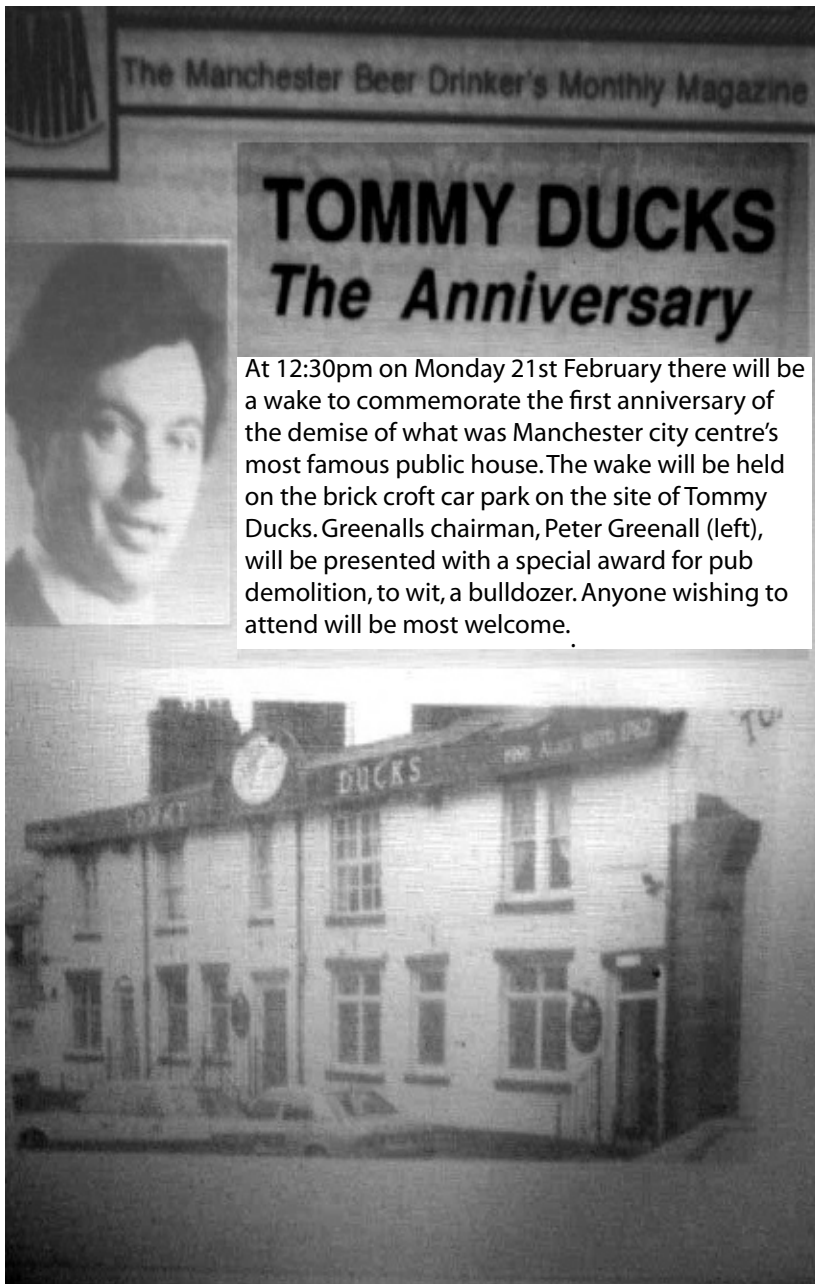


the land, and customers and locals who wanted the place retained for its history.

The dispute lasted for many months with the order being renewed on a regular basis. However, so the story is told, the preservation order expired

on 12th February 1993 at midnight and with no one being able to renew it until 9am the following morning, the developers and brewery, in cahoots, seized the opportunity and tore Tommy Ducks down at 3am. Indeed the story goes on that Jill a barmaid who worked in there, left her coat in overnight and returned the next morning to retrieve it only to find it in a pile of rubble! Greenhall Whitley were later fined £150,000 for breaching the regulations, but got over a million for the land.





The above article was taken from the Manchester Beer Drinker's Monthly Magazine.

Ref: Pubs of Manchester Past & Present.

Chapter Three - Pubs & Clubs past and present The Shambles

The Shambles, or Shambles Square, is made up of two separate buildings, The Old Wellington Inn and Sinclair's Oyster Bar. The Old Wellington remains the oldest surviving pub located in the middle of the city. The Shambles "rare survivors of pre-industrial Manchester" was originally going to be demolished in the mid 1960s, but was saved by lobbyists. This attractive half-timbered building was constructed in 1552, and has a fascinating history. It was the birthplace of the multitalented John Byrom, inventor of a system of shorthand, English poet and writer of lyrics for hymns. In 1830, it became a public house known as the Vintners Arms and then as the Kenyon Vaults, before being christened the Wellington Inn in 1865. The Inn is said to be haunted by a barmaid who hung herself after being raped. The main bedroom to this day has the burn marks of the rope used in the suicide.

The very first gentlemen's club was formed in Manchester at the turn of the eighteenth century. In 1796, the Punch House became Sinclair's, acquiring the name Sinclair's Oyster Bar in 1845, the inn was extended to house John Shaw's Punch House. The figure of Molly on the inn sign, has a true story to tell oysters were sold

Lafosse, the photographer. At the time of its demolition the old house in Smithy Door



VINTNER'S ARMS.

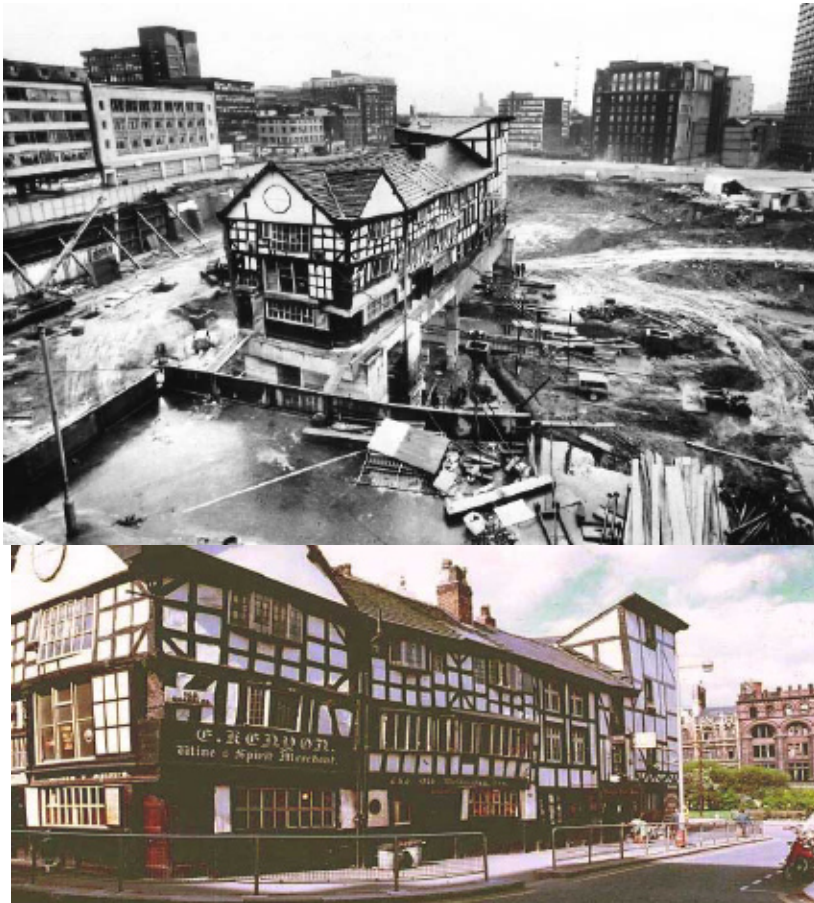
was known as the Vintners' Arms, and within the memory of living men both the inn and the shops included in it had several different tenants. Very little is known about the early history of this house, and the late Mr. R. W. Proctor, in his zealous efforts to identify it with some old local family, could get no information of older date than that furnished by the oldest available directory. He discovered that "the winsome old house was not a tavern until so converted by Mrs. Wilmott." This lady was a member of a family of caterers who lived in Manchester at the end of the last century and the beginning of this; the house seems to have been first used as a liquor vaults about the year 1805; and the earliest trustworthy information about it is that in 1788 Messrs. Gould, Sanders, and Co., fustian manufacturers and importers of Irish linen, had their place of business there.



by Molly to the poor, but nowadays they are regarded as a delicacy. To accommodate the new Arndale Shopping Centre, most of the old property between Shudehill and Market Street was demolished.

Chapter Three - Pubs & Clubs past and present The Shambles

In 1974 The Shambles was underpinned with a concrete raft and, according to the Greater Manchester County Records Office, jacked-up 4 feet 9 inches to fit in with this development in the newly created Shambles Square. In June 1996 an IRA bomb exploded in nearby Corporation Street and badly damaged many of the surrounding buildings, but The Shambles was protected by the concrete buildings around it and suffered only minimal damage. In 1998, £12M funding was obtained to redevelop Shambles Square. The buildings were subsequently dismantled and moved 300 metres northwards to their present location, just next to the Cathedral, behind the Triangle.



http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Shambles_Square,_Manchester

<http://www.stay.com/manchester/attractions/4565/the-shambles/>

Photograph by George P. Landow.

Opposite page Newspaper cutting from the Manchester Times March 27th 1891. "Old Smithy Door"

Chapter Three - Pubs & Clubs past and present The Shambles



Chapter Three - Pubs & Clubs past and present Listons



Listons was named after the Stockport comedian, ventriloquist and impersonator. Who appeared in music hall and variety shows. Harry Liston, retired in 1925 and died four years later, in Manchester, aged 85. The entrance was via a reinforced wooden door situated under an old music hall sign. The club was approached up a narrow staircase, with an intimate compact dance floor. It has been lost and covered by the march of progress somewhere under the Arndale Centre. Located in old Swan Court off Market Street, and forever lost. In Underground Manchester, Keith Warrender, claims that Liston's was one of the gateways to

Manchester's secret tunnel network. It was a buzzing venue in the 50s '60s and '70s. Overflowing with larger than life characters. There was Eric the transvestite waiter, dressed to the nines in a pink leotard with a hairdo to match, the blond streaks just adding to the ratted beehive. Captivating his admirers with his/her gyrating hips, and also the fastest waiter in town he used to fly round the tables collecting glasses. Everything was bolted down the tables, chairs, stools the lot, and when it kicked off which it often did, the injuries would be reduced. He was a quick change artist and would appear in another glamorous outfit to sing on the stage, and in the low light was quite convincing as he mimed to a Shirley Bassey number.

The other half of the show involved Jackie Carlton; his catch phrase whenever a good looking female passed him on the way to the Ladies was "Wish I was normal" He was the apotheosis of Manchester club comics at the time and all the younger comics like Frank Carson and Bernard Manning looked up to him. He was very camp, very flamboyant, and ahead of his time.

Bent Lenny could be found most evenings with a hand full of the tickets for the City or United football games. Just tell me what you will pay, when his first offer was refused. Then with a vacant stare until you arrived at an agreeable price.

The barrow boys were regular customers so you can imagine the patter between these advocates of the one liners.

References:

Recollections of Tony Dixon <http://www.manchester-forum.co.uk/>

Pubs of Manchester past & present. Recollections Rob Jones





7th October 1898. Two men hid in the billiard room of Liston's bar. In late evening they bore a hole through the floor and stole jewellery with a value of over £1000 from the shop of Mr P.G.Powell, 63 Market Street.
27th July 1900. An inquest was held into the deaths of two men Mr J.F Hawton, a traveller, and Mr James M. Ferriman, a traveller. Both fell from the window of Liston's Bar while watching a band pass by. *Manc. Times*

Chapter Three - Pubs & Clubs past and present Slack Alice

George Best and Malcolm Wagner were constant companions and later business partners in Slack Alice (which became The Playpen in the 1980s and continues to enjoy success as 42nd Street today). The nightclub, opened in 1973, to a blaze of publicity. Attracting the celebrities of the day to a club tucked down a small side street in Manchester, was no mean feat. He was helped in this undertaking by the main DJ at the club Don Howard whose day time job was at Granada.

With top class acts at the weekends it became very popular, the Drifters, Platters and Ike, Lulu and Tina Turner to name but a few.

Bootle Street only other claim to fame was

it housed the local police station. Bestie's football career had ground to a halt, but the pulling power of his celebrity meant regular visitors included Elton John, David Bowie, Lulu, Mick Jagger and Rod Stewart. The seeds of George's ultimate demise through alcoholism had already been shown. Living the high life and travelling the world with his business partner only added to his exploits. So adding



clubs and boutiques to his portfolio suited his life style.

Malcom Wagner had been a pop star in the 60s, a nightclub owner and a hairdresser to the stars. George was the first footballer with a pop star image, and set the trend for others to follow. Present day footballers need to thank him for the lifestyle that they enjoy today.

Malcolm expanded into the restaurant trade, opening Oscars on the site of the old Waldorf Hotel before going on to run Mr Thomas's Chop House



Chapter Three - Belle Vue

It was a pleasant summer's day when I arrived at Salford Docks, only to find my ship had not arrived. Some six months earlier I had started a job with T & J Harrison as an Electrical Engineering officer. My instructions where to report to the chief engineer, as a matter of urgency. I had now joined what was affectionately known as the 5 Fathom Club.



When a ship arrived from its voyage it was unloaded in different ports, and while the officers and crew went on leave, a relief team of men would arrive to take their place. We had all arrived on the quay side for 9 am, and eventually a port official arrived to inform us that the ship would arrive later in the evening. A few of us decided that a day out at the Belle Vue amusement park was going to be the order of the day. I must admit I had a fascination with the strange, different and invigorating aspects of showmen and amusements. I remember a few years earlier visiting Blackpool's attractions. Not for me the fast rides or candyfloss, but more the freaks of nature that kept a curious teenager happy. The macabre five legged sheep, or the Worlds hairiest woman. It was like a live version of the Hammer House of Horrors. So this visit could offer lots of new opportunities, and I was not to be disappointed.

Following our trip across Manchester we eventually arrived at Belle Vue, where we paid our entrance fee at the kiosk and entered a tree lined walk way. Then the zoo appeared, with the incarcerated animals giving the odd roar or grunt and then past a few buildings including the Kings Hall, which was used for Pop concerts and boxing tournaments. Our excitement was heightened by the distant sound of screeching brakes, metal on metal, then the mountainous profile against a cloudy Manchester sky. The clanging sound of the top chain cog mechanism like some sort of spiritual deliverance which had taken its time to arrive at the top, possibly a warning to those below - It was about to allow gravity to play its part.

The train having reached the very top stagnated as if to take a breath, then the front part moved slowly then began to fall violently. The screams were unmerciful, then roaring like the sound of thunder as it fell into the pits of the abyss with the passengers all bedraggled, most with their eyes closed, waiting for the next force to wrap itself around their torso, heads as far back as the seats would allow – Welcome to the Bobs Coaster!



No engineer made this one it had to be created by an artist. Even a Dali painting could not do justice to the vision before me, an image in the sky. As I stood looking at this master piece my dream was interrupted by another distant roar as another train sped along the shaky tracks. It then went behind some arcade stalls, then up, up and away, the sweeping tracks disappearing into the distance. On closer inspection it had an un-painted look about it. It was now our turn, not wanting to look a coward, I just let my inner feelings go into hyper drive as I tried externally to remain calm and collective. We walked up some concrete steps to the loading platform. My trepidation was momentary interrupted by the large signs 'Secure all loose articles', 'Do not stand up', 'No Smoking' and most importantly 'Keep arms and limbs inside the cars'

Chapter Three - Belle Vue

And this was all in the days before health and safety and compensation lawyers. Then like a clap of thunder a train immersed from the tunnel, the occupants all looking white with hair bedraggled and in a state of shock. You could see the total look of relief on their faces as the ride ground to an abrupt halt. Then the laughing and sigh of relief took over. Too late the train was before me and beckoning for me to get in. I sat on my own with my mates in front. Some kind of bar was snapped in front of me when I pulled it down. The operator walked along checking everyone was locked into their straight jacket while taking hold of peoples glasses and bags. The short wait seemed like ages, a jerking movement indicated it was starting to move. The speed seemed to intensify with my every blink of my eyes. A right turn forced the train to move in a direction that nature did not intend, we where all pulled over to the side, centrifugal force had unleashed a torrent of gasps as the thing once again changed direction. Several more of these erratic movements the clacking of the mechanical ratchets, indicated we near the top of the first dip. I looked below at the 'ants' who where milling around. Then it almost went into free fall the train had broken loose and was taking a direct hit to the earth, the G force on my body was unbelievable, I thought how can jet fighter pilots shoot at things when your whole body wants to disappear into the seat. I closed my eyes I really did not want to see the ground coming towards me at such speed. The sound was terrifying as the device took yet another turn, my shoulder slammed hard against the side of the car. My stomach had remained somewhere at the top of the ride. This experience was to be repeated another two times. Now came the record breaking fall, twisting to the right down all the way down to the ground level. The final and worst drop had the trains reaching 70mph, then twisting to the left just to disorientate the rider, then turning one way then the next, the noise and the wind just amplified the sensation as the train fought to constantly change direction. I had my eyes closed until the train ground to a halt, I was the last out and had difficulty in walking away my brain was still following the dips and I was dizzy.





We all decided to find somewhere to have a drink; it was then that I noticed the flea circus. My colleges decided to skip this particular delight, but I just had to view the spectacle. I arrived just in time to see the first performance. The booth that held this miracle of ingenuity was to say the least a little

on the small side. The ring master was dressed in appropriate garb, and the audience position themselves around the ring which was positioned at a suitable height above the floor, and just like a real circus ring it had a sand floor. The first act was introduced as Eric the charioteer. When to our absolute amazement this little creature took off across the ring and in what appeared like a hop, skip and a jump, it arrived in the centre only to repeat the performance again to arrive at the other side; the miniature chariot had been glued to the fleas back. This was followed by a tightrope act, just as impressive. Our host suggested that if any members of the audience could supply fleas he would be happy to purchase them, they had to be human fleas as dog or cat fleas were just too small. This was then followed by two 'fencing' fleas which was possibly a smoke and mirror illusion. Then a juggler (some slight of the hand and some poetic licence needed) but I think the audience got the idea. Instead of clapping in between the acts most where scratching themselves. The interlude was followed by a few of the fleas being positioned on the ring masters arm for a well deserved snack. The fleas were held in a tiny wire harnesses and because the fencing fleas legs waved about, the showman put matchstick 'swords' with lightweight blocks glued on the ends. Other acts where to follow - one flea pulled along a 'garden roller' along a length of green felt. A chariot race, Rudolph the flea operating the merry go-round and finally a football match, with a couple of escapees. Well that was certainly different, but I think the lads wanted to see a real circus so it was off to the big top. We walked past the Zoo which to be honest did absolutely nothing for me. Seeing a load of bored animals in small enclosures just projected their boredom onto me. The only memorable event was the elephant ride, and at the time it was being enjoyed by a group of school children.

Flea Circus Program

The following is the regular program. Encores may be inserted depending on the applause of the audience. Each act is visible to the naked eye and must be seen to be appreciated.
Introductory lecture on training of fleas.

ACT 1--CHARIOT RACE.

ACT 2--PRINCE HENRY, THE JUGGLER.

ACT 3--PLAYING FOOTBALL.

ACT 4--PADDY CARRYING A FLAG AND JUMPING THROUGH A HOOP.

ACT 5--THE FLEA HOTEL.

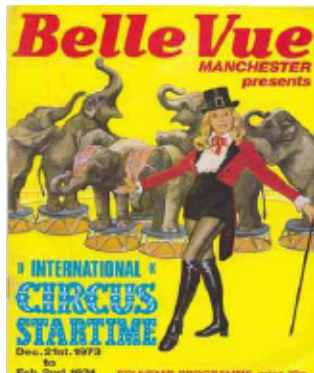
ACT 6--RUDOLPH OPERATING THE MERRY-GO-ROUND.

ACT 7--SEVERAL FLEAS DRESSED IN COSTUMES DANCING TO MUSIC.

Chapter Three - Belle Vue

We finally arrived at the circus just as the show was about to start. The ringmaster cracked his whip as the signal for the clowns to arrive. The ringmaster was the famous George Lockhart, resplendent in his top hat, white cotton gloves and red tails, known as the "Prince of Ringmasters". The Austin brothers Spider and Alby ran around the ring chasing each other in various clowning acts. Then it was the turn of the bear man with his performing Polar Bears. Followed by the Blackwenns performing cycle display team. And my favourite the tightrope walkers with some spectacular young ladies performing many death defying acts. Several other acts followed, then the spectacular grand finale. We decided a couple of beers might be in order before we returned to Salford Docks and a good time was had by all.

As a footnote it is interesting to note that Bobs Coaster was revolutionary and when built it was at the forefront of big coasters in the UK, and it reigned supreme from 1929 until 1970. It had an 80-foot (24 m) drop at a 45 degree angle, down which the cars travelled at 60 miles per hour (97 km/h). The owners tried to sell it on, but technology had moved ahead and it had become a bit dated, so its final resting place was in a scrap yard. The first records of flea performances were from watchmakers who were demonstrating their metalworking skills. Mark Scaliot in 1578 produced a lock and chain which were attached to a flea. Flea performances were first advertised as early as 1833 in England, and were a major carnival attraction until 1930. Some flea circuses persisted in very small venues in the United States as late as the 1960s. The flea circus at Belle Vue Zoological Gardens, Manchester, England, was still operating in 1970.



Manchester Weekly Times.

and Salford Weekly News.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1892.

THE OLD (MANCHESTER) MARKET PLACE.

BY OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER.

SKETCHES BY OUR OWN ARTIST.

At last! The decree has gone forth, and by a majority of more than two to one the City Council has resolved that that curious conglomeration of medieval and modern Manchester—"the last relic of the reign of feudalism," as Mr. Councillor Rawson phrased it—the hacksters' stalls in the Market Place, which have so long been an eyesore and an obstruction in one of the busiest and most important thoroughfares in the city, shall no longer remain to vex the spirits of her Majesty's lieges. It has, however, with thoughtful consideration, and that they may not be subjected to unnecessary hardship, decreed that accommodation shall be provided for the tenants of these cumbersome wooden structures in the more comfortable, if not more advantageous, covered area of the Victoria Arcade. It cannot be charged against the city fathers that they have acted with unseemly haste, for the transfer was pressed upon their consideration a dozen years ago, and future generations will marvel, not that they have made the change, but that they should so long have tolerated so serious an obstruction to passenger and vehicular traffic in the most central and crowded highway. The scene almost daily witnessed in the Market Place is entirely out of character with the improved thoroughfares and the stately buildings around, and it must be admitted that, of all places in Manchester, in its present state, it says least for the public spirit of those set in authority over us. Nor can it be said that the evil of which the local shopkeepers so loudly and so justly complain is one of recent growth, for more than 50 years ago a writer in a local magazine thus made complaint of its condition:—

"Of all the public places in Manchester there are none so disgracefully inconsistent with its population and importance as the Market Place. Narrow and short in extent, confined in its approaches, and crowded with stalls, yet open to carriages of every name, it appears on a market day as though the inhabitants and the country people had entered into a conspiracy to place their lives, limbs, and property in the utmost possible jeopardy, and on occasions when money is an essential to all honest visitors, it might have been agreed by common consent that the light-fingered gentry, who have no cash of their own, should be allowed one place at least where they might stately enjoy the privilege of replenishing their pockets with the contents of the purses of unsuspecting housewives, who have not been practically

initiated into the dangers of a Manchester market."

It is true the Market Place is one of the oldest landmarks of the town, and though town councillors, as a rule, have not the bump of veneration very largely developed, it is possible that the consciousness of this fact, and that it is one of the very few remaining links to connect us with the Manchester of yore has stayed the hand of the spoiler and saved it from interference while so many improvements have been effected in the vicinity. We know not when a market was first instituted here, but as no grant exists, or is known to have existed, it was presumably "from old time," by ancient custom and usage, and consequently by prescription. The earliest mention we have is in an inquisition taken in 1282, more than 700 years ago, from which we learn that the tolls

and stallage of the market and the fair of Manchester then yielded to the Lord of the Manor 10 marks a year—£6, 13s. 4d. Anciently the Market Place, or the Market-sted, as it was then called, "sted" being used in the Anglo-Saxon sense of "place" as it is now used in such words as "homestead," "farmstead," &c., was the great centre of town life; and the Court Leet Records, which the Corporation, with commendable spirit, have lately published, give us some very realistic, if not very pleasant, pictures of the scenes enacted here, and of the life and manners, the habits and usages of our ancestors—how they bought and sold and bartered and chaffered; how they were supplied with food of various kinds, animal and vegetable; and how the shopkeepers and stallholders carried on their business, shackled by the quaint restrictions that in these modern days would be deemed unbearable from the "good old times" of the Virgin Queen down to comparatively recent days.

The first building erected within the area of the Market Place was the "Booths," sometimes called the "Tolle Booth," originally constructed of wood, in which the Boroughreeve's Court and the Courts Leet and Baron of the Feudal Lords were held, and to which were subsequently added the Petty and Quarter Sessions.



Chapter Four - Old Manchester



In close proximity might be seen the pillory, in which dishonest traders and country hucksters received their deserts at the hands of the defrauded townsmen, and at the foot the stocks, in which vagrants and habitual drunkards were placed, and also the whipping post, where rogues and sturdy vagabonds were subjected to the punishment of the lash; and these several instruments of punishment remained until the year 1812, when they were removed. Near to them was the Mealhouse—afterwards transferred to Nicholas Croft—which some people have imagined gave the name of Mealgate to the street now known as Old Millgate; but this seems improbable, as the earlier writings invariably give the name Mylmgate or Milngate, i.e., the gate or road to the old corn mill which stood on the banks of the deep ditch or fosse running close by the side of the present Cateaton-street, and which was crossed by the Hanging Bridge, pictured in these columns a year or so ago. The Booths was the only erection in the Market Place for some centuries, and was not unfrequently adorned with the heads of rebels and other criminals, but gradually the area became enclosed by other structures. The first of such buildings was a shop erected by one of the Traffords about the year 1473, as appears by the Rental of Thomas West, Lord of the Manor, for May 1st of that year, in which mention is made of John Trafford, Kt., holding "one parcel of waste land lying in Mancestre, near the Bothes, upon which parcel of land one shop was lately built," for which he paid 6d. a year. This Sir John, by the way, was the eldest son of Sir Edmund Trafford, to whom the credulous Henry VI. issued his royal licence authorising him to

transmute the baser metals into gold, which it is needless to say he failed to do; let us hope the son's adventure was more successful. Around the Booths additional stalls and standings were from time to time erected, which were subsequently transformed into substantial shops, and to them also was added the butchers' shambles, until, as Mr. Whitaker, writing in the latter half of the last century, observes, "The Market Place, which was originally too large for the use of the town, became so contracted in the eagerness of the inhabitants to have shops

at it, that the town has become too populous for its market." It was usual for the shopkeepers to have stalls in front of their premises, on which on market days their wares were exposed for sale. Into these they were formally "installed" with some outward ceremony by the Boroughreeve or his deputy, and the practice continued as late as the close of the last century. Thus we read in the manorial records that on the 16th May, 1692, was "stallinged and installed, Edward Byrom, of Manchester, milliner, in one stall, stallinge, or standing roome, at or near the Crosse, in the Market Place, in Manchester aforesaid, formerly in the possession of Francis Rydings, deceased, being next to Robert Pelton's, towards the Crosse, conteyning in breadth two yards and length three yards."

The position of the Market Cross is clearly defined in the plan of Manchester of 1650, and in those made in the last century. It stood nearly opposite the entrance to the Bull's Head Yard, and in front of the old shambles, on the site of which was successively erected the old fishmarket, and the building now in part used as the Cotton Waste Dealers' Exchange. The date of its erection is not known, but it must have fallen into decay some time before 1781, for in that year the Court Leet authorised its rebuilding at a cost of £12. Mr. Byrom must have prospered, for within a short time he added to his stall, that of his next neighbour, Robert Pelton, the chapman before named, and also the one previously held by Samuel Barlow, a leather cutter, the whole of them adjoining to each other and described as "standing on the west side of the Cross." Though styled a milliner, Mr. Byrom was in reality a mercer or haberdasher in rather a large way of business. It seems strange in these days to read of a trader or merchant having a stall in the Market Place, but our forefathers a couple of centuries ago carried on their business upon different principles to those we are accustomed to. The shops round the Market Place were tenanted by the better class of tradesmen, they were for the most part open to the street, and generally had a loose stall or standing in front where their wares could be more advantageously displayed. Edward Byrom is deserving of special notice. The shop, though it has experienced many vicissitudes of fortune, still remains—one of the very few relics of bygone Manchester—in the quaint black and white structure at the corner of the Old Shambles, a narrow passage leading from the Market Place to Victoria-street. In our young days it was kept by old Bowen, a noted optician, who decorated the front of his establishment with an enormous pair of spectacles, and a telescope of Broddignagian proportions; but the optician and his miscellaneous knick-knacks have long since disappeared, and the premises are now known as "Ye Olde Fyishing-Tackle Shoppe." Neither Bowen nor his successors, however, occupied the ground floor, for since the millinery business was discontinued that portion of the building

has been devoted to the sale of appetising bivalves and the dispensing of strong waters.

Edward Byrom died in August, 1711. He had a numerous family—seven daughters, six of whom died unmarried, and two sons, Edward, who continued the business, and died unmarried in May, 1740, and John, better known as "Doctor" Byrom, the well-known poet, the laureate of the Jacobites, and the author of the ever to be remembered Christmas carol, "Christians, Awake," who was born, by the way, in the year in which his father was "installed." After the death of Edward Byrom

the younger, the shop was carried on by his sister Phoebe, for in Mrs. Refield's "Directory" for 1775 the name occurs, "Miss Phoebe Byrom, milliner, 1, Shambles," and in that for 1781, "Miss Phoebe Byrom, milliner, Market Place"—the premises facing both to the Market Place and the Shambles. The worthy lady continued her millinery business until 1785, when she died at the ripe age of 88. The building, though now, as we have said, devoted to other purposes, is still owned by the representatives of the Byroms, the present possessor

being Mr. Edward Byrom, of Culver, near Exeter, who in 1871 assumed the name in lieu of Fox on succeeding to the property left by Miss Eleanor Atherton, the great-granddaughter of "Doctor" Byrom.

Between Mr. Byrom's shop and Market-street—or Market-sted Lane as it was then called—was an open space of ground, on which stood the Conduit, "a large cistern or reservoir, containing many tons of water"—the original waterworks of Manchester—and which was fed from the spring at the upper end of Spring Gardens—the same conduit, by the way, that at the Coronation of Charles II. ran claret in there streams at once "from service time to sunset," when Presbyterian and Episcopalian drank the loving cup to the dregs. The Conduit was removed in 1729, and on its site Sir Oswald Mosley, the then lord of the manor, erected the first Exchange—intended apparently to supply in part the place of the old Booths—a view of which is given in Berry and Casson's plan of the town in 1751. It was a square stone building of considerable solidity, with a portico in front surmounted by an entablature and pediment; and as it was presumably the first introduction of Italian architecture into the town, it must have looked somewhat incongruous among the picturesque groupings of half-timbered Gothic buildings around it. The ground floor was open to the streets, and though intended for "chapmen to meet in and transact their business," it was by no means restricted to their use, for butchers' stalls were set up in it by those who preferred to be covered over, and the chapmen consequently had oftentimes to stand in the open street; as a writer who visited the town in 1764 remarked, "instead of affording a convenient walk for the merchants, it is crowded with butchers' shops and stops up the road." Above the ground floor was a room in which the Sessions and Manor Courts were held, and in which, it may be noted, stage plays were first performed in Manchester, so that the building was, as has been said by



a local writer, "at once the emporium of commerce and the temple of the Muses." Attached to this, the Old Exchange, are some ghastly associations. After the "fatal '45," the heads of some of the rebels—Tom Syddal and Captain Deacon, who had been executed at

Kennington Common for their share in the attempt to restore the Stuarts—were impaled on iron spikes fixed above the pediment in front of the building, where they remained until 1749, when they were stolen by sympathising Jacobites. The public exhibition of these grisly relics of mortality called forth the following epigram from Byrom:—

The Deel has set their heads to view,
And stickt 'em upon poles;
Poor Deel! 'twas all that he could do,
Since God had ta'en their souls.

The building proving ill-adapted for the purposes intended, it was taken down in 1790; after its demolition, the lines of the building

conceivable commodity, and crowded with a confused throng of hucksters and housewives. The site of the Old Exchange is shown in the foreground, with the posts and a pillar, or obelisk, and on the opposite side are some quaint old gabled buildings, one of which—that with the projecting staircase and railed terrace on the top, is interesting as virtually the birth-place of Manchester journalism, for though the "Manchester Journal" had been started in 1719, it had but a comparatively brief career; it was in this building Mr. Whitworth had his printing press, and from its low old-fashioned rooms issued on the 20th December, 1730, the first number of "Whitworth's Manchester Gazette," a journal which, with several modifications of title, outlived many competitors and continued its weekly circulation until a short time before the building in which it originated was pulled down for the widening of Market-

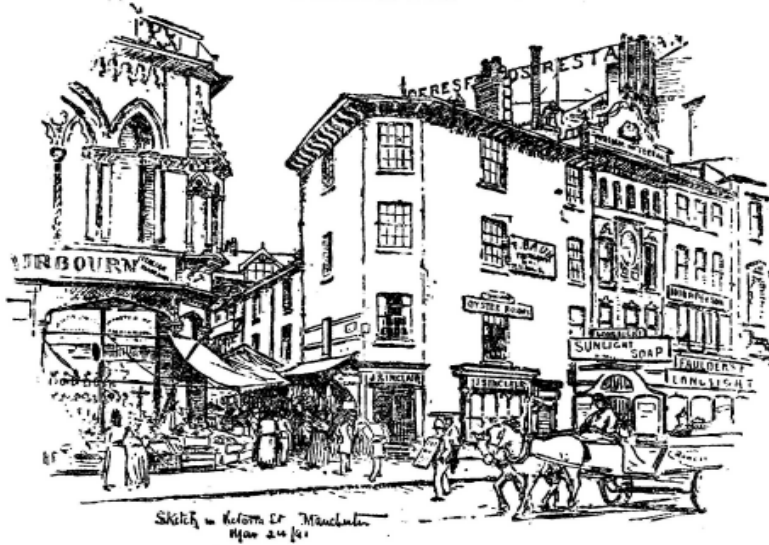
Chapter Four - Old Manchester

street, when it became merged in the "Manchester Guardian." In its later years it was owned by Mr. Harrop, the son-in-law of Whitworth, who also held the office of postmaster, and for a long series of years the postal business of Manchester was conducted within the limited area of these antiquated premises.

A further notice of the Market Place, and of Smithy Door and its market, we reserve for our next paper.



SKETCHES BY OUR OWN ARTIST.



THE OLD MANCHESTER MARKET PLACE.

BY OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER.

SKETCHES BY OUR OWN ARTIST.

II.

In the bygone centuries the Market Place was a cause of much anxiety to the borough-reeve and constables, who were then the governing authorities, and many sumptuary regulations were made from time to time for the maintenance of order and the general well-being and cleanliness of the place. The parish pump is proverbially a rendezvous for gossips and idlers, and the conduit that supplied the town with water, and which, as previously stated, stood near or upon the site afterwards occupied by the old Exchange, was no exception. It was a subject of frequent care and solicitude, and various orders were made as to its use, repair, and control—some of them sounding rather oddly in these days. Here all the people had to come for water for domestic purposes, and officers had of necessity to be appointed to take charge of the fount from which the supply was obtained, and to prevent any disputes it was decreed that every person should take his or her turn, or "cale," as it was phrased, in the order of their coming; and it was further ordered, in times when the supply was limited, that no one should bring a vessel of greater capacity than one woman was able to carry when full of water. The surroundings of the conduit were not particularly pleasant to look upon; various articles, more or less noisome, were brought here for purification, and the Court officers had to keep careful watch to prevent the pollution of the trough by the washing of the entrails, &c., of beasts; while all around were accumulated dung-heaps, cesspools, and abominations of various kinds; the jury, at the Court Leet in December, 1554, finding it necessary to order "yt all the myddylngs (mid-dens) betwyxt the conduith (conduit) and the cross in market sted laune lying in the strete" be taken away within six months, and "no more to be layed there," under a penalty of five shillings.

Surrounding the Market Place were numerous taverns

"where drouthy neighbours, neighbours met," and public and parish politics were discussed. One or two of them have survived the vicissitudes of time, and remain to the present day, the most notable being the Bull's Head, where, over the archway leading to its long-frequented parlour (formerly there was one on each side of the passage) the sculptured head of the ancient bovine looks down upon the motley throng with the same surly nonchalance it did in the centuries that have passed away. The house, of which we purpose giving an illustration in our next paper, was kept for several generations by a family named Halliwell, who were of some mark in the town, and intermarried with the Radcliffes, of Radcliffe Hall, or the "Pool," as it was called, and other families of equal status. They are known to have been residing here, and to have taken an active part in the town's affairs as early as the reign of Queen Mary, and the name of "Mr. Halliwell, of the Bull," occurs in 1610. In our notice of Wardley Hall, a few weeks ago, we mentioned that when Robert Halliwell, the prosperous vintner of the Bull's Head, who, by the way, served the office of borough-reeve in 1627, made his will in 1638, he desired that his "friend, the Right Worshipful Roger Downes, Esquire," of Wardley, should act as his overseer. His son of the same name continued the business, and when, in 1660, the restoration of Charles II. was proclaimed at the Market Cross, we read that Captain Mosley marched his men into the Market Place, and after many speeches and much jubilation, they "all, bare-headed, drank his Majesty's health in sack and claret, at the charge of Mr. Halliwell." This good old "Church and King" man made his will in 1665, and in the inventory of his goods, taken after his decease in June of the same year, there occurs: "Item in Canary, Malligo (Malaga), Sherry Sacke, Vinegar and Vergis (verjuice), £14," which will give an idea of the wines most in use among well-to-do Manchestrans a couple of centuries or more ago. After the Halliwells, the old inn was carried on successively by the Bartholomews, the Chapmans, the Shaws, father and son, the Alsops, and the Budworths, and in the last century it became associated with important events connected with the history of Manchester. In the earlier decades there were two political factions in the town; Whigs and Tories, or Hanoverians and Jacobites, as they were then more commonly designated; the former having their headquarters at the Angel, a house that stood midway between the Bull's Head and the corner of Marketsted Lane. Thursday the 28th November was a day memorable in the annals of the town; news had come a day or two before that Prince Charles Edward Stuart had marched his forces into Lancashire, and was on his way to Manchester, and in the afternoon a dashing young Highlander, Sergeant Dickson, with his sweet-

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heart sitting behind him, and a drummer boy, rode into the town and proclaimed the Chevalier King James the Third, thus giving occasion to Ray to say, in his "History of the Rebellion," that "Manchester was taken by a sergeant, a drum, and a woman, who rode to the Market Cross on horses with hempen halters on, where they proclaimed their king." The same evening a body of rebel horse came in; on the following day Prince Charles, wearing the Stuart plaid, belted with a blue sash, and a blue bonnet, in which was a white rose, with the remainder of his army arrived, and at four o'clock his father was formally proclaimed at the Cross. The Prince took up his quarters at the house of Mr. Dickenson, a wealthy merchant, in Market-sted Lane, and thenceforward known as the Palace, the name of which is still preserved in Palace-street and Palace Square; but the principal officers took up their quarters at Mr. Bartholomew's, the Bull's Head, which, as we have said, was the principal rendezvous of those hostile to the house of Hanover, and

where, it may be added, "Doctor" Byrom, whose kinswoman, Phoebe Byrom, kept the millinery shop across the way, and other beaux esprits who supported the Stuart cause held their convivial meetings. Here poor James Waller, of Ridgefield, who was then Borough-reeve, and a loyal subject of King George, had to attend and become the medium of communication between the rebel army and his fellow-townsmen, by conveying the demand of the former for the payment to them of all the money that had been collected for the taxes. The day which followed the Prince's arrival (Sunday) was a great day for the Jacobites;

the "old church" was crowded with armed men in gay attire and the partisans of the Stuart cause; everywhere Stuart favours were displayed, and the Market Place was ablaze with tartan ribbons and shawls. In later days, when party feeling had largely subsided, the hour became the meeting place of those who may be said to have been the real pioneers in improving the system of municipal government. From the quaint old hostelry emanated the plans for widening and improving the principal streets in the town, and at a meeting held here on the 2nd March, 1775, a subscription was commenced that in a short time reached the handsome sum of £10,771. 3s., to defray the cost of widening Old Millgate, St. Mary's Gate, and the narrow passage that then led from the old Exchange into St. Ann's Square. Nor was the religious and moral elevation of the youthful members of the community overlooked, for, at the Bull Head we again find "liberal hearts devising liberal things" for those who should come after. It was here that, in response to the invitation of the Borough-reeve (Mr. Thomas Johnson) and the Constables (Messrs. Jot Kearsley and Henry Norris), a meeting was held on Friday, August 27, 1784, for the purpose of establishing Sunday schools throughout the town. Such in brief is the story of this ancient house of entertainment.

The passage beneath the archway of the in the Bull's Head Yard as it is now called, was

one time the principal approach to the cockpit for Corporation-street was not then in existence it was a circular building with a domed roof, shown in the plan of Manchester in 1655 standing on the rising ground in rear, called Cockpit Hill—a name retained to this day, at which was then dedicated to the popular sport of cockfighting. In a deed of 1587 it is called "le cockfightplace," the land then belonging to William Rivald, of Kersal; the only other approach was by what is described in 1623 as an "entrye with one little chamber over it leading from Market-sted Lane—a description that applies equally at the present time—as then owned by William Radcliffe, who resided at the Pool, and who was a kinsman of the host of the Bull's Head. But Cockpit Hill was famed for other things than fighting champions. In our boyhood's days the "entrye" was noted far and wide for the savoury pils which were dispensed by Mrs. Susanna Grisshaw, the pastry cook, who had a shop in the passage. It was there, too, that Patrick, the official printer of the racing lists, had his premises, and in the season crowds of people would assemble in the open space where now the Fatted Calf holds out its sign, and on obtaining their supply would hurry off bellowing at the top of their voices "Patrick's krekt card."

The Angel, of which mention has already been made, where the Court Leet occasionally assembled, was another licensed house that has now disappeared. It stood about midway between the Bull's Head and Market-sted Lane, and near door to the Post Office, over which, before the days of James Harrop, Mrs. Willat, the widow of a former postmaster, presided, and contented herself with the assistance of a couple of clerks. But the business, it must be admitted, was less extent then than now, for instead of the London mail being despatched 11 times a day it was only sent out three times a week. Beyond the Angel was the Dog and Partridge, kept by Thomas Ainsworth, which stood at the corner of Market Place and Market-sted Lane, but it had to make way for the widening of Market-street and has consequently long been numbered with things of the past.

Another ancient hostelry that still survives is the Blue Boar. In former days, as now, a passage or court led up from the Market Place and in this court were the houses of well-to-do townsmen, each with its pleasant garden, that must have presented a strange contrast to the dark, dingy, and smoke-begrimed structures that now elbow one another for space in that crowded quarter. Rowland Mosley, a son of Oswald Mosley, the wealthy clothier, who purchased Garratt Hall—afterwards the property of Madam Mynsbull, the wife of "Spanking Roger"—had a "mansion house" called the "Nooke" or Neck House, in Blue Boar Court, where he resided, and which his widow, Isabel Mosley, at her decease in 1674, bequeathed on certain conditions to her grandson, William Plungeon. Adjoining this "mansion" was another residence at one time occupied by Peter Tickle

or Tickhill, which the representatives of William Plungeon in 1774 sold to Joseph Byrom, the opulent mercer, one of the three persons, by the way, who then kept a carriage in Manchester. Pleasant as these dwelling places might be, it can hardly be said that the approach to them *was inviting* if we may judge from a complaint made to the Court Leet in 1741, four years before the visit of the "Yellow-haired Laddie," for on the 9th of April in that year complaint was made to the jurors upon oath "by the Inhabitants near the Blew Boar Gates in the Market Place, that they and others, the King's subjects, have not free Egress and regress to and from their Houses and Shops without great Hazard and danger of their lives or limbs by reason of Richard Allen Francis, Wrigley and Mary Haworth, widow, putting or placing their Miln-Horses to stand in the Publick Street over against their said Shops and Houses to the great Nuisance of them, the said Inhabitants, and all others, the King's subjects, passing and repassing to and from that neighbourhood." For the offence they were "amearced" "severally in five shillings."

Another house kept by William Spencer, and known as Spencer's Tavern, stood on the opposite side of Market-sted Lane, but within the area of the then Market Place, and it was here that a tragedy was enacted on the 21st March, 1783. Captain Mounsey, of the 79th Regiment, and Cornet Hamilton, of the King's Own Dragoons, having been together at a badger bait at Mr. Faulkner Phillips's, at Badger Hall, quarrelled over the respective qualities of two dogs, and fought a duel with swords, when Captain Mounsey was slain. Cornet Hamilton was acquitted by the coroner's jury. Captain Mounsey was buried at St. John's Church, the funeral being followed by a large concourse of people. In close proximity to Spencer's was a noted "punch house," kept by John Rushton, who maintained a friendly rivalry with John Shaw, of the historic "punch house" in the Old Shambles, of whom we shall have something to say in our next paper, and two or three doors nearer St. Mary's Gate, occupying the upper rooms of a quaint pile of buildings, with many gables that stood in and out and across the end of what is now Exchange-street, was the "Old Coffee House," or Eagle and Child, as it was designated at an early period of its history, and made famous by John Taylor, the "Water Poet" in his "Penniless Pilgrimage":—

I lodged at the Eagle and the Child,
Whereat my hostess (a good ancient woman)
Did entertain me with respect not common.

So Mistress Saracole, hostess kind,
And Manchester with thanks I left behind.

The Saracoles, or, more correctly, Sorocolds, were vintners here, and also in Smithy Door, in the time of Elizabeth, and in the reigns of the earlier Stuart kings. At the beginning of the last century the house was kept by Thomas Newton, father of Thomas and William Newton, well-known booksellers, who had their shop beneath, and later on it was occupied in succession by Mr. Hawksley and Mr. Samuel Heathcote. Beneath its ancient roof a good deal of the public business of the

town was transacted, and questions affecting the welfare of the community were frequently discussed. The Court Leet occasionally assembled here, and for a long time the Commissioners in Bankruptcy made it their place of meeting. There were other houses of entertainment, more or less notable, around the Market Place, but want of space prevents a notice of them.

It must not, however, be supposed that the Market Place was given up to vintners, butchers, and the vendors of vegetables and other commodities. On the contrary, it may fairly be

considered to have been the literary Rialto—the "Row" of Manchester, for here gathered the printers, publishers, journalists, and booksellers of the town. The Whitworths and the Harrops we have already made mention of. Contemporary with the Whitworths was William Clayton, whose father had carried on the business of a printer before him, and who was brother of the Rev. John Clayton, the Jacobite chaplain, afterwards a Fellow of the Collegiate Church, who, when Prince Charles came to the town in the '45, dropped on his knees, and in fervent tones prayed that the divine blessing might rest on the Prince's head. Another book-selling establishment was that of Matthew Faulkner—afterwards Faulkner and Birch—who started the "Manchester Herald," March 31, 1792, their business premises being between Blue Boar Court and the Bull's Head Yard; but the paper was very short lived, for its principles, savouring strongly of Jacobinism, the printing office was attacked by a vicious mob on the 10th March, 1793, and destroyed, the printing presses being broken up and the formes and type scattered in all directions. The publishers having, as was thought, made themselves amenable to the law, fled the country, Mr. Faulkner seeking refuge in America, where he remained until 1806, when he returned to England. He died on the 8th March, 1824. Yet another firm of booksellers was the Messrs. Clarke, whose shop was in the corner of the Market Place adjoining the present "Falstaff." The founder, Abraham Clarke, came from Cumberland, and established himself here in the beginning of the last century; the business grew and prospered, and was continued in the old premises by the family for a century or more, and, as we remember, they were doing a good business in our schoolboy days; their near neighbour being George Bentham, "Old Bentham," a clerical looking gentleman who wore a white neckcloth, and kept a small but well-stocked shop near the Bull's Head Yard.

Smithy Door, which was to all intents and purposes a continuation of the Market, we reserve for our next paper.



Chapter Four - Old Manchester



Chapter Four - Old Manchester

THE OLD MANCHESTER MARKET PLACE.

BY OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER.

SKETCHES BY OUR OWN ARTIST.



OLD SMITHY DOOR.

History is said to repeat itself, and the old Market Place furnishes an apt illustration of the truth of the saying, for when that circumscribed area had become too small for the growing wants of the inhabitants, or, as it may perhaps be more correctly put, when the inhabitants had encroached upon the market space by erecting their shops around and partly upon it, many of the stallholders were crowded out, and had to locate themselves elsewhere, the Smithy Door, a narrow and intricate thoroughfare that led down to the Old Bridge, being assigned them by the governing authorities. Practically this is what the Corporation is doing at the present time, the stallholders being told very much in the same way that our artist was told by an energetic, if somewhat insensate, policeman to "move on," the Victoria Arcade, which in the main covers the site of the old Smithy Door Market, being the place they are to move to.

Smithy Door. What a crowd of memories spring up at the mention of the name. But how came the place by the name? That is a problem many Mancestrians have tried to solve; very recently the inquiry has been made in these columns, but the answers, it must be confessed, are not quite conclusive. There have been surmises and conjectures more or less ingenious, and statements more or less apocryphal; and the legend of the smith carrying his "smithy door" with a chalked-up score upon it to the court room, has been repeated to the dissatisfaction of a correspondent, who affirms that "Smithy Door" was a Manchester place name so long ago as 1587. True, and for the matter of that long before 1587; the legend nevertheless has acquired a quasi respectability by reason of its antiquity, for it was related by James Ogden more than a century ago, though we fear he had no better authority than imagination or tradition. Place names have invariably a meaning, and Smithy Door was certainly not an exception.

The name we know has existed for more than three centuries. The musty records of the old manorial courts now preserved in the muniment room of the Town Hall may help us to a solution. In the very earliest of these records existing we find, under date October 4, 1552, that three scavengers were appointed to see to the cleansing of "the olde markete stede," and two to discharge the like duty in "the smethe durr." Four years later, September 30, 1556, we read that Edmund Biomiley or the tenant occupying the place named "shall at all and every tyme & tymes hereafter make cleyn the strete every weke as well afore the Smethye there as vnder the pe . . . of the howse of the wiffe of John Raunynson," under a penalty of 20d.; and later entries enable us to fix pretty nearly the locality of the premises. Here, then, in addition to the Smithy Door, we have the "Smethye" in the concrete, and withal fronting to the "Strete." In those days the son of Vulcan was an important member of the community, and the street, lane, or gate leading to his forge or smithy would not unnaturally receive the name it retained for centuries—the Smithy Door. In October, 1568, it was ordered by the Leet "that all those that shall bringe any fishe vnto the smithie doore to be solde shall sett their boordes that hath their fishe vpon over the chanell," unless otherwise directed. On the 30th March, 1581, the jury ordered "yt (that) all those p'sons (persons) yt bringe fische to be sold shall stand to sell ye same fishe att ye smythe dore as hath bene accustomed anends (i.e., against) ye launds of Richard Hunt, gentiman and anendes ye house yt Raphe Sorowould wynter (vintner) nowe dwelleth in provided alwayes yt none shall stand anendes ye dorre or wyndowes of his seller of ye sayd Raphe Sorowould to lett (stop) the light into his seller, and yt the greater parte of those that bringe suche fishe to be sold shall stand vpon ye same syde of the street anends ye launds of ye said Richard Hunt." Mr. Hunt's lands were near the Booths door, on the easterly side of the street, and Mr. Sorowould, the vintner's premises, were at the western end, and are believed to have been the picturesque pile of buildings long known as "Sandiford's," that stood at the top end of Victoria-street until taken down in 1875 to make room for the present Victoria Buildings. The fishmongers were thus apparently the first traders established here. They were followed in course of time by "floraigne butchers," poulterers, greengrocers, &c., who so increased in numbers that as early as 1660 the jury complained that "the Markett att the Conduit (the market sted end of Smithy Door) is soe filled with the stalls of floraigne butchers (those who came from beyond the town) and otherwise to the greate Annoyance of the neighbourhood and hinderance |

and stoppage of the highway upon market days; As also they doe finde the place in the Smithy Doore att the Shambles end, where turneps, carretts, & cabetches are sould, is soe thronged that it both stopps the highway and annoyes the Markett." In later days Smithy Door became still more crowded, and in 1767 notice was given that on Saturday the 28th November the following regulations should take effect:—

The (old) Exchange, and the south and east avenues to it, to be cleared from butchers' standings and all other standings, the butchers' standings to be faced against the other parts of the Exchange, and in two lines on the sides of the Market Place, to near the end of Old Millgate. The bread bakers' stands to be in the place near the Cross where the wheat market was held. Potatoes, turnips, carrots, and other roots sold wholesale to be exposed for sale in the New Potato Market, and no other place. Fruit and roots of all kinds sold by hucksters in the apple market and no other place; shoes and stockings, and hardware in the lower part of the Withingware (Withy Grove), where the potato market has heretofore been held. The gardeners' stands to be placed in the upper end of Smithy Door, and fish in the Market Place near the Cross.

Some idea of what the state of this thoroughfare was in the early part of the present century will be gathered from the following description by Butterworth, written in 1822:—

This place, viz., Smithy Door, is the Saturday's market for the sale of poultry, butter, eggs, and all sorts of domestic live animals, with nosebags and other vegetable curiosities, and is so uncommonly crowded with the rustic sellers and the elegantly dressed female purchasers, that it is with considerable difficulty you make ingress into this congregated and almost compact body of higglers and bedizened marketeers: to make progress through them at a regular rate is utterly impossible. You have to clamber over baskets crowded with poultry and the produce of the hen roost. At other times jammed in by the stalls of various small wares, which are also here extensively offered for sale. Thence escaping by some small pass, which you have been for minutes impatiently waiting to discover, you get crowded again, all of a sudden, amongst the sellers of flowers, plants, evergreens, &c.; then anon you are pushed in amongst those clownish dealers in dogs, cats, and conies, 'till you immerse at last, after a hundred passings on, suspensions, retrogradations, squeezings, and almost suffocations, to breathe again in the pure air that wafts on the delightful sombre dwellings that grace the bottom of Deansgate.

Expatiate, noose, on this delightful dell,
And breathe these breezes of ambrosial smell;
Where pigs, and dogs, and ducks promiscuous lie,
A fragrant incense must ascend on high,
And pleasing must that scene be to the eye.
More pleasing sure to see one sex the other face,
So closely throng'd as to compel embrace,
Enchanting quite to see the youthful fair
Inhaling pleasing odours from grey hair;
Pastora's cheek to Cymon's lip—oh, hush,
The vermil'd cheek of modesty is flush.

When the present Victoria-street was formed about half a century ago, the market was allowed to remain, occupying a triangular plot of land on the westerly side, which was ultimately covered in, and so it continued until some fifteen or twenty years ago, when the land was sold to a company, which began the erection of the stately pile now known as the Victoria Buildings, that the Corporation had to complete, and the covered arcade of which it is now intended to appropriate to the use of the stallholders about to be ejected from the Market Place.

ket Place.

Smithy Door, as we have seen, was one of the oldest streets in the town; it was also one of the most picturesque, albeit one of the most tortuous and dangerous thoroughfares; the roadway in places being so narrow as to be perilous to the safety of the wayfarer. Many historical associations gather round it, and here many of the most influential inhabitants had their dwelling places; the houses on each side formed an irregular line of black and white buildings, constructed of wood and plaster, wrought in divers patterns, with overhanging roofs and gables, and grotesquely-carved hip-knobs, cornices, and pendants. These houses had their accompaniment of garden and orchard, and in some instances of meadow, for we read of "a close of land called the nearer Smithyfield." At the lower end, forming the angle with Deansgate—the site of the entrance to the present Victoria Hotel—and where a steep incline, known as Smithy Bank, led down to the Old Bridge, was a gloomy-looking pile that, as tradition affirms, was the residence in the early part of the sixteenth century of that "renowned disciple of Esculapius, Dr. Simeon Ford;" and in a later day, of that "resolved Papist," but tolerant and kindly-hearted ecclesiastic, "Master George Collyer," warden of the Collegiate Church, who was deprived of his office for refusing to acknowledge the Royal supremacy in the days of Edward the Sixth, but restored in those of Queen Mary, when he had to take up his abode here by reason that the College, his official residence, had been confiscated to the Crown, and was then possessed by the Earl of Derby—the same earl who boasted that his religion was the religion of good luck. At the top of Smithy Bank, and opposite the entrance to Smithy Door, were

two or three black and white gabled structures, one of which we remember in our young days was occupied by the Fords, then well-known braziers and tinplate workers, and overtopping them in rear was the stately tower of the "old church." At the upper end, where there was a narrow outlet to the Market Place by the Conduit, was the interesting timber building already referred to, and which Mr. Fitton has so faithfully portrayed from a sketch taken more than seventy years ago. It must have existed for three centuries or more, and in its last days, though it exhibited some incongruities, and showed that the hand of the improver had been mischievously busy, retained a jaunty air, and apparently tried to make the most of appearances. Its architectural characteristics showed that it had originally been a residence of considerable importance; the principal feature was a curious central tower, with a hipped roof that rose from between the two front gables, and this was apparently an addition to the original structure; it contained a small room, from the window of which a kind of bird's-eye view could be obtained of Manchester and its immediate surroundings, with Strangeways Park and the high grounds of Stony Knolls and Higher Broughton in a northerly direction. "I have a particular affection yet for the large old window near the top

of the most picturesque old house in Manchester—that at the higher end of Old Smithy Door,” wrote Joseph Perrin in his story, “The Green Mantle.”

Little is known of the early history of this quaint old house; the late Mr. Procter, basing his opinion on the fact that a certain “John Syddall, gentleman,” was living in Smithy Door in 1773, thought it might have been the residence of the Syddalls, of Slade Hall, in Rusholme; the “gentleman” named was the head of the family of Slade, but there is no conclusive evidence of his being the owner of this particular house. Tom Syddall, the barber—or perquier, as a wig maker was then called—whose father had been hanged and his head spiked in the Market Place for his share in the riot of 1715, and who himself experienced the same fate for his adherence to the young cavalier thirty years later, resided in Smithy Door, as did also his son, also named Thomas, who carried on the business of a grocer and dry-salter, and who died in 1779 at the age of 48. It was while Tom Syddall’s head adorned the old

Coffee House, a well-known tavern, of which mention was made in our last paper. “Mary Willmot, liquor merchant and vintner, 4, Smithy Door,” appears in the Directory for 1808, but shortly after she was succeeded in the business by James Sandiford, and the house was long known as “Sandiford’s” vaults; the next transformation being to “Deakin’s Entire,” and as such it remained until its demolition; though Mr. Deakin occupied only a portion of the premises, the remainder being in the tenancy of Mr. Naylor, who did a large trade as a wholesale egg and butter merchant and dealer in dried fish. The property was owned in 1842 by Mr. Gillum, a medical practitioner at Bath, and at his death, in 1860, it passed to his son, the Rev. Sidney George Gillum, rector of Millbrook, Ampthill, Bedfordshire. With the destruction of this stately old residence may be said to have passed away the most interesting relic of ancient domestic architecture in Manchester.

In the further corner of Smithy Door, close by “Willmott’s,” an entry—Cotton Court—led by the Feathers yard into Deansgate, and at the entrance was for many years the book, print, and general curiosity shop of Jacob Williamson. “Old Jacob,” as he was familiarly called, was a character in his way; dowered in the most fantastic attire, and sitting in the doorway of his sanctum, with his portfolios spread around, and the choicest of his miscellaneous treasures displayed upon his stall, he used to make the market echo again with his boisterous sallies and mirth-provoking remarks on the people about him, each playful hit being prefaced by a loud “Hey, hoy, theeer.” The old man was quite an institution, and his stall the favourite resort of local bibliophiles, the ponderous Johnsonian figure of the late James Crossley being frequently seen among them. But time brings about changes; old Jacob has long been numbered with the things of the past, well nigh forty years having rolled by since he went over to the majority.



VINTNER'S ARMS.

Town Hall that a Whig mob made a savage attack upon his house, and broke the windows, because his unfortunate widow, who was then weeping with her four orphans for the loss of their father, had neglected to illuminate her house for the victory at Oulloden; but the probabilities are that the hapless peruke maker had contented himself with a less pretentious tenement. Certain it is the house was long known as the Vintners’ Arms, and certain entries in the Court Leet rolls point to the conclusion that it was at one time the property of the Sorocolds, who, as previously stated, carried on an extensive business as vintners in the town. In 1788 a part of the premises was occupied by Messrs. Gould, Saunders, and Co., who carried on the business of Easton manufacturers and importers of Irish linen; nine years later the firm had changed to Saunders, Arrowsmith, and Co.; and in 1804 a portion had been transformed into a vault, and was then in the possession of the Willmotts, who appear to have previously owned the George and Dragon, at the bottom of Bridge-street, and had long carried on the liquor trade; one of the name having at one time been the proprietor of “Rushton’s”



SMITHY DOOR, 1838.

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SKETCHES BY OUR OWN ARTIST.

IV.

The entrance to Smithy Door from the Exchange end of the Market Place was by a narrow zig-zag kind of passage between the projecting angles of two opposing buildings, with barely sufficient space intervening for one vehicle to pass at a time. The building projecting on the right, which thus imperilled the safety of the king's lieges, was the Unicorn, kept about sixty or seventy years ago by Mr. Joseph Challender, who, when it was pulled down in

1838, migrated to the Blackfriars Hotel. It was an old, rambling, in and out sort of a place, with all kinds of queer nooks and corners, and here for many years assembled the members of that ancient convivial institution—John Shaw's Club—an institution that flourishes in this present year of grace, its quarters being now at the Queen's. John Shaw, whose name the club adopted, had in earlier years been a trooper in a dragoon regiment, and during his campaigning appears to have learned the art of brewing punch, then a favourite beverage. On quitting the army he acted for a time as sheriff's officer, but, disliking the calling, he settled down as the proprietor of a tavern near the Smithy Door end of the Old Shambles, in close proximity to the present "Sinclair's." "Shaw's Punch House" soon acquired a reputation, and as John himself was a true "Church and King" man, his house was mostly frequented by those holding the same political principles. Eventually, the genial spirits who assembled here to discuss punch and politics formed themselves into a convivial club—the first of the kind established in Manchester, and which resembled in some respects the mock corporation of Walton-le-Dale, a political purpose being, as it would seem, at the outset, concealed under an appearance of conviviality and good-fellowship. As at first constituted the club had a president and vice-president; to these were successively added a poet-laureate, chaplain, doctor, and recorder, and in still later times a solicitor and attorney-general. The first president of whom we have any record was James Massey, who died in 1796 at the age of 82; a member of the family of that name, of Rostherne, and who was many years president of the Infirmary, in which institution a portrait of him, the gift of Mr. Tate in 1794, is still preserved. "Doctor" John Byrom was presumably the first laureate; his wit, his fascinating manners, and genial disposition, to say nothing of his strong though guarded Jacobite proclivities, would make him always welcome, and it is worthy of note that the only known portrait of Byrom as he appeared in the closing years of his life is from a sketch made by Dornier Rasbotham after spending an evening at Shaw's. John Shaw seems to have carried his soldierly habits into civil life; he was a stern disciplinarian, and the rules he laid down for the government of his house were rigidly enforced. He required every

cracking of a whip, and if any one remained Molly Owen, John's factotum, would bring in her mop and a pail of water, and with the contents of the latter expedite the movements of the loiterer. The club grew and prospered, and after John's death, in 1796, when he had reigned over the establishment for well nigh sixty years, the house was continued by Peter

Fearnhead—a son, presumably, of an innkeeper of the same name who kept the Three Boars' Heads, in the Market Place, with the assistance of John's old servant "Molly," the same regulations in regard to the club being observed; but about a dozen years later the house was sold; the new proprietor pulled down a portion of the building, and in 1809 converted the remainder into the King's Head tavern, a house that in our younger days was kept by Thomas Wheeler,

the club moving higher up the street to the Unicorn, then kept by Mrs. Fisher, an old rambling place, as we have said, but withal at that time famed for the excellence of its beef-steaks and the delicacy of its oyster sauce. Subsequently the Club removed to the Dog and Partridge at the bottom of Market-street, then kept by Mr. Prescott, and afterwards by Mr. James Glover, where the members continued to meet until 1829, when they migrated to the comfortable parlour of the Thatched House, then in

reality a "thatched" house—the predecessor of the present hostelry of that name, but a house of note in the days of the Georges when it was the favourite resort of the more opulent tradesmen of the town. About this time "John Shaw's" absorbed the Sociable Club, a kindred institution, and removed to more pretentious quarters at the York Hotel in King street, but the stay here was brief, and in the following year the members met at the King's Arms, at the bottom of King-street. Finding their quarters, however, unsatisfactory they returned to their old haunt, the Unicorn in Smithy Door, then kept by Mr. Joseph Challender, where they continued to hold their nocturnal symposia until July, 1838 when the house having to come down for the widening of the street, Mr. Challender moved to the Blackfriars Hotel and "John Shaw's" moved with him. Here the club remained for a period of 14 years, when another "sitting" took place, the first meeting in the year 1852 being held at the Spread Eagle, in Withy Grove; eight years later the member found shelter under the hospitable roof of Miss Yates, at the Star Hotel, in Deansgate; while here the numbers were strengthened by the inclusion of the greater portion of the members of the Rosierucian Society—the Scriptorius of the Rosierucians becoming the Recorder of John Shaw's, an office he continued to hold for fully a quarter of a century. In 1867 the club found another home, under the

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In 1867 the club found another home under the appropriate shadow of the Mitre, in the Cathedral Yard, and a few years ago it moved once more this time to the Queen's, where it flourishes fresh and green in this year of grace 1892. Last year the club had the misfortune to lose its president the late Colonel Sir Thomas Sowler; Mr. J. H. Stafford, the general manager of the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway, was elected his successor and under Mr. Stafford's presidency the member still meet, drink old wine, toast the old toast of "Church and Queen, and down with the Rump," and "fight their battle o'er again." The club has an endowment bequeathed by a former president, the late Mr. Edmund Buckley formerly M.P. for Newcastle-under-Lyme, who died in 1868, and it has also some "properties," the most cherished possession being the puncheon bowl that belonged originally to John Shaw, barrel-shaped vessel of white china, mounted on a mahogany stillage, the punch being poured in at the bung hole, and drawn off in the ordinary way by a tap inserted at the end. There are also contemporary portraits in oil of John Shaw, holding a bowl of punch in his hand, and of his maid, "Molly" which were painted at the expense of the club in addition to these are portraits of Thomas Gaskell, a president of the club for sixty years who died in 1833, and another by Wilkins of Captain Hindley, presented to the members in 1853 by Mr. C. Wood; a cleverly executed pencil drawing of John Shaw, copied from the larger picture, the work of Mr. Edward Chesshyre who for forty years held successively the offices of laureate and recorder; and there is an engraved portrait of the late Mr. Buckley.

He was born at Chester August 16, 1793, and died December 16, 1882.

Lower down Smithy Door, on the same side as the Unicorn and the Shambles, and very near to where now stands the shop of Messrs. Hime and Addison, was an ancient half-timbered structure, which there is some reason to believe had been one of the buildings that in the time of Henry VIII. served the purpose of a sanctuary house. When three centuries and a half ago the "Defender of the Faith" dissolved the religious houses and appropriated their possessions, a revision of the system of sanctuary became necessary, and an Act of Parliament was passed limiting the privilege which fugitive malefactors and political offenders were previously entitled to claim. In 1540 Manchester was made a place of asylum or sanctuary, as the Act designated it, "a place of privilege and tuition for term of life to all offenders and malefactors, of whatsoever quality, kind, or nature their offences might be, for the which said offences and crimes the peines and punishment of death should ensue by the statute laws and customes of the realme," other than murder, rape, burglary,



highway robbery, or wilfully burning any houses or farms; though not more than 20 persons were to be sheltered in a sanctuary at one time. Several of these sanctuary houses existed at Manchester for the reception of offenders against the civil law, each having, as is supposed, its chapel and an altar attached to it; one of these is said to have been located in the Old Millgate; another was at Hyde's Cross, nearly opposite the site of the Old Boar's Head, and it is conjectured by some that the building in Smithy Door was another, though there is no positive evidence of the fact. But when it was taken down to widen the thoroughfare for the present Victoria-street there was found within it a recessed oriel, apparently intended to receive an altar, and in which was found the fragmentary remains of a statue of the Virgin carved in wood. The good people of Manchester of those days did not appreciate the privileges conferred upon their town; they considered the presence of these fugitives from justice a nuisance, and complained that evil-disposed persons availing themselves of the "Sanctuary Act" had taken up their abode in the town and "lyved in idleness," and had not only given occasion "to honest and true labourers and servantes" to live in idleness, but had also "allured and enticed diverse sarvautes and labourers to practise and use unlawfull games," and had "comytted and done divers thefts, and felonies, as in felonious breaking of walkmylls (i.e., bleachworks) and in staylyng clothes thyder brought to be filled (whitened or scoured), and also in staylyng of yarne layed out to be whyted, and in staylyng and cutting down great pieces of clothes from the tayntons by night as by day;" whereupon an Act was passed transferring the privilege to Chester.

Nearly opposite to this supposed sanctuary there was another quaint old structure—



Chapter Four - Old Manchester

one of the last surviving bits of Old Manchester, for it outlived Smithy Door and for years stood fronting to Victoria-street, but eventually it had to succumb to the requirements of the age, the site being required for the Victoria Hotel. It was a good example of black and white timber-work, and had evidently been a house of some consequence in its early days. In later years it was divided into two dwellings, with shops, one being occupied by Messrs. Kemp, the butchers, and the other being known as Robinson's Bullion and Exchange Office; Mr. John Robinson, who subsequently took into partnership Mr. W. Newbold Coryton, having added to his business of a tea merchant that of a bullion dealer, and so was founded the banking business of the firm now carried on in Deansgate.

Smithy Door may be said to have rivalled the Market Place as a literary centre. Here, in January, 1719, the first Manchester newspaper, the "Weekly Journal" was published by Roger Adams, who afterwards removed to Chester, and there published the "Courant," which still flourishes; and here, too, his son, Orion Adams, in 1750, published the "Humourist." In Smithy Door were located three generations of the Whitworths—Zachary, a bookseller, who died in 1697; John, who died in 1727; and Robert, who removed to the Market Place; and within a

stone's throw of the Smithy Door, in a house at the end of Deansgate, near the Smithy Bank, was born, July 2, 1789, one who in after life attained to considerable eminence in his native town, Thomas Sowler, the founder of the journal that for nearly seventy years has been the leading organ of the Conservative Party in the North of England, the Manchester "Courier," and the grandfather of the present proprietor of that journal.

We conclude these desultory notices of the Old Market Place and Smithy Door with a song written by Thomas Wilson, one of a family of song writers of some local fame in the early part of the present century; it is descriptive of the "Humours of Smithy Door Market," and portrays the scenes and the motley assemblages then witnessed on a market day:—

Good laws! what a medley of groups
On Saturday haunts Smithy Door!
What squalling, and howling, and shouting,
What wise, simple, gentle, and poor!
And is it not truly and funny,
The devil a thing you can name,
But here you may have it for money,
Provisions, apparel—the same.

The merchants, all aiming at brass,
Give out what they have for to sell;
And people invite as they pass,
On terms for "a bargain" some tell.
'Twould puzzle a counsellor's pate,
A parson's or judge's wise nob,
The various things for to state;
'Twould be such a difficult job.

There's *Moses*, with pictures he stands,
And jewels presents to your view,
Fine tooth-pickers, glasses, and fans;
But always take care of a Jew;
There's pin-cushions, needles, and pins;
Of patchworkers, laws! what a tribe!
Brushes, brooms, baskets, and tins,
Cow-heels and sheep-trotters beside.

There's *Eccles*-cake merchants a many;
Here's "hot pies" and "good Cheshire cheese;"
There's "matches, eight bunches a penny;"*

Here's "hot pies" and "good Cheshire cheese;"
There's "matches, eight bunches a penny;"*

And snuff, to make old women sneeze,
There's bacon, and butter, and eggs,
And pills that will give you relief;
Then, just turning round on your legs,
There's plenty of mutton and beef.

There's plenty of ale to be sold,
The toper does very well know;
And if that the weather proves cold,
There's gin, rum, and brandy also.
The sharper is on the alert;
'D have you take care of your cash,
Or out of your pockets he'll jerk (jerk)
The revite; then off in a flash.

There's potatoes, salad, and greens;
Big turnips, red cabbage, and peas;
There's onions, and parsnips, and beans,
And "posies" as gay as you please.
Abundance of fruit you will find;
Turkeys, ducks, pigeons, and geese;
Numerous birds of each kind,
And guinea-pigs, shillings a-piece.

There's an animal painter resides,
Who will picture your dog or your cat,
Figs, horses, or each thing besides,
From an elephant down to a rat.
Silk winders and reelers are flocking
To purchase their stock of beau traps,
Shoe-ribbon and dashing white stockings,
Brass brooches and ninepenny caps.

Next *Catchpenny* opens his gates;
Some wonderful horrors in book,
Or murder so dreadful relates,
And tells it with pitiful look.
Your ears are then stunn'd with the noise
Of crockery ware at each step;
"Omy prices," this fellow cries;
That—"Ladies, aw'll sell um yo' che'p."

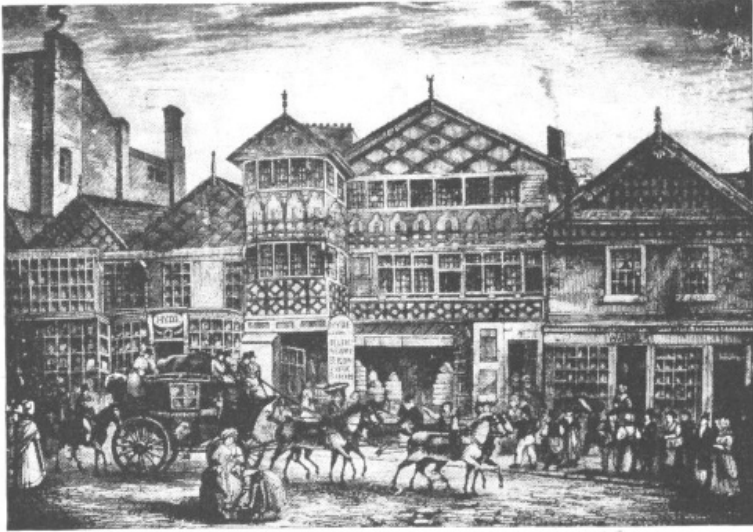
"Two'a penny, paste blacking-balls," there;
And cotton-balls, black, red, and blues;
You may rig yourself out, if you're bare,
With coats, waistcoats, hats, stockings, and shoes.
You'll see the grave Sheffielder there,
With razors, rings, scissors, and knives;
Combs for the fine ladies' hair;
And currant loaf cut into shives.

So now, in conclusion, good folks,
I'll give you my wishes for health;
May everyone relish their jokes,
And trade give you plenty of wealth.
May Smithy Door Market prevail;
Your pockets be well lined with cash;
Fill all your bumpers with ale;
And banish all sorrow with waah.

* This was before the days of lucifer matches.



Chapter Four - Old Manchester



MANCHESTER AS IT WAS IN COACHING DAYS: AN OLD
PRINT OF HYDE'S GROCERY SHOP, IN MARKET STREET.



A RELIC OF ELIZABETHAN MANCHESTER: THE
- OLD WELLINGTON INN, IN THE MARKET PLACE.

**LIGNUM'S PILLS.**

Price only 2s. 9d. the box. (each box contains sixteen doses)

FOR the infallible cure of all degrees of a certain disorder: prepared by Mr. Lignum, Surgeon, at his Dispensary, No. 57, Bridge-street, Manchester. One small pill is a dose, and the taking of one box, in a recent case, will convince the patient of his speedy recovery. Nothing can be better contrived, more safe and convenient than this remedy, in totally eradicating every symptom of this destructive malady, by sea or land, as it needs no confinement, restraint of diet, or hindrance of business.

A trial of this noble medicine will soon sound its due praise. With each box is given a copious direction, and a concise description of the disease, from which the purchasers will be enabled to judge properly of their own cases, and to treat them as may be requisite, without further medical assistance, and with the utmost secrecy and safety.

These Pills may be had wholesale and retail, at Mr. Lignum's, No. 57, Bridge-Street, Manchester, and by appointment are sold, at 2s. 9d. the box, by W. Minshall, Printer of this Paper, Walsley, and Carruthers, Lancaster; Branthwaite, Kendal; Walker, and Croft, Preston; Soulby, Ulverston; Greenlees, Rochdale; Soulby, Penrith; Gardner, Bolton; Nicholson, Bradford; Gilbertson, Burnley; Parker, Blackburn; Foster, Kirkby Lonsdale; and by one or more principal medicine vender in every market town throughout the kingdom.

For CORK, and KINGSTON, JAMAICA.

THE SHIP
ROBERT,
(A Constant Trader)
JONATHAN DERBYSHIRE,
Master.

Burthen, per register, 315 tons, copper bolted and sheathed; carries 10 nine-pound carriage guns; is intended to sail from Liverpool on or before the 21st September, and from Cork with the first convoy after that time.

* * For freight or passage apply to the said Master, or SAMUEL NEWTON, of Liverpool; or, in Lancaster, to

ROBERT INMAN.

MANCHESTER COCKING.

The *Long Mail*, of Cocks fought between the Gentlemen of Lancashire, (Gilliver, feeder) and the Gentlemen of Yorkshire, (Smethels, feeder) the fighting was as follows, viz.

	GILLIVER.	SMETHEL.
	M. S.	M. S.
Monday,	8 2	1 0
Tuesday,	6 2	3 8
Wednesday,	6 2	4 2
Thursday,	7 1	3 2
	27 7	11 6



WILLIAM TEMPLE; if any man is sot enough to think that that *waste of labour* can be a benefit to a country, why then he will think on, that to employ spangle-makers, embroiderers, feather-makers, sandal-makers, ice-makers, and even songsters and fiddlers, is adding to the country's wealth, and is, therefore, good. But when we reflect on the miserable condition of the people of Manchester and its neighbourhood, who are themselves the makers of clothes which they do not wear; when we read in Dr. KAY's description of them, that, as is shown by documents not disputed, Manchester and its environs contains a population of 230,000 persons, and that "*more than one-half*" of its inhabitants are either so destitute or so "degraded, as to require the assistance of public charity, "in bringing their offspring into the world;" when we read in Mr. GREGG's pamphlet, that these people work so hard that their labour surpasses that which was formerly imposed on witches as torture; when we read in Mr. FIELDEN's pamphlet ("*The Curse of the Factory System*"), that a little child at twelve hours work, walks not less than twenty miles while performing her day's labour, and that this has naturally produced amongst them sickness, distortion, and premature death; when we find it stated to Committees of the House of Commons, that an immense body of workmen, the hand-loom weavers, being, with their families, about two millions in number, cannot earn more in their principal seat (Bolton) than the sum of two-pence three farthings per day for each person, and that they have scarcely any furniture in their hovels, and, according to one witness, (a manufacturer), that they are so ill-clothed, that he *could not remember* when one of his work-people had bought a new jacket; when we see these things stated, we say that something is wanted to give to labour its due reward; namely, sufficient wages to procure food and raiment, and protection against masters who work their people daily more than witches were formerly tortured occasionally. But, in this display of luxury, we see no gleam even of good; the people want common justice; this thing pretends only to *charity*! The people want their sufferings seriously thought of, constantly watched, and cured at no matter what cost; but can any one of them who is not himself a profligate, see without indignation that charity is doled out to him by men who, in doing it, are so thoughtless as to assume the garb of the murderer HENRY, the monster RICHARD, and the arch libertine DON JUAN? No, no! this must only insult them; and while we see in it great encouragement to waste and to manners of a most catching but destructive kind, it looks to us like the shadow of coming impotence, and it strongly reminds us that that same Italy which has been ransacked for singers on this occasion, was once the most powerful nation in the world; that she conquered it and long withstood it; but that she fell, at last, owing her downfall and her present dejected state to nothing so much as to the potent hand of the gaudy harlot, LUXURY.

In 1836 over half
Manchester's residents
were destitute.

[No. 2.]

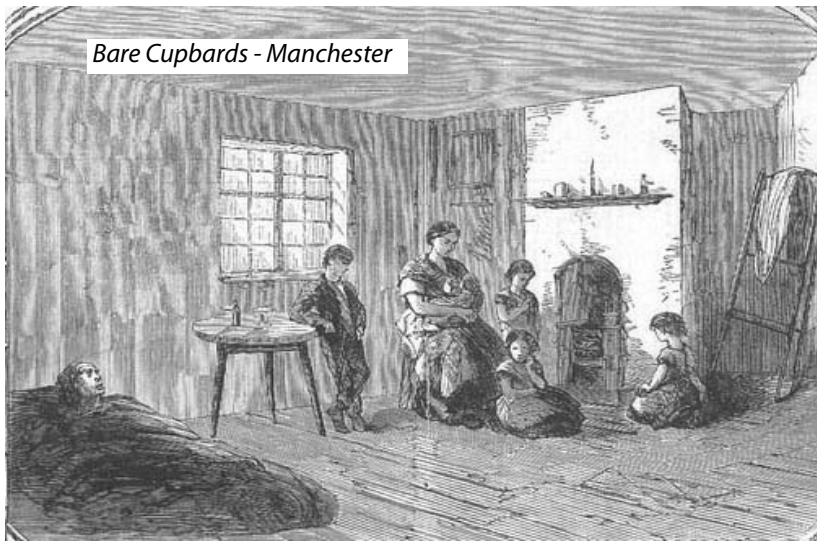
LONDON, SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1836.

EXTRAORDINARY AND ROMANTIC CASE. [PRICE 4d.]



Victorian Court - Long Street

Chapter Four - Old Manchester



Chapter Four - Police News



DISGRACEFUL PROCEEDINGS IN MANCHESTER—MEN DRESSED IN FEMALE ATTIRE

Disgraceful Proceedings in Manchester—Men Dressed in female Attire

About one o'clock on Saturday morning a raid was made by the Manchester city Police at a fancy dress ball which was being held at the Temperance Hall, Hulme-place, York-street, Cheater-road, Hulme. The police had received information that the proceedings were to be of an immoral character, and, finding the suspicion justified, they arrested the entire company which had assembled, numbering forty-seven persons, all of whom were men. Hulme-place is a cul de sac entered from York-street. Its internal dimensions are twelve yards long and ten yards wide, and it will seat about 120 people.

The hall was engaged for the ball a few days ago, and the secretary was



informed that it was to be held under the auspices of the Pawnbrokers Assistant Association. Information had been sent to Mr. C. Wood acting chief constable of the city, and by his direction Detective Sergeant Carminada had commenced inquiries relative to the proceedings. He learned that the Association of Pawnbrokers' Assistants knew nothing of such a ball, and that the room had been hired under a false pretence. Caminada was deputed to keep a sharp watch on the building that night. About nine o'clock cabs began to arrive at the hall, the occupants being young men, who in most instances brought either portmanteaus or tin boxes with them. A considerable number were in female attire, the characters of historical and other personages being assumed. The apparel of the persons who appeared as women was of an elaborate description,

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and among the costumes were several low-bodied dresses, 'Juliet' being conspicuous among the grotesque assumptions. Bracelets and jewellery of a tawdry description were worn, and the common glittering adjuncts in such dresses were to be seen.

Among the personages represented by persons in male attire were Henry VIII, Richard III, Sir Walter Raleigh, Romeo, and naval officers. In all forty-seven persons entered the building and of these twenty-two were dressed as women. Dancing commenced about ten o'clock, the orchestra consisting of a harmonium, at which a blind man named Mark Letcber, of Manchester presided.

All but two of the windows had been screened, so that no one outside the hall could see what was going on; but the two which had been left open for ventilation enabled the police to see all that transpired in the ball-room. Detective Camivada ascended the roof of an adjacent building, from which he could obtain a view of the proceedings in the hall, and remained there for a considerable time, concealing himself from observation behind a chimney stack. The company engaged chiefly in grotesque dances such as are familiar at low class music-halls.

Shortly before one o'clock on the morning, Caminada having satisfied himself of the impropriety of the proceedings made arrangements for a raid upon the company. Two police-officers in plain clothes, Webster and Standon, had also made observations from the roof of the adjoining building and had come to a similar conclusion. While they were engaged in the watch the plans of the police were nearly frustrated. In their anxiety to conceal themselves behind the chimney stack, they shook down a quantity of mortar, which fell into the outhouse connected with the hall. One of the dancers immediately ascended the roof where the officers were hiding, but as he neglected to look behind the chimney stack, he did not discover the police. More than a dozen constables were called to the spot by signal when all was ready, and they were drawn up in file alongside the building without their movements being heard. Caminada then knocked gently at the door, but received no answer.

He knocked again at the door, but received no answer. He knocked in all seven times, and then some person inside said "Who's there?"

The officer had learned that the password adopted among the company was "Sister" and, imitating a female voice, he gave the word. The door was at once opened and the police rushed into the building. Several of the dancers attacked the police with the object of forcibly ejecting them, and Caminada was hurled back into the doorway. Quickly recovering himself, he seized two men who were nearest to him, and in a few moments every person present was in custody. Some of them succeeded in throwing off portions of the female dresses which they had assumed, and others were in the act of doing so when they were seized. One man who was in the ante-room when the police entered the building threw up a window

overlooking Hulme-place and was about to jump into the street, when he saw Police-sergeant Brown prepared to receive him. The police were assisted by a number of working men whom Caminada had called upon, and after being handcuffed the prisoners were taken in batches to the Park-place and Knot Mill Police stations, and subsequently to the Town Hall, where they were lodged in the cells connected with the detective department. Several cab-loads of apparel were brought away and lodged at the Town-Hall.

A similar ball was held a short time ago in a building near Waterloo-road Manchester. The police watched the proceedings on that occasion, but no action was taken, though sufficient was seen to justify the suspicions which had been entertained. The company included several of the persons who have now been apprehended. The prisoners did not all belong to Manchester, but form a sort of private society, and hold balls regularly in different parts of the country which they visit at certain times. At the Police-court the same morning the prisoners were brought up before the magistrates. They were conveyed to the police-court in cabs and filled the dock and the seats in front of the bench usually occupied by the members of the legal profession. The approaches to the court were besieged by people anxious to obtain admission, but the police only admitted a small number. In court the scene was a remarkable one, all the prisoners appearing in the attire in which they were arrested. Detective Sergeant Caminada described the arrest and the manner in which the defendants were secured by the handcuffs in order to restrain them from violence. On applying for a remand, the chairman said: What is the particular offence they are charged with? - Detective Caminada : There was a sort of dance to very quik time, which my experience has taught me is called the "can-can." Then men in female attire took a prominent part in the dance. The officer then went on to describe what he saw take place, mentioning that the men dressed as women were so well disguised that at first he failed to recognise them. There was not a single woman there, and the proceedings were too coarse to describe. He made that observation because, in society, there existed a class of men, almost unknown to many gentlemen, who prowl about the streets almost to the same extent as unfortunate women, and some of the prisoners belong to that class, as he could prove.

The Chairman: That may be, but I think we had better confine ourselves now to what you saw at the time. These persons will be put upon their trial, and whatever maybe their reputation with the police, it would prejudice them to say anything about them which does not directly relate to the occasion in question. Addressing the prisoners, the chairman said: We have heard the charge that the officer has preferred against you, and we shall remand you. We are prepared to take bail for each of you in two sureties of £10 each for your apperance here on Thursday next. We are

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very glad to learn that great majority of you are strangers to Manchester. One of the men, name Bingham, said: "I do not see why I should be charged at all. I was asked if I would come to a fancy dress ball. I replied, Well I don't know I'll see, I went late, and as regards what the officer said about misconduct, I did not see much of it. I was in the room sitting down. I never danced once." The Chairman: "That may be, but you were in the society of the others evidently, and, if we are to believe the officer, very disgusting practices were being carried on. You were there, and being there, you are liable." Another of the defendant said there were ten of them from Sheffield. The Chairman: You will have to write to your friends. The police will have to be satisfied as to the sureties.

The prisoners were then remanded to Thursday. They left the court as quickly as possible and several of them raised their garments to conceal their faces from the gaze of the spectators in the gallery.

The Prisoners before the Magistrates.

The forty-seven prisoners were brought up in the afternoon, at the City Police-court, before Mr C H Rickards and other magistrate. The following are the names, occupation, and addresses of the prisoners, as supplied to the police by themselves: George Bronghton, schoolmaster, Stalybridge: John Cartwright, drafter, Stalybridge: A.H. Gorton, Salford: Thomas Pitt, drafter, Ashton-under Lyne: E. Picking, bookbinder, Hulme: H Parry, painter Hulme: Arthur Lomas, teacher of dancing, Allen-street, Sheffield: Thomas Whiteman grocer, Oldham: Earnest Parkinson, vocalist, Bury: Charles Alles, Stockport: John Holliday, Hulme: Frank Smith, dancer, Manchester: Frederick Montessor, Manchester: John Price, hawker, Hulme: James Warburton, waiter, Salford: Richard Kirby, clerk Oldham: James Mellor, carter, Leeds: Charles Speed, silver finisher, 75, Monmouth-street, Sheffield: James Lythgoe, clerk, Salford: William Renule mechanic Oldham: Edward Powell, gilder, 50, Woodhead-road, Sheffield: J.W Jackson piecer, Oldham: Robert Fox, travellers assistant, Hulme: William Oates, porter 2 Spital-hill, Sheffield: James Dickinson, barman, Hulme: Nathaniel Saxton, barman, back of 23 Grove-street, Sheffield: Thomas Whitworth, silversmith, 8, Rodney lane, Sheffield: Ainsworth Earoshaw, stone-mason, Salford: Edward Whitehead, bottler, Manchester: A. Ogden, baker, Hulme: George Burton, fustian cutter, Manchester: J.H Coore shopman, Manchester: William Sothern, chemist, Manchester: Alfred Buckmaster, clerk, Cheetham-hill: W Johnson, salesman. Manchester: George Bingham, metal dresser, 43, Pennistone-road, Sheffield: Thomas Monaghan, billposter, Hulme: William Ingham, outler, Eccles: F Richardson, confectioner, 3 Dronfield-road Sheffield: Isaac Haslam, shopkeeper, 53 South-street, Park, Sheffield: John Leonard Crook, publican, Weast: William Frudd, carriage trimmer, 62 Johnson-street, Wicker, Sheffield: Arthur Shawcross, mechanic, West Gorton: A Shufflebottom, hawker Salford: R. Walker, barman, Hulme: George Nicholson shop-keeper, Salford: Charles Townley, dyer Manchester.

The prisoners were conveyed from the police cells at the town Hall to the Court in Minsbull-street in cabs. Eight of them were in female ball apparel, and several of their companions were attired as historic notabilities. As they filed into the dock, the solicitors' benches, and the place set apart for witnesses-all these places being required to present them to the view of the justices. The spectators could not suppress an outburst of laughter. The prisoners seemed to be considerably ashamed of their position, some of them screening their faces with their arms and hats as they entered and left the Court. Detective-sergeant Caminada related the circumstances of the apprehension, and stated that a number of the men were known to him as of bad character. He said he had been instructed to ask for a remand, as Mr Cobbett was engaged to prosecute them; and as he had only been instructed that morning he could not possibly go on with the case.

The prisoners were then remanded till Thursday last, bail being allowed in two sureties of £10 each. A solicitor afterwards appeared on behalf of one or two of the prisoners, and stated they were men of good position, and it would be very inconvenient to them to have to go to prison until Monday morning, and he was accordingly instructed to ask whether any arrangement could be made by which bail could be sworn before a magistrate that afternoon. There were a number of gentleman who had been very in-discreet, but several of his clients had been led into it without knowing what it was. Mr Rickards, the presiding magistrate, stated that after what he had heard stated in court that morning, he did not feel inclined to grant the prisoners any favour whatever, and he had no sympathy at all for them. They must go to prison. The prisoners were then removed.

On Thursday morning the prisoners were brought up on remand at the Manchester City Police-court.

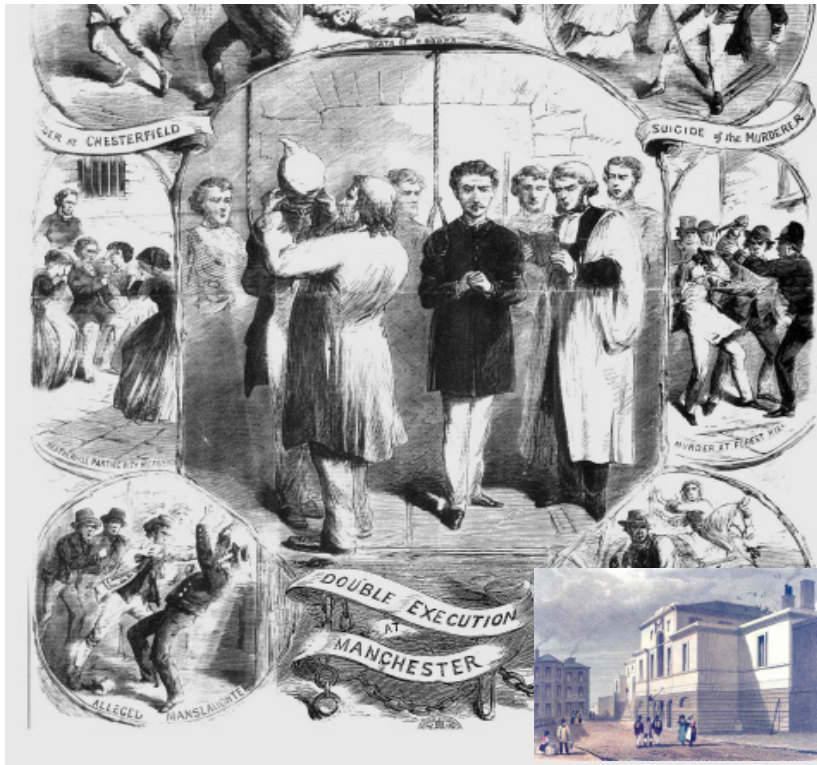
The court was crowded, and many hundreds of people were unable to obtain admission. The prisoners were in their ordinary dresses, and many of them appeared to feel deeply their position. Mr Cobbett prosecuted on behalf of the police. The prisoners were charged with meeting together for the purpose of inciting one another to commit abominable offences. Mr Cobbett, in opening the case, said that he proposed to charge the prisoners with an offence at common law; an offence which, according to the common law of the country, constitutes a misdemeanour. Their offence was one which was unnameable. The punishment of this offence was fixed - for the offence itself not more than ten years, penal servitude, and not less than three years for the misdemeanour of inciting persons to commit the offences. It would be in the recollection of the Bench that a surgeon of a public institution close to Manchester was prosecuted at the Liverpool Assizes for soliciting and inciting a person who was

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in the institution of which he was an officer, and he was sentenced by Mr Justice Mellor to four years' hard labour. The only question for the justice to consider, in his opinion, was whether or not there was a prima facie case made out. The learned counsel then proceeded to recite the circumstances of the case. On the conclusion of the case for the prosecution, counsel for the defendants urged that no case of such serious nature as to warrant commitment had been established. The justices, after consultation, decided to bind the dependants over in two sureties of £25 each, to be a good behaviour for twelve months, or in default to be imprisoned for three months.

Illustrated Police News October 9th 1880 - Men dressed in female attire





Double execution Manchester

Miles Wetherill, aged 24, weaver, and Timothy Faherty aged 30, weaver, were hanged on Saturday morning in front of New Bailey Prison, Manchester. Faherty, who murdered his sweetheart by beating her on the head with a poker, was from the time he was sentenced very contrite and resigned to his fate and was visited by the Rev. Father Gadd. The arrangements for the execution were similar to those adopted when the Fenians-Allen, Gould and Larkin-were executed in November last. Strong barriers were erected across New Bailey-street (which runs on the northern side of the prison) at intervals of 50 feet, for the purpose of avoiding accidents from overcrowding. The different streets abutting on the main streets were barricaded, while the space in front of the scaffold was also enclosed with strong barriers.

The gallows upon a platform overhanging the pavement 20 feet from the ground, was, as usual, draped with black cloth, and the fall was so contrived that only the heads and shoulders of the culprits could be seen by the multitude after the bolt was withdrawn....The bodies after hanging for an hour, were cut down and buried in quicklime.

Illustrated Police News April 11th 1868 - Double execution Manchester

Emmeline Pankhurst

Arising out of the scenes towards the close of the Liberal meeting held on Friday night in the Free-Trade Hall, Miss Christabel Pankhurst, of Manchester, and Miss Annie Kenny, the latter an Oldham lady, appeared as defendants at the Manchester Police Court, on Saturday, charged with assaulting the police and also causing an obstruction in South-street. The Pankhurst name was already known in Manchester before the militant campaign for Votes for Women, started in October 1905, made Emmeline, Christabel and Sylvia Pankhurst household names. Suffragettes were quite happy to go to prison. Here they refused to eat and went on a hunger strike. The work done by women in the First World War was to be vital for Britain's war effort. In 1918, the Representation of the People Act was passed by Parliament. Which gave women the vote.

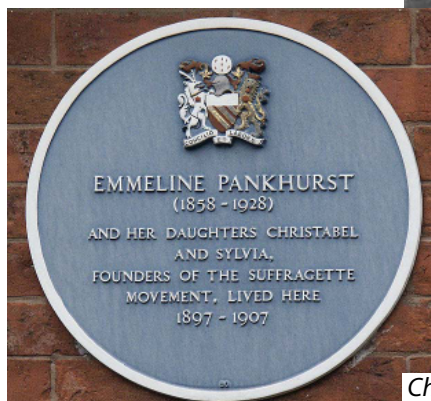
The Pankhurst Centre, 60-62 Nelson Street, Manchester, is a pair of Victorian villas, of which No. 62 was the home of Emmeline Pankhurst and her daughters Sylvia, Christabel and Adela and the birthplace of the suffragette movement.



Arrested Suffragette



Free-Trade Hall



Christabel Pankhurst & Annie Kenney



Mexican circus destroyed by fire

One of the most alarming fires which has ever occurred in Manchester took place on Tuesday evening. The Royal Circus in Chepstow-street, Oxford-road, a structure mostly, if not wholly, built of wood, was reduced to ashes. The place has been occupied for some time by Mexican Joe and his Wild West Show, in which a number of Indians and cowboys take part. As usual there was a large gathering of the general public on Tuesday night. The performance was just over, and most of the people had fortunately left, when a fire broke out, which completely wrecked the whole building. The circus is built against the large sewing-cotton manufactory of Messrs. King and Co., and on the other side is a huge block called the Cepstow-buildings, occupied by the Oxford-street Packing Company and other firms. Between this building and the circus there is a narrow lane. The firemen played with all their force on each end of the circus adjoining these premises, and at the same time poured volumes of water into the centre of the circus...Meanwhile this sensational fire spread excitement throughout the city. At the time of the outbreak Oxford-street had its busiest evening aspect, and numerous places of amusement in and near Peter-street began to empty. The crimson sky was seen for miles around. The Indians made frantic efforts to drag away the animals. In this they were not altogether successful. All the dresses, properties, and accessories of the exhibition have been destroyed. This will fall upon their owners as a dead loss, for not an article was insured.

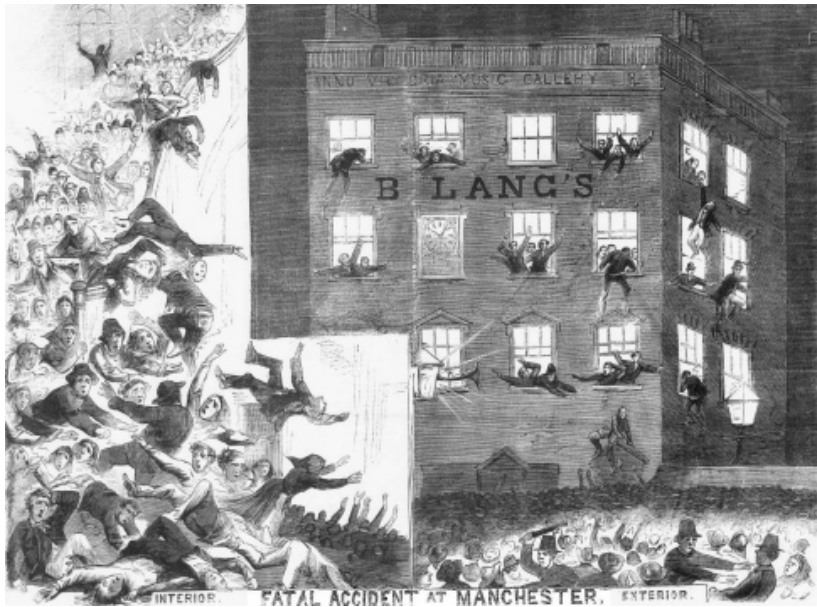
Illustrated Police News March 9th 1889 - Mexican Circus Destroyed



Workhouse inmates make desperate leaps for life - Ancoats Fire

The Ancoats Workhouse, Manchester was attended by some thrilling scenes. Unfortunately, seven persons were injured, six of them very narrowly escaping death. They were in the third and fourth stories, and on rushing to the stone staircase they found that the smoke had made it impassable. The fire spread with a swiftness readily conceivable from the statement that the building is an old cotton Mill. Hunted by the fire from floor to floor, the seven apparently doomed captives revealed themselves one after another at windows to a horror stricken crowd below. A fire escape brought by the brigade was hindered access by the situation of a shed in the old mill yard and the best that could be done for those on the point of leaping for their lives from a height of seven storeys was for the firemen to climb the shed and hold life-sheets on its roof. This was done, and the desperate men one by one jumped down. The feelings of lookers-on found vent in shrieks as the six men, all elderly and all unpractised in such proceeding, dropped or fell.....

Illustrated Police News August 5th 1899 - Ancoats workhouse fire



Dreadful Accident at a Music Hall in Manchester

Fearful loss of Life

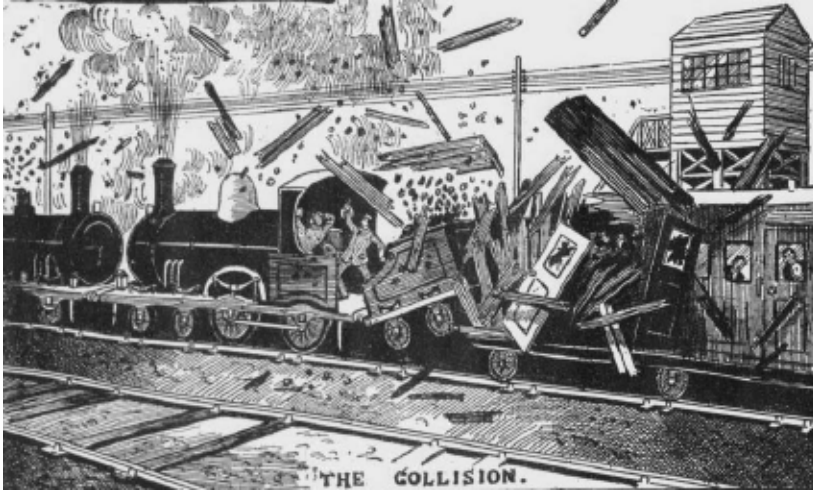
On Friday evening a deplorable accident occurred at a place of amusement known as "Lang's Victoria Music Hall, Victoria-bridge, Manchester. The room in which the entertainments take place comprises the three upper floors of a four-storey building the outer portion of which is a range of shops. A large number of persons were admitted in the evening at 2d, each, the ordinary prices to witness the benefit performance of Mr and Mrs Clifford vocalists. The performance commenced at half past six o'clock. All went well till about ten o'clock. Shortly after that hour some of the youths who were in the back part of the audience in the pit, in their eagerness to obtain a better view of what was going on upon the stage lifted themselves by the gas-pendants, three of which were broken off. No evil consequence could have followed had not somebody in the pit raised an alarm of "Fire" There was immediately a rush to the staircase from the two upper galleries. The staircase is six foot in width, and winds up between the walls from the ground floor to the topmost gallery, with a landing stage on each floor. The crush of people attempting to leave was horrific, and appears to have been the sole reason for the loss of life. Mr Clifford rose up on the stage and did all he could to allay the panic.....The newspaper article then goes on to describe the tragedy and list the names of all those killed and inquired. Of those killed some were children aged from 5 years upwards. With twenty-one poor souls who passed away during the tragedy.

Illustrated Police News August 8th 1868 - Music Hall Fire

FATAL RAILWAY ACCIDENT AT MANCHESTER.

The Railway Accident at Manchester

About ten past seven o'clock on Friday night an appalling accident occurred on the main line of the London and North-Western Railway between Manchester and Stockport. A heavy laden passenger train left the London-road Station at Manchester at seven o'clock for Stockport,



and had not proceeded beyond the confines of the city when it came into collision with a goods train, consisting of two engines and a break van, the latter, owing, it is believed, to a mistake on the part of a signalman, being shunted from the Longsight goods yard along the goods loop line on to the up main line, the intention of the signal being to place the train on the down line. The passenger train consisted of twelve composite carriages, three of which were smashed to pieces. The carriage next to the engine, which contained a full complement of passengers, was shattered into splinters, and the majority of the occupants were badly injured. The greatest consternation prevailed, and the shrieks of the injured and other passengers were of a heartrending character. The accident occurring near a populous neighbourhood abundant help was forthcoming. The staff at the Longsight Station immediately proceeded to the scene of the disaster, and rendered assistance to the injured, who were quickly conveyed from the carriages to the adjoining station and sent on by another train to Manchester, where they were removed to the Royal Infirmary. On removing the occupants from the carriages the distressing fact was revealed that three of them had been killed by the extreme violence of the collision. The bodies of the deceased showed no outward signs

of injury, and it is believed that death was attributable to the perverse shock which they sustained. Very few of the remaining passengers escaped without severe bruises and contusions, and several of them had their limbs broken. The second vehicle was a guard's van, which, happily, was not in use at the time. This was telescoped into the third carriage, and the framework partially destroyed. The third carriage, which contained its full number of passengers, was badly wrecked,



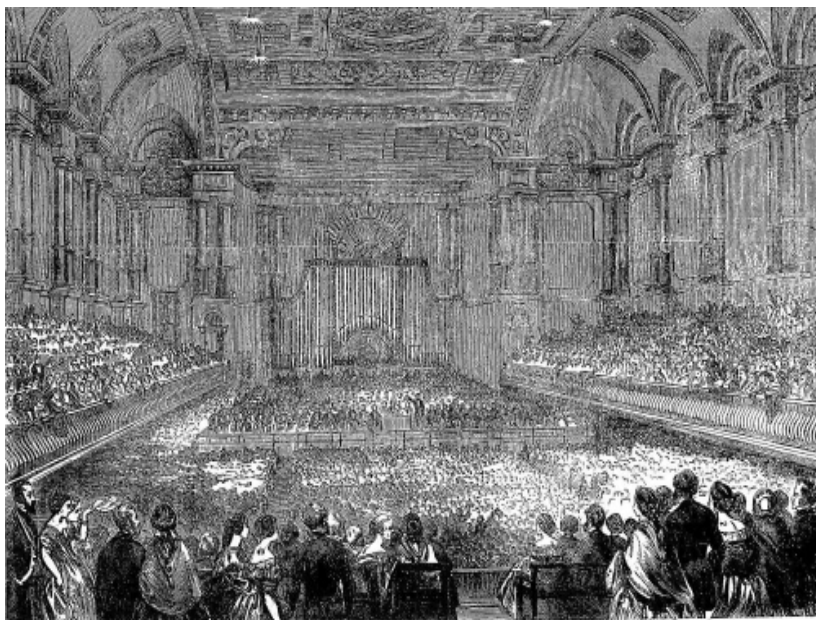
but the bulk of the passengers escaped with only a severe shaking. The remaining coaches were only slightly damaged. A breakdown gang from Longsight was quickly on the spot, and the line was sufficiently cleared to allow the traffic to be resumed on the down main line. Mr Mawby, the superintendent of the line, visited the scene of the disaster shortly after it occurred, and facilitated the removal of the injured persons to the Royal Infirmary, where they received prompt attention.

The scene of the accident for some hours was visited by large numbers of persons.

The following is a list of the killed and injured:- Killed: W.H.Warburton, about thirty years of age, of 9 Limefield-terrace, Rushford Park; Joseph Jodrell, a warehouseman, with three children, of Medway-street, Livershulme. A man, name not known, lying at the Manchester Infirmary; his cuffs bear the name of J.Kellam, and he was a stout man with a red beard.

Injured: H.J.Barner, Levenshulme; Harry Garner, forty-five years of age, parker, of 87, Herbert-street, Stockport; Eli Robinson, 144, Park-avenue, Longsight; J.Wood, Mile End-road; Davenport, 9, Beach-road, Longsight; Robert Jones, Everton-road, Longsight; J. R. Winterbottom, Ducie Grove, Levenshulme; Barber, Longford-road, Heaton Chapel; F.Hughes, St. Asaph-terrace, Broome-lane, Levenshulme; J.F. Moore, Richmond-terrace, Heaton Capel- In nearly every case the injuries are confined to broken legs. The guard of the train-William Harpstead, of Longsight- says it was travelling at not more than ten miles an hour when near the Hyde-road Bridge, and the crash came so suddenly that he was thrown violently against the end of the van and fell. He never saw the obstruction on the line, and was sorting parcels when the collision occurred.....

Illustrated Police News October 12th 1889 - Railway Accident at Manchester.



MANCHESTER TEMPERANCE MEETING (THE UNITED KINGDOM: ALBANY) IN THE MANCHESTER FREE-TRADE HALL—SEE PAGE 144.

The Great Temperance Meeting at Manchester

Is the opinion in favour of legislative interference with the sale of beer and spirits on the increase in this country? It should almost seem to when we look at Plymouth and learn what a large number of the Parliamentary voters are in favour of such a measure, and when we watch the character of the late annual meeting of the "Alliance" in the Free-Trade Hall, Manchester. That was certainly, in numbers and in respectability, a great success. Upwards of six thousand persons were gathered together last Wednesday week....

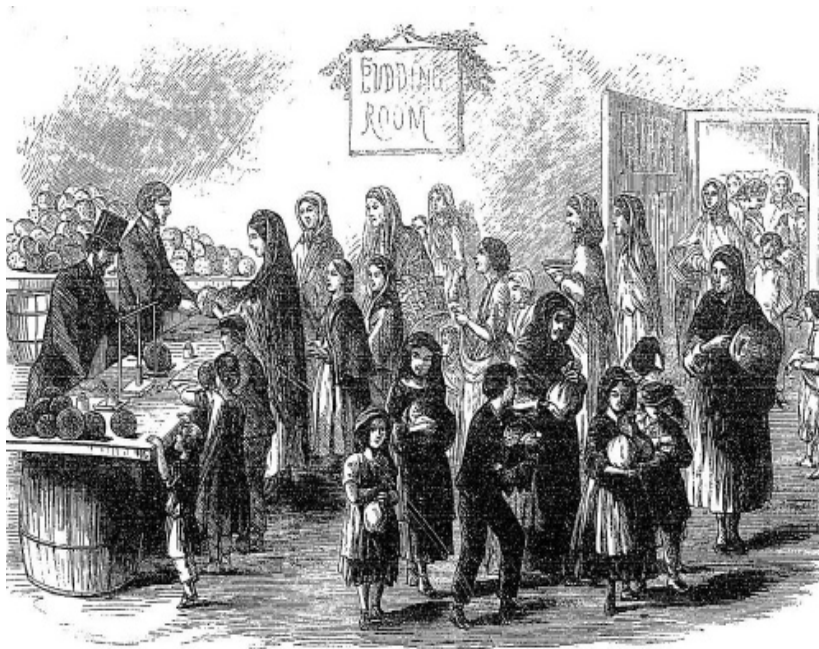
To facilitate the use of drink was to produce drunkenness, disease, pauperism, and crime.

The main difficulties, however, encountered by the Alliance were the prevalent faith in the medical virtues of alcohol, and the belief in their dietetic virtues as food; but great and striking changes had transpired in the opinions of the medical world in regard to both these points.

It was doubtful now, how or in what, alcohol was a medicine; it was certain that it could be no longer conceived as food....

Resolutions were passed expressive of the fearful amount of evil produced by the traffic in intoxicating liquors, and affirmatory of the cardinal idea of the Alliance that there should be a legislative enactment arming public opinion with a direct veto against such traffic in every district where two thirds of the ratepayers so determine.

The Penny Illustrated Paper 2nd November 1861



DISTRIBUTION OF 2000 PLUM-PUDDINGS TO DISTRESSED OPERATIVES IN A SCHOOLROOM, OSBORNE-STREET, MANCHESTER.

Distribution of two thousand puddings at Christmas in Manchester

Shakespeare has said "sweet are the uses of adversity." We will venture to say that this was literally the case on Christmas Eve throughout the cotton districts, when plum-pudding was freely distributed to thousands of meritorious artisans. No more animated scene was witnessed throughout Lancashire than in St. George's district, Oldham Road, Manchester.

Two thousand plum-puddings, warranted according to sample, were distributed in the school room, Osborne street. Some of the committee felt in duty bound to sit in judgement upon a specimen pudding, and proved their estimate of its excellence by testing it till there was none to taste. it was delightful to witness the hearty goodwill with which Catholics, Churchmen, Dissenters and Methodists united in distributing the Christmas fare.

One woman, the mother of eight children, came with an order for 10lb (1lb. per head) having the youngest child in her arms. A mill owner, standing by, offered to hold the child while she was receiving her plate of pudding. She quickly accepted the offer, humorously remarking, "Ye may keep it, master, if ye like" and forthwith held-up her apron to be freighted. The baby was then deposited by the 'good-natured "master" like a Cupid, astride the pudding, and away went pudding and "baby and all" amidst a hearty peal of laughter.

illustrated Police News January 17th 1863 - Christmas puddings

Unemployed Riot in Manchester

A serious conflict between the Manchester police and the unemployed of the city occurred last week. It rose out of a series of demonstrations which have been held from day to day with the object of drawing attention to the Government attitude on the Unemployed Bill. In defiance of the civic authorities, the unemployed have held meetings in Albert Square, under the shadow of the town hall and the headquarters of the police, and although some of the men's leader have used inflammatory language, no disturbances had previously taken place. Last weeks meeting however was followed by rioting in Market Street, and scenes of great disorder and confusion were witnessed. Demonstrations, carrying banners on one of which was inscribed in bold letters "We demand the Unemployed Bill," were marching in procession from Albert Square to Piccadilly when as electric train car which was proceeding in the same direction up Market Street overtook them.

The men refused to move out of the tramway track to allow the car to pass.

The Police who were present in large numbers requested them to make way but they repeatedly declined, and the consequence was that traffic was brought almost to a standstill.

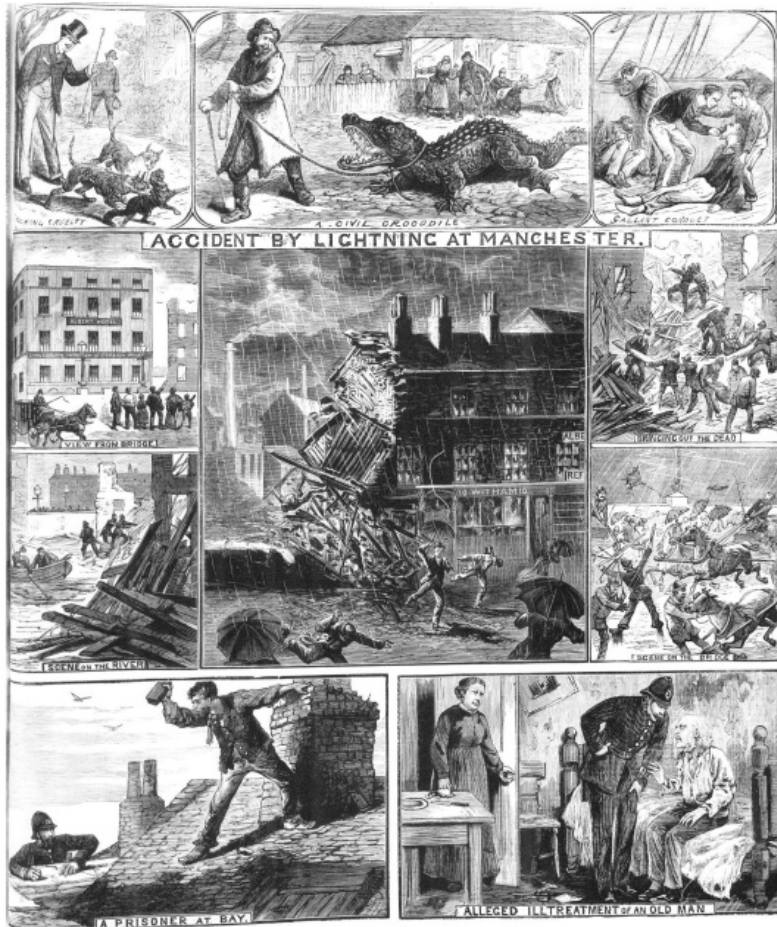
At length Police - Superintendent Watson, seeing that the demonstrators were in an obstinate mood, gave a signal where upon a number of constables charged into the procession.

A scene of tremendous excitement followed, and it was feared that a repetition of "Peterloo" in 1819, when several persons were killed in a riot in the city, would be the result. Some of the unemployed stood their ground when the police charged and many blows were exchanged on both sides. One or two constable and several of the unemployed were knocked down, and for some time the demonstrators showed fight.

Reinforcements of police were sent for, and at last the crowds, seeing the hopelessness of their opposition to the police, gave up the struggle.



Penny illustrated paper & illustrated Times August 12th 1905



Accident by Lightening at Manchester

The storm which visited Manchester about noon on Tuesday, last week, seems to have been heaviest in that portion of the town on the left bank of the river Irwell between Blackfriars-street and Chester-road.

It was reported that a child had been killed by lightning, but we were unable to obtain any confirmation of the rumour. About a quarter past two o'clock a little girl and a man were rescued from the ruins. The man turned out to be Mr Fildes the tobacconist who was apparently dead. It was at once removed to the Infirmary, and on arriving at that institution was found to be dead. The little girl turned out to be Mary Anne Heaps, daughter of John Heaps, of Edge-place Stephenson-street. She was taking her fathers dinner and being caught in the rain turned for shelter into the door-way of the Albert Chambers. Whilst she was standing the catastrophe happened and she was imprisoned for three quarters of an

Chapter Four - Police News

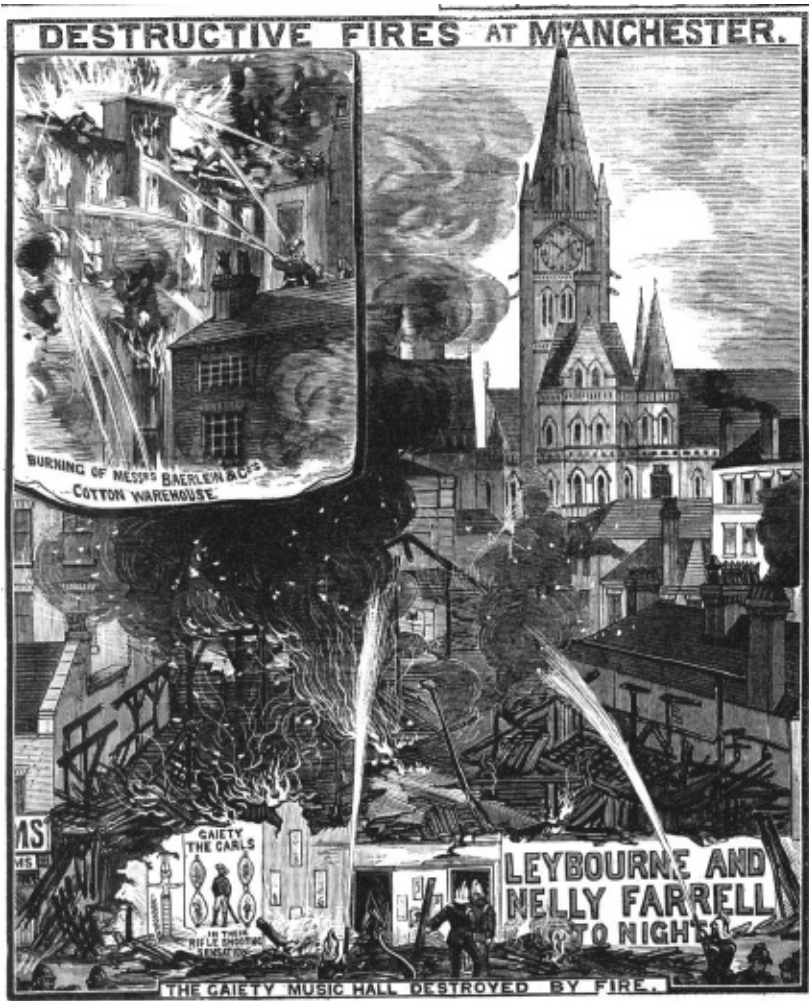
hour. She was very little injured, and was able to walk away after being attended to at the Infirmary.

The basin in which her father's dinner was enclosed was not broken, and when she was found she had twopence clasped in her hand. The little girl states that when she was in the doorway of Albert Chambers a woman with a child in her arms, was also taking shelter. She is unable to state



whether this woman escaped, or whether she was carried away by the fall of the building. Another of the people recovered from the building was Mr. Wooley, who is in the employ of Mr Sidebottom, cigar and tobacco manufacturer and ale and porter merchant. Mr Wooley appeared to be seriously injured, and was removed to the infirmary. Mr Alderson, who was also in the place, was recovered without having sustained much injury. The fire brigade and the police were doing their utmost to clear away the wreck, with a view of getting at any bodies which might be underneath, but up to half-past three they had not been successful. It is known that at least one person. Miss Jones, is under the ruins, and it is certain now that no one else will be recovered alive.

Illustrated Police News July 24th 1880 - Accident by lightning at Mancheater



A Great Fire at Cotton Warehouse.

A thunderstorm of extraordinary violence burst over Manchester and surrounding district between four and five o'clock on Friday afternoon, last week, and for the space of nearly an hour vivid flashes of lightening and loud peals of thunder followed each other in rapid succession, accompanied by a heavy downpour of hail and rain....Messrs. Baerlein and Co., in Blackfriars, had been struck by the electric fluid and was on fire. This alarm quickly drew large crowds to the spot, and the rear of the warehouse in Black Lo-Court, Booth-street off Chapel-street, was found to be in flames. The building is a large one, of very strong construction, and built so recently as 1879.

illustrated Police News June 23rd 1883 - Destructive Fires at Manchester

OPENING OF THE RAILWAY CONNECTING THE MANCHESTER
AND LIVERPOOL WITH THE MANCHESTER AND LEEDS LINES.

On Saturday morning last was opened the important connecting link of the long chain of railway communication between Liverpool and the northern parts of England and Scotland. Our readers will remember that we briefly described, in our journal, last January, the opening of a part of the Leeds railway, which brought that line down to the Hunt's Bank terminus, much nearer to the Exchange, and the more important parts of Manchester, than did the Station in Oldham-road. The junction we are now about to describe is a continuation of that line to the terminus of the Bolton, Preston, and Lancaster Railway, at Salford, and thence to near that of the Manchester and Liverpool road, thus forming an unbroken line of railway conveyance from Liverpool, through Manchester, to Leeds, York, the whole of the eastern coast, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and, very shortly, to Edinburgh herself.

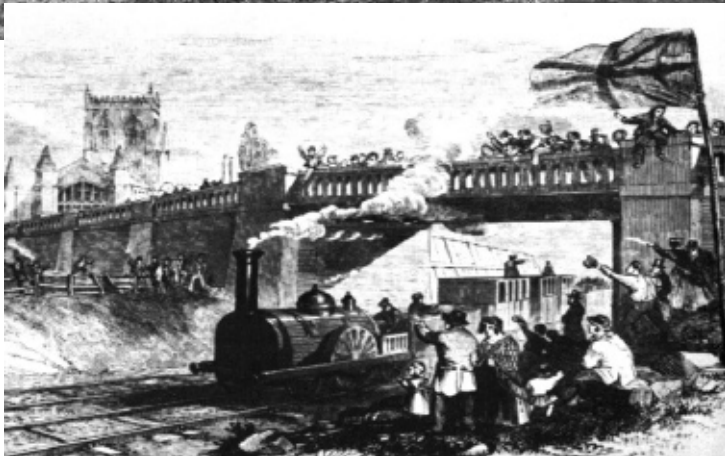
The line from Hunt's Bank crosses the road at Strangeways, by an iron bridge of about 82 feet span; and then the river Irwell by another bridge (which our sketch illustrates), of from 115 to 120 feet span; and thence, by a series of arches, to the New Bailey station, at Salford; where it joins the Preston and Lancaster Line. The new road then is carried on over an iron viaduct, supported by massive cast-iron pillars of Egyptian architecture, running parallel with the Preston line for about 200 yards, and then, keeping to the left, over brick and stone arches, some of them of exquisite workmanship, to its junction, just beyond the Bolton canal, with the Manchester and Liverpool railroad. The whole distance from Hunt's Bank to this place is a mile and a few yards. In passing over this new line, the passenger is astonished to find himself flying, as it were, over the tops of the houses of half Salford, and such is nearly the fact; for the line goes directly across the town, over Greengate, Chapel-street, and New Bailey-street, and the numerous smaller streets lying between these great thoroughfares: and that, too, at an elevation equal to most, and higher than many of the houses situated in this densely peopled neighbourhood.

There was little ceremony in the opening, except that the engines were dressed with flags during the early part of the day. The completion of this junction is very important, not only for its concentration of the place of starting from, and of arriving at, for nearly all the railways to and from Manchester; but thus it opens a continuous line of railway for the conveyance of not only passengers, but for the raw and manufactured material, to and from the most important points of our island. Extensive arrangements have been made by the Directors for the convenience of so large an addition of passengers to the station as this junction and general terminus naturally produces.

Chapter Four - Historic Events



Illustrated London News 11th May 1844



Chapter Four - Historic Events

Lewis's store in Market Street Manchester



VIEW OF MARKET-STREET, MANCHESTER, SHOWING LEWIS'S GOOD HOUSE OF BUSINESS, WHERE THE PUBLIC ARE PROVIDED WITH THE VERY BEST ARTICLES, ALL AT FAIR PRICES.

Illustrated London News 3rd February 1883



LEWIS'S sell the very Best Articles, all at Fair Prices. It may be asked, How is it possible to sell at a small profit and yet support such large warehouses in the very best parts of Manchester and Liverpool?

The public may always believe in Lewis's; and Lewis's tell the public that, in consequence of selling their wares at a small profit, Lewis's are enabled to support substantial warehouses.

Lewis's business is conducted in the same manner and on the same basis as the large banks.

The banks charge their customers the smallest amount of profit possible consistent with making them paying concerns;

and with this small profit they are enabled to support their substantial establishments, to pay a dividend to the shareholders of the banks, and enjoy themselves by the large amount of money so constantly passing through their hands.

Lewis's make their calculation in the same way as the bankers make their calculations. Lewis's have their calculations on the turnover of twenty thousand pounds a week. Ten percent on twenty thousand pounds a week will leave a profit of two thousand pounds a week. This will go a long way towards paying their expenses and a fair dividend;

and when Lewis's sell at ten per cent profit they sell at the same price as most shopkeepers would have to pay for their goods, because Lewis's can buy cheaper by ten per cent than most shopkeepers can.

Any manufacturer who supplies Lewis's can always be paid for their goods on the day of delivery. Lewis's never accept bills; always pay cash for every shilling's worth of goods they buy.

The public may always believe in Lewis's.

Lewis's send out price-lists, free, to all who write for them.

Chapter Four - Historic Events



Market- Step Lane

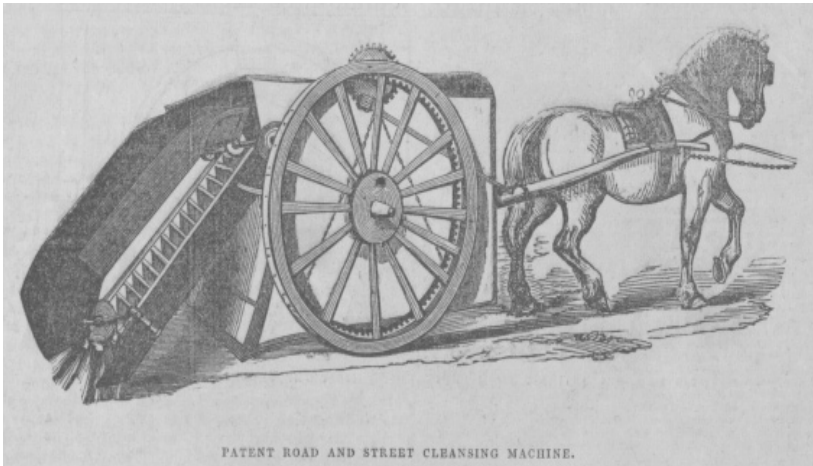
*Specimens of "Old Manchester and Salford" from the Architectural Models at the Manchester Exhibition. The approaching visit of the Prince of Wales to Manchester, at the opening of the Royal Jubilee Exhibition, is an occasion for giving some account of that important provincial city .
Illustrated London News 30th April 1887*



Ancoats Hall, and church tower

Chapter Four - Historic Events

A horse produces between 7 and 15 kilos of manure daily, which all had to be swept up and disposed of. In addition, each horse produces nearly a litre of urine per day, which also ended up on the streets. Horse-drawn vehicles have an engine with a mind of its own. Manchester streets were minefields that needed to be navigated with the greatest care. "Crossing sweepers" stood on street corners; for a fee they would clear a path through the mire for pedestrians. Wet weather turned the streets into swamps and rivers of muck, with dry weather; the manure turned to dust, which was then whipped up by the wind, choking pedestrians and coating buildings.
Illustrated London News 1st April 1843



This machine is the invention of Mr. Whitworth, of Manchester, where it has been in use for several months past. It has lately been set to work in Regent-street and the neighbourhood, under agreement with the Commissioners of Woods and Forests, and has accordingly excited some attention in the metropolis. The principle of the invention consists in employing the rotary motion of locomotive wheels, moved by horse or other power, to raise the loose soil from the surface of the ground, and to deposit it in a vehicle attached. The apparatus for this purpose consists of a series of brooms suspended from a light wrought-iron frame, hung behind a common cart, the body of which is placed near the ground for greater facility in loading. As the cart-wheels revolve, the brooms successively sweep the surface of the ground, and carry the soil up an inclined or carrier-plate, at the top of which it falls into the body of the cart. The draught is easy for two horses, and, whilst filling, scarcely a larger amount of force is required than would be necessary to draw the full cart an equal distance. Proceeding at a moderate rate through the streets, the cart leaves behind it a well-swept track, and it has re-

peatedly filled itself in the space of six minutes; and it sweeps, loads, and carries, as it were, in one operation. When going at the rate of only two miles an hour, with brooms three feet wide, the patent machine will clear nearly sixty superficial yards per minute, which is about the average rate of work done by thirty-six men. The water collected in the cart can be let off by means of a pipe, having its interior orifice some inches above the level of the mud after settlement; the cart, when full, is drawn to the side of the street, at some distance from a sewer grid, and the pipe-plug being withdrawn, the water flows into the channel. The pressure of the brooms on the ground is regulated by a series of weights, and the whole apparatus may be raised from the ground by means of a handle turned by the driver, whenever necessary. Wood pavement, when swept with this machine, is stated to be no longer slippery. An indicator attached to the sweeping apparatus shows the extent of surface swept during the day, and acts as a useful check on the driver. By use of the machine, it is estimated that the streets may be swept at one fifth of the present cost.

Illustrated London News 9th May 1857



NEW MARKETS AT MANCHESTER.

THIS edifice, of tasteful design, is now in course of erection in Swan-street, Manchester. It will furnish an evidence, in connection with the numerous handsome and extensive warehouses and public buildings lately erected and now building, of the rapidly-increasing desire on the part of the city of Manchester to possess buildings of a superior architectural character.

The exterior will be built entirely of stone, the walling being of Yorkshire pierpoints; while the roof, in which a very great amount of decoration is to be introduced, will be of iron, supported upon ornamental columns. A gallery will run round the whole of the inside, in which it is proposed to place stalls for the sale of light or fancy articles, and will be approached by flights of stone steps from the interior.

The view of the interior, from the peculiar form and construction of the roof, will be at once novel and effective. The new building will be erected in front of the Smithfield General Markets lately erected (one of the largest covered areas for market purposes in England), and will be a very great ornament to that part of the town.



*The former Wholesale Market Hall, Swan Street, Manchester.
Now a sorry sight, with fly posting. A neglected Grade II listed building.*

Chapter Four - Historic Events

Isabella Banks, née Varley, was born on 25 March 1821 above her father's pharmacy at 10 Oldham Street, she was the eldest of five children. Her father James Varley in-between dispensing traditional remedies, such as leeches, oil of earthworm and potions laced with cannabis and opium, held several official civic roles as a town alderman and magistrate in the area now known as Manchester's Northern Quarter. Isabella developed a keen interest in local history and began writing stories and poems at an early age. She married George Linnaeus Banks in 1846, after which time she published mainly under the name of Mrs G. Linnaeus Banks. The Manchester Man was published in three volumes in 1876, and tells the story of Jabez Clegg, the 'Manchester Man' of the title, mirroring the economic growth of the city of Manchester during the early years of the nineteenth century and vividly portraying the Corn Law riots and the Peterloo Massacre of 1819. His life from apprentice to master and from poverty to wealth, mirroring the growth and prosperity of the city.



Excerpt: ...strengthening drink," no longer branded the water-drinkers as "enemies to the corporeal constitution of Englishmen," but had given their countenance to social gatherings whence intoxicating liquors were excluded. Travis himself was doing what he could to promote these temperate meetings, and looked for the earnest co-operation of Mr. Clegg on his return to Manchester. (And he did not look in vain; though neither of the young social reformers saw in advance how universal would become the temperance movement of which this was the unpretending precursor.) The letter went on to say--"Miss Chadwick and her fair cousin were spirited away mysteriously. At first I blamed myself as the unhappy cause. I have since discovered my mistake, through a quarrel between Mr. Walmsley and Mr. Laurence Aspinall, when both were slaves to Bacchus--In vino veritas! I suppose you know that Mr. Aspinall the elder is a martyr to the gout, and has been driven by his enemy to the Buxton baths. The cause, I have heard, was a gentlemanly debauch in a fit of passion or wounded pride. His son joins him to-day. I scarcely think he will call on your young ladies after what has occurred.'" "What has occurred!" repeated Jabez, "what can he mean by that? I wish correspondents would be more explicit!"



Illustrated London News 6th December 1856



In 1783 Manchester's first cotton mill was opened by Richard Arkwright, on Miller Street, near the junction with Shudehill. By 1816, there were 86 mills in central Manchester, and by 1853 there were 108.

By the 1840s Manchester was at the centre of one of the most significant economic changes in its history. The Northern Quarter was at the hub of the Industrial Revolution with the city taking its place as the world capital of the textile industry. In common with the town as a whole, the area became characterised by both wealth and abject poverty.

MESSRS. WATTS'S NEW WAREHOUSE, MANCHESTER.

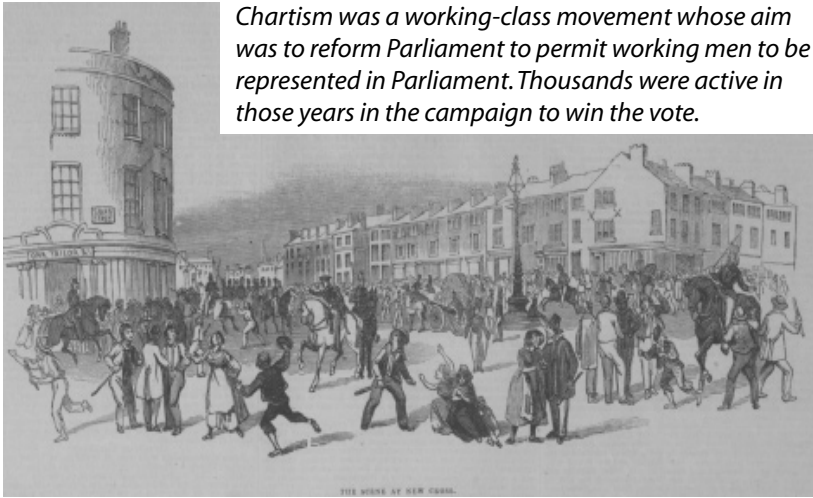
THIS superb pile, the largest warehouse in Manchester, is in course of erection in Portland-street, for Messrs. Samuel and James Watts and Co., merchants and manufacturers, of Fountain-street, in the above city. The dimensions of the building are 300 feet long, and 90 feet deep, giving a superficial area of 300 square yards. It has seven stories, which, in the aggregate, measure 110 feet in height. The style of architecture is Venetian; and the distinctive features consist of four pavilions or tower-like erections, which extend at intervals across the building from front to rear. This arrangement has been adopted partly for architectural effect, but more particularly for the purpose of obtaining rooms lighted only by windows with a north aspect—this being an im-

portant consideration in the display of certain goods. These towers will have a striking character, and will relieve the design from any tameness that might otherwise exist from the perfectly straight and unbroken front; for, though bold recesses and projections might have been effective, yet, on the other hand, the very high price of land in the locality, and the requirements of street architecture, seemed to demand the arrangement adopted. Under these circumstances, every endeavour has been made to give as much variety and interest to the front as possible; and, with this desire, in addition to the pavilions already described, every tier of windows has a different design, as will be seen in our Engraving; but they are so treated as to produce general harmony.

The front and ends of the warehouse are entirely faced with the best Yorkshire and Derbyshire polished stone. The two entrances in Portland-street are handsomely finished, with Doric columns, richly sculp-

Chapter Four - Historic Events

Chartism was a working-class movement whose aim was to reform Parliament to permit working men to be represented in Parliament. Thousands were active in those years in the campaign to win the vote.



THE DISTURBANCES IN THE MANUFACTURING DISTRICTS.

A supplement to the *London Gazette* of Friday last, offering a reward of fifty pounds for the authors, abettors, or perpetrators of the outrages at Manchester, was published on Saturday.

DEPARTURE OF TROOPS FOR THE MANUFACTURING DISTRICTS.

Throughout Saturday the greatest bustle and activity were displayed at the Home Office, at the Horse Guards, &c., in consequence of the arrival at the former place of an express from Manchester as early as seven o'clock, which, from its important nature, was immediately forwarded to the residence of Sir James Graham, who shortly after, with Mr. Manners Sutton, the under-secretary, was in attendance at the Home Office. About nine o'clock three of the magistrates of Manchester, who had left that town late on Friday night, and had come express to London for the purpose of laying before her Majesty's Government the latest information as to the state of the disturbed districts, and to impress upon them the necessity of the most energetic measures being immediately adopted for the suppression of the disturbances, were admitted to an interview with Sir James Graham, which was of considerable length. Whatever was the extent of the communications made by the deputation to the right hon. baronet has not been permitted to transpire, but their importance may be conjectured from the fact, that summonses were immediately afterwards issued for holding a Cabinet Council at the Foreign Office, in Downing-street, at twelve o'clock, which was attended by Sir Robert Peel, and the whole of the Cabinet ministers in town. Previous to the assembling of the Council, Sir Robert Peel visited Sir James Graham at the Home Office, and in the course of the morning two gentlemen, forming a deputation from Macclesfield, had an interview with the right hon. secretary. Immediately after the conclusion of the deliberations of the Cabinet Council, which occupied upwards of two hours, orders were forwarded from the Horse Guards to Woolwich, for a party of the Royal Artillery to hold themselves in instant readiness to depart for Manchester; and a similar order was despatched to St. George's Barracks, Charing-cross, for the departure of the third battalion of the Grenadier Guards, stationed at that barracks, for the same destination, *via* the London and Birmingham Railway.



Illustrated London News 20th August 1842

Illustrated London News 13th September 1856



INAUGURATION OF THE WELLINGTON MEMORIAL AT MANCHESTER.

INAUGURATION OF THE WELLINGTON STATUE AT MANCHESTER.

On the 30th ult., at twenty minutes to three p.m., the Statue of the Duke of Wellington, erected in front of the Royal infirmary, at Manchester, was unveiled to the public gaze. An immense number of

people was drawn together, both by the importance of the ceremony and the great and glorious associations connected with him whose likeness is now handed down to the citizens of Manchester "for all time." The area in front of the Infirmary, which a few years ago was mainly occupied by a sheet of water, has now been converted into a spacious flagged promenade, with fountains rising from two basins

of water, so placed as to leave sufficient room between them for a central statue; whilst the statues of Peel and Wellington occupy sites of about equal magnitude to the right and left of the fountains. It is intended, we believe, that some time the central space shall be occupied by a statue of her Majesty. The Wellington Memorial is a full-length bronze figure, thirteen feet high, designed by Mr. Noble, and stands



Illustrated London News 15th April 1848



THE MANCHESTER, SHEFFIELD AND LINCOLNSHIRE RAILWAY.

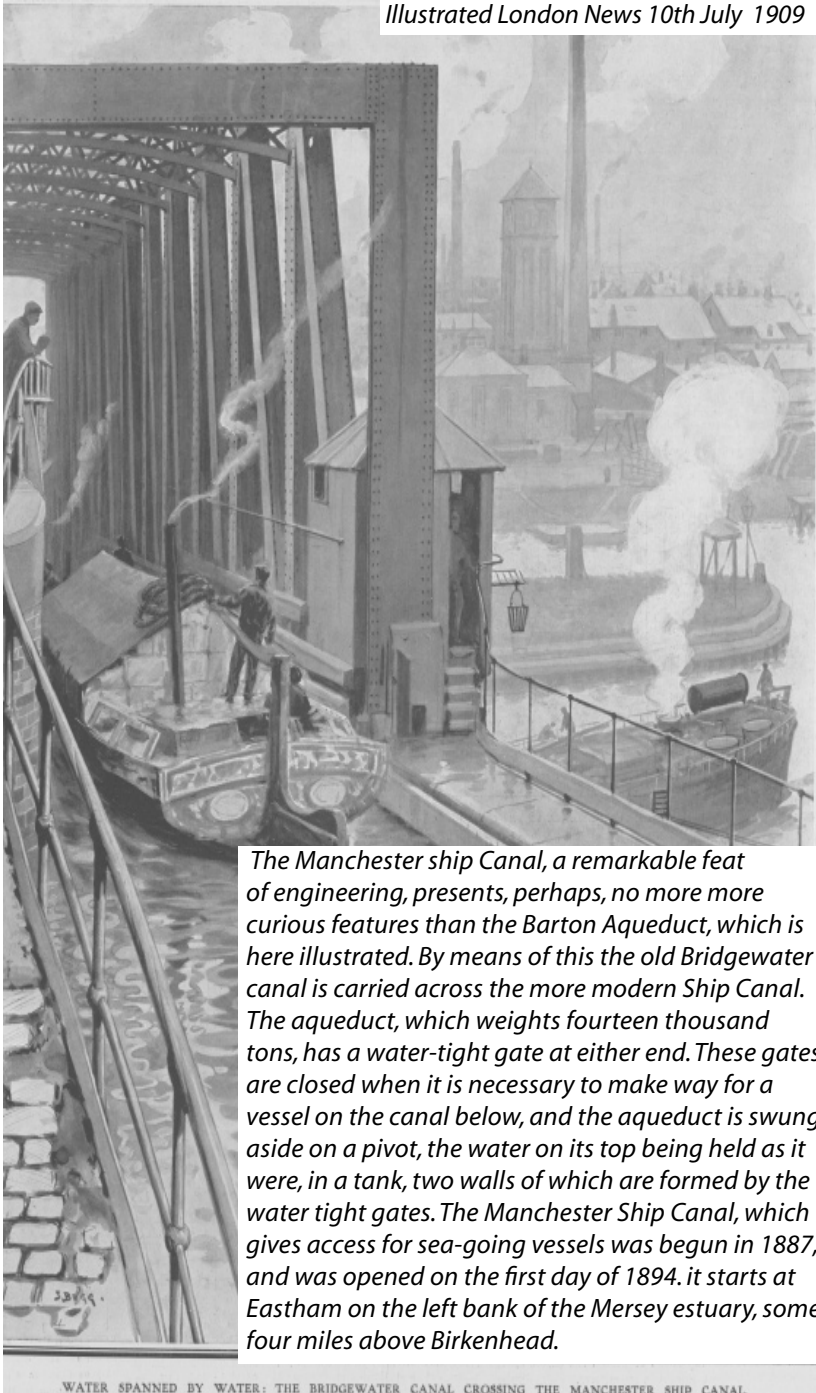
1. NEW HOLLAND FERRY, ON THE HUMBER.
2. GREAT GRIMSBY.
3. RUINS OF THORNTON COLLEGE.

It is a common remark that half the world knows nothing about the other half. This is true, not only of the world in general, but of all parts, and even infinitely small sections of it; true of England and of London, even of every street in London. The great works which the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway are carrying on furnish an apt illustration. Here is a great corporation, which holds docks, railways, ferries, and canals, silently prosecuting works extending across the middle of England, which are calculated to exert a positive national influence on commerce and public comfort—but there are few besides shrewd shareholders who know anything of the fact.

A bill has just passed the second reading in the House of Commons, for the purpose of enabling the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway to complete its projected improvements in the Humber Ferry, which it purchased two years ago; no one marks the progress of them, yet the work will entirely change the character of large river ferries. Forty years ago, rivers were crossed by dangerous small clumsy sailing-vessels; even the broadest ferries had no

better accommodation: gradually steamers have supplanted the sailing-boats, but they were difficult to reach and depart from. It was and is common, at present, first to attain the steamer by a boat, then cross the river, and then retake the boat to land on the other side. This is, even now, the case on the Humber at the large ferry opposite Hull. Men, women, cattle, and merchandise are subject to this inconvenience and delay. It is like a series of "breaks of gauge." But the bill we have already alluded to proposes, by erection of piers of enormous length, to supersede this. Already, the railway has reached the Ferry on the south side of the Humber; and, instead of all the personal discomfort which our Illustration graphically makes very clear, a pier upwards of 1500 feet long is extended into the river,

Illustrated London News 10th July 1909



Chapter Four - Historic Events

Christmas play of "St George and the Dragon"



Procession of the Wassail Bowl



Illustrated London News 13th January 1849



Construction started in November 1887 and took seven years to complete, with Queen Victoria opening the canal in 1894. The canal runs for 36 miles from Eastham on the Mersey estuary to Salford in Greater Manchester.

Chapter Four - Historic Events

Turning on the water fountain supplied from Lake Thirlmere



THE MANCHESTER WATERWORKS: TURNING ON THE WATER FROM THIRLMERE INTO THE MANCHESTER MAINS.



A DOOMED MANCHESTER CHURCH: ST. PETER'S.
SHORTLY TO BE DEMOLISHED.

Last Sunday the last sermon was preached in St. Peter's Church, St. Peter's Square, Manchester. It is one of the churches that date from the eighteenth century. The greater number of the Manchester churches were built in the nineteenth century.

Chapter Five - Jean Price

During the preparation of this book Jean Price passed away. A lady of considerable talents and as a sign of respect I have dedicated the following pages to her memory. An inspiration to all who knew her, a fun loving and cheerful lady who will be sadly missed.



Jean had worked for Stuart and myself for over 22 years. She was the very first lady that we employed at D.J Communications in our office at Oldham Street. Infact on our big switch on, she was the first to answer the telephone way back in 1988. It was after a few months that we discovered her real talents, quite by accident when some of her doodling came to light. We had just purchased a 30 line Telsis Machine, something like a big Automatic Call Centre; it could interact with callers via touch phone inputs or by a limited voice recognition. The equipment represented a massive investment for the business, some 120K. It was vital that we could start to generate revenue immediately. It was at this time that Jeans drawing skills and scripting abilities where put to the test, she could turn creativity into something magical. She had been an educated grammar school girl and her writing abilities helped with the numerous letters fired into BT over disputed revenue and contractual arrangements. Later when we where to publish Winner along with other publications, she devised all the competitions and crosswords that filled the pages. Our headquarters had always been in Oldham street, the heart and soul of the Northern Quarter, so it was no surprise that when our lease expired and the greedy landlord doubled the rent, that we would try and relocate within the same street. We finally purchased 133 Oldham Street, it just happened that the building had a pub attached to the bottom of the offices. The pub was called "The City" and had quite a reputation in the area. Jean helped set the theme for the pub by drawing the customers and arranging them on the walls. Some of the more memorable art included a portrait of Frank our luckless Manager, who was on a personal name basis with the nurses in the casualty department. He had incurred numerous injuries in the task of performing his duties in the pub, whilst under the influence of the amber nectar. Whilst putting up the Christmas decorations in the pub, he forgot to switch off the fan and unfortunately managed to transfer a tuft of his hair onto one of the fan blades, another trip to the casualty department followed by five stitches to sew up the wound. Jean managed to catch the moment with a cartoon, which was duly mounted on the wall where the incident happened, to the amusement of the customers. Scottish Jimmy whose picture was subsequently removed from the wall to ad some prison bars when he went inside at her Majesties pleasure, provided another amusing interlude. It was ironic that only a couple of weeks earlier, when she was planning her trip to Whitby, she told Sam she felt exactly the same as when she was a girl of 20. During her trip she developed a deep-seated cough and seemed to loose the plot slightly, by leaving her overnight bag on the train. She felt that ill on holiday that she returned from Whitby in a taxi. On her return she continued working from home in her upstairs office. It was shortly after, that she collapsed and was discovered by her neighbour Pam who lived opposite and rushed to Salford Royal Hospital.



Sam who was Jean's work colleague and Pat (Stuart's wife) visited Jean in hospital, each visit showed a marked deterioration in her condition. Sam told me he could see the look of fear in her eyes, her breathing was becoming more and more difficult. The doctor had told them. "Our primary tests indicate a low level of sodium in the blood, which means along with the pneumonia she has lung cancer, which has spread to other parts of her body and she is in a poorly state, with only days to live" After this sad news, Pat thought it prudent to ask Jean if she had made a will. By this stage she was unable to talk, but nodded in agreement. Her companion of over 40 years Idris, had died earlier, and it was assumed that the will would be with the same solicitor Berry Berry who had prepared Idris's will way back in 1994 leaving everything to Jean, including the house which had been in Idris's name. Jean was not religious and had made it clear in her life that she was not a believer. The inevitable happened and on the night of the 21st September Jean passed away. After several phone calls it was found that the will was not with the solicitor or with the Bank. It was decided to search in the house to try and locate the will. Sam had Jean's key and decided to take a look. No will was found, Jean had no living relatives, she had been adopted at a very young age. So it looked on the face of it that the Government would benefit from this bereavement.

Which was quite ironic because Jean was no fan of the system, and this would have been the last thing she wanted.

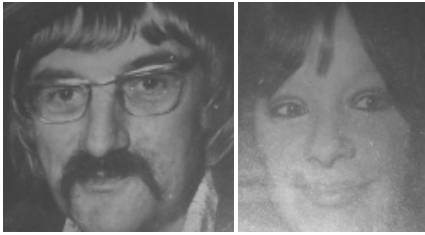
The dilemma of the cost of the burial was brokered by the solicitor.

There was now £60K in bank deposits and shares along with the house a possible 250k in all, going to the balmy government. Pat took it on herself to organize the most expensive funeral that was possible, with two cars leaving from Jeans home, and free ale and expensive buffet at Jeans local Holts pub. The funds were released from the solicitor to the funeral director and a cheque given to the publican for the reception after the cremation. All her friends and work colleges were going to be invited to give Jean the best possible send off. Jean's coffin was returned to the home where Pat and Pam decided that the shroud was not a suitable garment for her to leave the planet in, so they took a look in her wardrobe and selected some clothes, she had always been interested in the Gothic look. So they thought that this would be a fitting tribute to the lady. So in a flamboyant dress and lots of make-up, she would certainly look the part to wherever she was going.

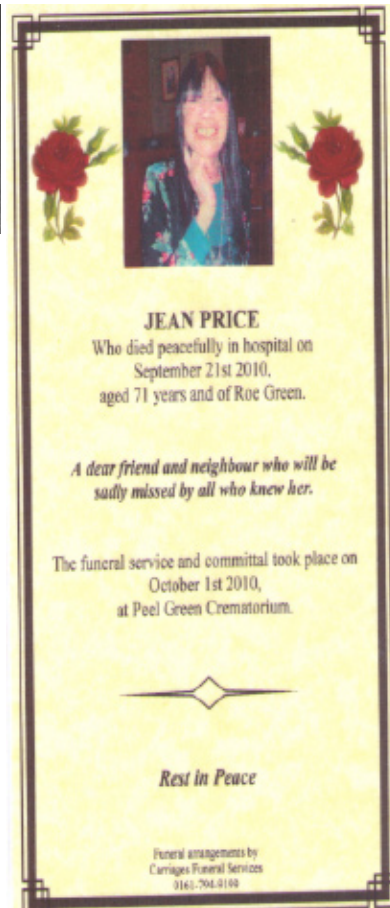
The service took place at Peel Green Crematorium on the 1st October 2010. The non-religious humanist ceremony was conducted by Beverly Costello. Each service is individually written with stories and memories of the person's life. On entering the church, the music that was chosen was "I got you bade" by Sonny and Cher. As the group of friends and work colleagues, some thirty people in all, took their seats, Beverly informed the audience that Jean had been adopted at an early age. She had enjoyed a happy childhood and had been brought up in Bolton. Her original surname was Lee, and she had been a very bright girl with a passion for Art. Jean had been married before, but it was not until she met Idris that she found true happiness, they had been together for nearly 40 years. Jean had worked as a manager in Rumbelows, and had even been a hairdresser. Recounting Jeans artist talents and how she had looked after her late companion all through his illness. With many friends she will be truly missed. It was now the turn of Stuart to say a few words. He recounted the work she had done for our businesses and how she had been enthusiastic and loyal over the period. Her artist talents had certainly been an inspiration to us all. And with that the Stuart sat down, the music playing as we left the Chapel was "I believe I can Fly" one of Jeans favorite tunes.

With £700 deposited with the White Swan in Swinton for a free bar and a buffet, and with copious amounts of alcoholic beverage we were determined to give her a really good send off, and to rejoice in her life and her legacy.

The rain was lashing down outside the White Swan, the hostelry was undergoing refurbishment so we had to manoeuvre around two large skips positioned close to the entrance. On entering the Pub the smell of



turpentine was evident. The undertaker rushed past with the white roses and photograph that had accompanied the coffin. They were placed on a table in the back room where the reception was to be held. Sam had been to the pub earlier in the day and laid out a collection of Jean's paintings around the walls. Some of the paintings were a little unnerving with piercing eyes and a melancholy that was not the Jean I knew. What else could we attribute to these "demons"? Could the actions in the earlier part of her life have influenced these paintings? We will never know. I really did not want to remember Jean by owning one of these pictures. I just took some photographs which now appear on these pages.





L to R, Stuart Jackson, Pat Jackson, Roy Dutton, Sam Acton

Below: illustrations of Winner Magazine that Jean helped to publish, with drawing competitions, and articles. It would not of worked without her.

WINNER

No.34
£1.20
CLOSING DATE
30th MAR 91

PUZZLE & PRIZE MAGAZINE

Complete set of Astral Bone China

Neff Microwave

£300 Boots Gift Vouchers

£1000's in Cash

Black Ash Furniture

5 Colibri Ladies wristwatches

Valentine Gold Necklace

OVER 300 PRIZES To be Won

WIN CASH

COMPETITIONS FOR ALL THE FAMILY £1,000's to be won!



PUZZOLOGY

This month we will continue with puzzles as remember if you get the word correct you will get a magnificent prize and Puzzology Diploma. With 14 Dipsoma you will receive a special prize and a mention in the magazine together with your Master Degree in Puzzology.

Sparkling Letter
Take the word sparkling and remove one letter, or use to become one word. Then take away another letter to form another one word and continue the letter by letter so on to get a new word every time, until you finally have a word of one one letter.

USE THIS LETTER

ANAGRAM
Rearrange the letters to form a word beginning with A.

USE 2 LETTER

IDOLATRY

USE 2 LETTER

ANIMAL ADJECTIVE
Example 'CANINE' refers to dog.
What does 'VULPINE' refer to?

USE 3rd LETTER

FIND THE BIRDY
Replace the letter 'a' with letters to reveal the British bird.

TAR***

USE 7th LETTER

ODD BOOK
Compare the words to reveal the correct title.

REVOLVE TMTS

USE 6th LETTER

Write your answer on page 34 to win

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

MANAGING EDITOR LAYOUT ROY DUTTON

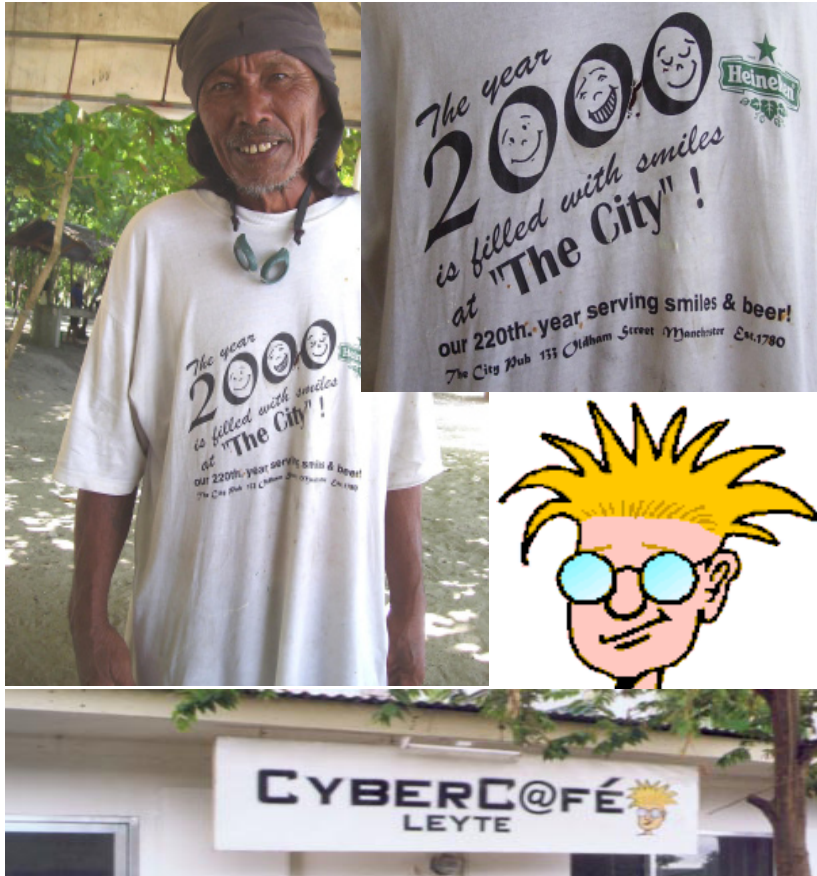
EDITOR/LAYOUT ... ANGELO MERTAKKAS

ASSISTANT EDITOR PAULA SMITH

SUBSCRIPTIONS SAM ACTON

COMPETITIONS DEVISER JEAN PRICE

PROOF READER DAVE SINCLAIR



Above are several of the projects that Jean was involved in, she designed the logo for our Cybercafe in Leyte, Philippines. Also the Millennium Tee shirt which is being modelled by Tolong a local fisherman.

"The year 2000 is filled with smiles at The City!

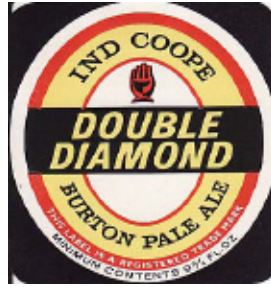
Our 220th year serving smiles & beer!"

We even managed to obtain the blank white tee shirts for free from Heineken as part of a promotion so with Jeans artwork the job was done.



Chapter Five - The Story of Beer

There were more than 1,000 different brews available in the 60s, the most popular are listed below. Most of them I have sampled, from Greenhall Whitney concoctions that gave you a hangover like an axe in the back of your head. To the sweet tasting Double Diamond, and Bents which was rubbish, but cheap. Double Diamond Works Wonders! Or so they said in the TV ads.



Keg bitters on draught

Courage Tavern
Flowers Keg Bitter
Ind Coope Double Diamond
Watneys Red Barrel
Whitbread Tankard
Worthington 'E'
Younger's Tartan Bitter



Draught bitters

Some of these were not available for the whole of the period. John Smith's has been added because of its popularity today. It was very much a regional beer in the 60s.



Ansells Bitter
Bass Red Triangle
Courage Bitter
Ind Coope Bitter
John Smith's (Tadcaster) Bitter
Worthington IPA
Whitbread Bitter (60s)
Whitbread Trophy (70s)
Watneys Special
Younger's Scotch Ale
Mitchells and Butler's Brew XI



TV adverts for Whitbread Trophy:
"Whitbread, Big Head, Trophy Bitter, the pint that thinks its a quart. It's got the body, the body, that satisfies - It can't be modest, no matter how it tries!"



Also Davenports "Beer at home"

Draught milds

Most breweries in the 60s offered a mild. There were offerings from Greenall & Whitley, Charrington, Watneys, Whitbread, Courage, John Smith's, Ind Coope and Ansells amongst many others.

Mitchells and Butlers (M & B) Mild, a favourite for Midlands' drinkers .

The best pint of mild I ever tasted was M & B in The Exchange Street Station in Liverpool.



Pale ale,

What other luxury could you buy for 8p in 1971? A Whitbread pale ale.



Bass Red Triangle

Ind Coope Double Diamond
Worthington White Shield IPA
Charrington Toby Ale
Younger's No. 3 Scotch Ale
Watneys Red Barrel (Export)
Whitbread Pale Ale
Whitbread (Flowers) Brewmaster
Vaux Double Maxim



Brown ales

Ansells Nut Brown
Fremlins Double Elephant Brown Ale
Greene King Burton Ale
Whitbread Forest Brown



Light ales

Charrington/Hammonds Prize Medal
Fremlins Elephant Light Ale
Younger's Pale Ale
Ushers India Pale Ale
Whitbread Light Ale
Manns (My poor old dads favorite tippie)



Stouts

Guinness
Mackeson (Whitbread)
Watneys Cream Label

Chapter Five - The Story of Beer

The early 1700s saw the development of a dark beer in London. Porter was the first beer to be aged at the brewery and despatched in a condition which could be drunk immediately. Brewers, such as Whitbread, Truman, and Parsons, achieved great financial success from this new venture.

Porter is a historically significant style developed in 18th century London, which is the ancestor of stout.

The 18th century also saw the development of India Pale Ale.

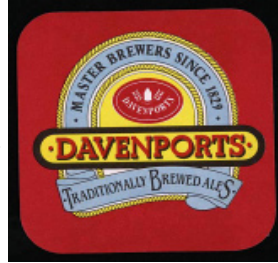
The beer engine, a device for manually pumping beer from a container in a pub's cellar, was invented by Joseph Bramah in 1797.

The Beerhouse Act 1830 enabled just about anyone to brew and sell beer, ale or cider, whether from a public house or their own homes. The result was the opening of hundreds of new pubs throughout England, to reduce the abusive over-consumption of gin.

A pale beer was developed in Burton in parallel with the development of India Pale Ale. Elsewhere bitter (a development of pale ale) came to predominate. Beers from Burton were considered of a particularly high quality due to the malt and hops in use and local water.

The switch from pewter tankards to glassware also led drinkers to prefer lighter beers, with a clear complexion. The development of rail links to the main ports enabled brewers to export their beer throughout the British Empire.

Burton retained absolute dominance in pale ale brewing: at its height one quarter of all beer sold in Britain was produced there until a chemist, C. W. Vincent discovered the process of Burtonisation to reproduce the chemical composition of the water from Burton-upon-Trent, thus giving any brewery the capability to brew pale ale. Continental lagers were offered in pubs in the late 19th century, but remained a small part of the market for many decades. Until the advent of mass publicity and cheap holidays to Spain.

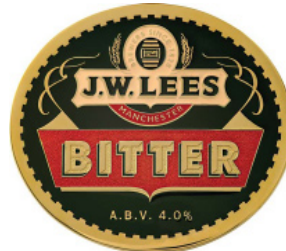


Chapter Five - The Story of Beer

Canned beer was in its infancy in the late 50s. Ind Coopes Long Life was one of the first. With Tenants a close second, remember the nice looking ladies on the cans.

Canned beer sales increased throughout the sixties, but did not become important until the seventies. Witney's Party Seven was a new take on canned beer, with Davenports "Beer at home dominating the television advertisements. By the end of the sixties, lager was becoming more popular. Draught Carlsberg was available at Witney's' pubs and Whitbread had joined forces with Heineken. The claims made by advertising made the claims of keg bitters more and more extravagant. Beer had long been advertised as a drink to improve health. The "Guinness is Good for You" and "Guinness for Strength" campaigns are famous. Whitbread Tankard was supposed to help you excel. Rivals made equally bold claims. Worthington 'E' was "the taste that satisfies". Courage Tavern was "What your right arm's for". Double Diamond "worked wonders".

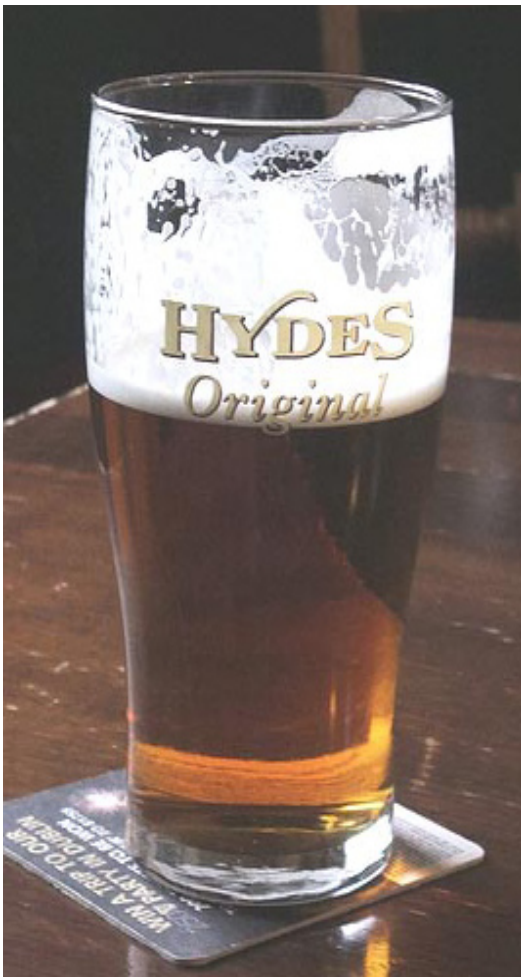
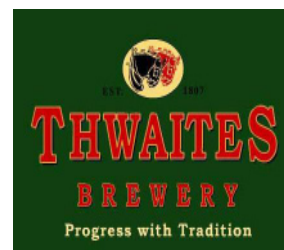
It had to happen, the fizzy chemical stuff and the horrendous headaches had been on the back of the aggressive promotion of keg bitters which finally resulted in a backlash. CAMRA, the Campaign for Real Ale, was founded in 1971, to take on the breweries. In the 70s, sales of cask beers began to rise as there was a growing appreciation for the traditional methods of brewing. It is testament to the success of CAMRA that the "classic" keg bitters of the sixties are now extinct. Holt is one of the few breweries left to keg beer in hogshead barrels for certain customers.



Chapter Five - The Story of Beer

Established in 1863, Hydes is one of the few breweries that is still owned and managed as a family business. With an estate of over 60 Managed & Tenanted pubs across the North West of England.

Alfred and Ralph Hyde inherited a small brewery from their grandfather in 1863. In 1899, William Hyde acquired the Queens Brewery in Moss Side, Manchester and began building up an estate of tied public houses. In 1944, the company was renamed Hydes Anvil Brewery after its trademark. Hydes moved from Moss Side to a new site in Salford in 2012



Appendix

Appendix

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"Beer is proof that God loves us and wants us to be happy."
[Benjamin Franklin]

The purchase of The City

ARMSTRONG BROOKS Plc

DIRECTORS: ROBERT CORY, B.Sc. (Hons)
Dr. L.C.Y. EVEREST-PHILLIPS

THE LODGE
PARKLANDS
CHARCOAL ROAD
BOWDON
ALTRINCHAM
CHESHIRE WA14 4RT
TEL 0161 929 1129
FAX 0161 929 6855

TEMPORARY DETAILS

For Sale Freehold

Tenanted Public House Investment

"The City"

133 Oldham Street

Manchester



Registered in England under Number 2272990
Registered Office: Vigox House, Ogden Street, Manchester M15 4NF

The purchase of The City

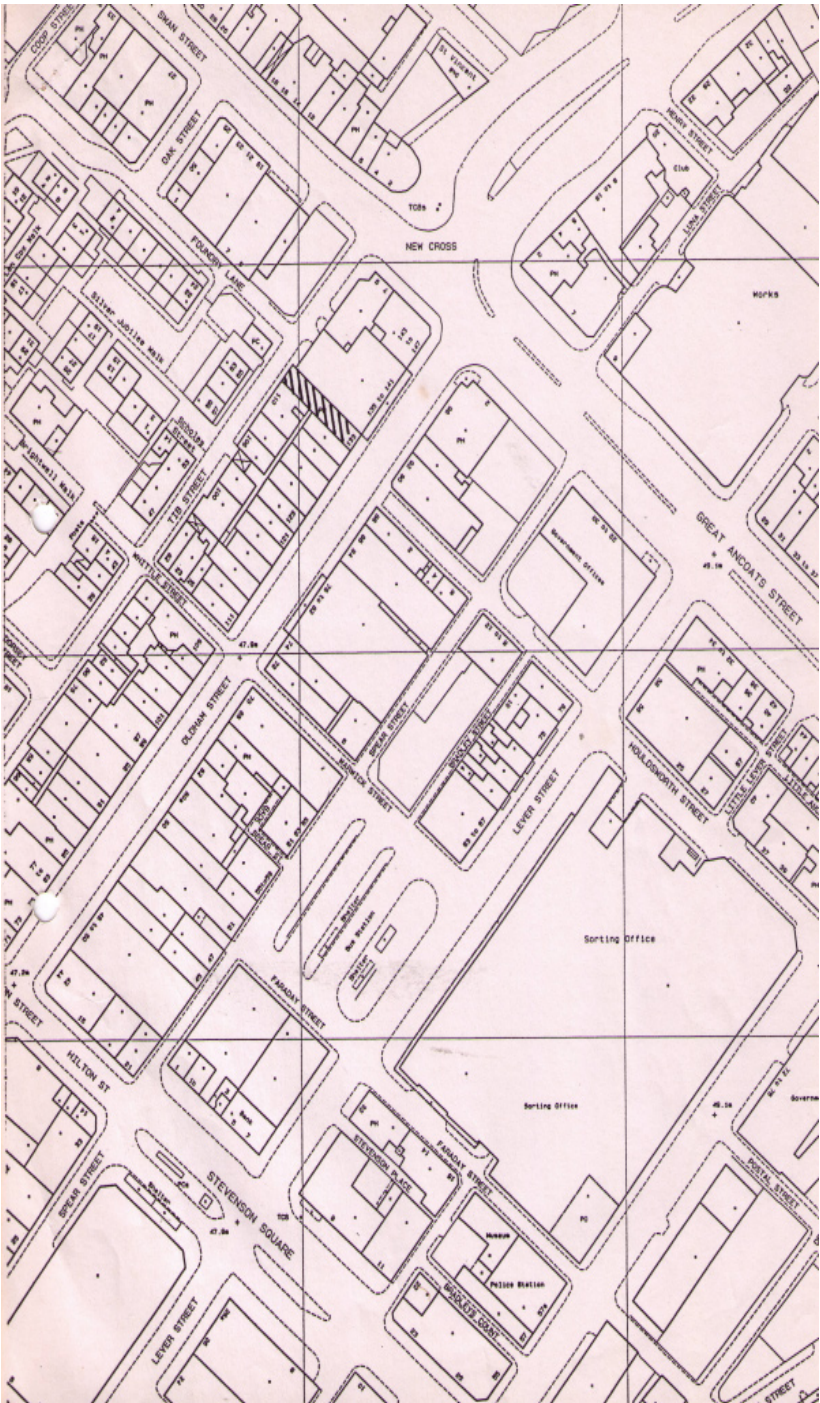
Description	Tenanted Freehold Public House Investment with frontage to both Oldham Street and Tib Street.
Location	Adjoining Cantors furniture store at the top end of Oldham Street near the junction with Great Ancoats Street (see plan attached)
Tenure	Freehold
Rateable Value	£12,100. Rates payable for 1993/1994 approximately £5,000.
Lease	Let to Mrs Anita Goodwin on a one year tenancy at £3,900 per annum. Mrs Goodwin has indicated her willingness to vacate the premises if and when desired.
General	We are told the pub turns over just under six barrels of beer per week and we believe there is a lot of room for a rental increase. In this context it should be noted that the Rateable Value of £12,100 is arrived at by the District Valuer and is his estimate of the open market rent in 1989.
Price	Offers based on £47,500

Armstrong Brooks Plc for themselves and for their subsidiary company which owns this property whose agent they are give notice that:

- (1) The particulars are set out as a general outline only for the guidance of intending purchasers or lessees and do not constitute, nor constitute part of, an offer or contract.
- (2) All descriptions, references to condition and necessary permissions for use and occupation, and other details are given in good faith and are believed to be correct but any intending purchasers or tenant should not rely on them as statements or representations of fact but must satisfy themselves by inspection or otherwise as to the correctness of each of them. All dimensions are approximate.
- (3) No person in the employment of Armstrong Brooks Plc has any authority to make or give an representation or warranty whatever in relation to this property.

ALL OFFERS ARE MADE SUBJECT TO CONTRACT

The purchase of The City



The purchase of The City

Date: 29 June 1995
Our Ref: JA/MTT/49829 DJ COMMUNICATIONS
Your Ref: GTK/RBH/SME

Messrs. Nightingales,
Solicitors,
12, St. John Street,
Deansgate,
MANCHESTER M3. 4DX.

BY FAX AND POST 832 7293

*Copy delivered
BY HAND*

Dear Sirs,

re: "The City" - 133, Oldham Street, Manchester
Trawden Forest Properties Limited to Jackson
and Dutton (T/A D. J. Communications)
SUBJECT TO CONTRACT

We thank you for your fax dated the 28th June.

Subject to clarification on the following points we propose exchanging Contracts with you by telephone tomorrow morning, which we trust will be acceptable:-

1. Are your Clients aware of when the property was last re-wired and whether or not the same has been inspected by the Electricity Board?
2. We are enclosing Schedule of Fixtures and Fittings which we understand has been agreed between our Clients and the Tenant. This Schedule is more or less in the same form as that attached to the Option signed by our respective Clients on the 26th May. Please confirm whether or not your Clients would be agreeable to the same being affixed to the Contract and referred to therein.
3. Our Clients have informed us that in addition to the Tenant, her four daughters and the DJ are living at the property. Accordingly, we would be obliged if you would kindly confirm that upon completion the balance of purchase monies will be held to our order pending inspection of the property by our Clients on the day of completion with a view to their establishing that the property has in fact been vacated.

We look forward to hearing from you.

Yours faithfully,

We managed to reduce the asking price on the City from £47,500 to £40,000. The above communication makes interesting reading. Not only did we have Anita to contend with but her four daughters and the D.J who was most reluctant to divulge his real name. Also not forgetting the dog.

The purchase of The City

SS 8498
9/3.25

IMPORTANT - THIS COMMUNICATION AFFECTS YOUR PROPERTY
CITY OF MANCHESTER
TOWN AND COUNTRY PLANNING ACT, 1971

BUILDINGS OF SPECIAL ARCHITECTURAL OR HISTORIC INTEREST

TO: The Secretary
Whitbread (West Pinnies) Ltd,
Cook Street,
Salford 3

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that The City Pub, Public House
133, Oldham Street,
has been included in the list of buildings of special architectural
or historic interest for the City of Manchester compiled by the
Secretary of State for the Environment under Section 54 of the Town
and Country Planning Act, 1971 on 3rd October, 1974.

DATED this 23rd day of July, 1975

S. Boardman
DIRECTOR OF ADMINISTRATION

TOWN HALL,
MANCHESTER,
M60 2LA.

(see attached notes)

The above document is dated the 23rd July 1975 when the building at 133 Olham Street was included in the Town and Country planning act of 1971 being of special historic interest.

The purchase of The City

TELEPHONE ATTENDANCE NOTE - D J COMMUNICATIONS

15 June 1995

MTT rang Manchester City Council 234 4915 and spoke to Mr. Kirby regarding the Entertainments Licence.

He said there was no Entertainments Licence for the City Pub at the moment.

I enquired with regard to the procedure applying for the Licence and Mr. Kirby advised me as follows:-

1. There are two fees which have to be paid up front, namely:-

i) Licence Application fee which starts at £515.00 which is the basic fee - this fee is based on intended occupancy the fee is £10.00 extra per 100 or part thereof.

ii) City Architect fee is presently at £517.70 but this also is based upon intended occupancy. TEL 234 - 2410

2. Two plans are required for the area of the Entertainments Licence.

Also Electrical Test Certificates must be provided for General electrics and Emergency lighting which must be battery operated back up for three hours. If this does not meet the requirements the Client may be involved in refurbishments.

All doors must open outwards and any that open inwards must be tied back.

3. Advert must be placed in the MEN which the Council provide giving 7 days notice of Application. Also Notice must be placed outside the pub for the public to see.

Mr. Kirby is going to send me the booklet and application forms tonight but he also pointed out the following:-

1. If the Client paid the monies up front (which he has to do) and then decides to withdraw he would only be entitled to three quarters of the fee back from the Council.

2. However, with regard to the Architects fees the Council have no control over any credits and it might well be the case that no refund will be made.

Mary

We never did apply for an Entertainment Licence, having Earth Wind and Fire on stage at The City could only be a dream. In the real world, provided we did not have more than two people on the stage at any one time, we did not require the licence. We instructed Crazy Terry that during the Karaoke it was not possible for the customers to sing a duet on the stage, unless he left and joined the audience.

Guy Simmonds Training



Welcome to the Guy Simmonds 'Inn Business' Pub Training Course

Winner of the 1991 National Innkeeping Training Award

The No. 1 Course for the Licensed Trade: Licensed by the British Institute of Innkeeping

Professionally designed for newcomers to the licensed trade and also invaluable for existing publicans who wish to increase their profitability.

Director of Guy Simmonds Stephen Taylor, presents a diploma to one of the younger members on the course. Apart from the couples who attend our course, there are also many single people eager to enter the Licensed Trade on their own for the first time, or wishing to expand their knowledge if they already run a public house.



Another delighted group of future and existing publicans displaying their diplomas at the end of the three day course, which is actually held in a working freehouse.



We also show you our working cellar and teach you basic cellar management, hygiene, etc.



Our course tutors are all experienced in the Licensed Trade and have themselves all successfully operated their own public-houses/hotels. Guest speakers may include a stocktaker and representative from a major bank.

Guy Simmonds (Central)
Orchard House, 295 Bennett Street, Long Eaton, Notts. NG10 4HZ
For bookings telephone: (0602) 731182 (Main number & answerphone - 24 hrs)
or (0602) 735355 (Office Hours)

**NEW WEEKEND COURSE (3 DAYS)
ALSO AVAILABLE NOW**



Training & Business Consultants for the Licensed Trade

12th June 1995

Mr. R. Dutton,
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

Dear Mr. Dutton,

Re. Guy Simmonds 'Inn Business' Pub Training Course.

We acknowledge receipt of your cheque for £399.50 and confirm your booking for a double place on the Guy Simmonds 'Inn Business' Pub Training Course on Monday 17th July - Wednesday 19th July inclusive.

We look forward to meeting you both on Monday 17th July at 9.00am.

The address of the Training course is as follows:

THE MELBOURNE HOTEL,
DERBY ROAD,
MELBOURNE,
DERBYS,

(01332)862134

Directions

If coming from the North leave the M1 motorway at Junction 24. If coming from the South leave the M1 motorway at Junction 23A. Travel past the East Midlands Airport, Melbourne is then signposted and is the second major road, past the airport on the right.

We look forward to seeing you, and feel sure that you will gain enormous benefit and confidence from our course.

IMPORTANT

If you are considering taking the BII examination you should know your National Insurance Number and have proof of your identity.

Guy Simmonds

N.B. If possible could you please bring a calculator with you.

Guy Simmonds (Central)

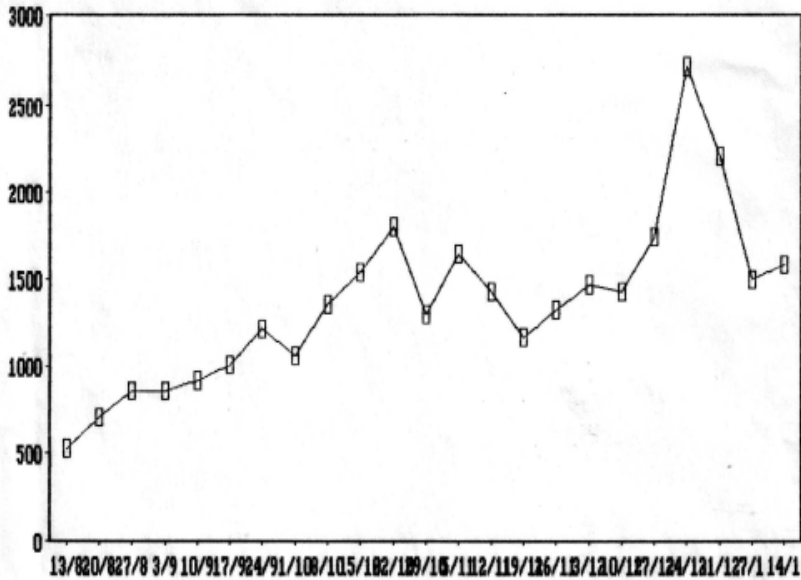
Orchard House, 295 Bennett Street, Long Eaton, Notts. NG10 4HZ

Telephone (0115) 9731182 (Main number & answerphone - 24 hours) or Telephone/Fax (0115) 9735355 (Office Hours)

Partners: Stephen Taylor, Colin Taylor

Daily Sales August 1995 - January 1996

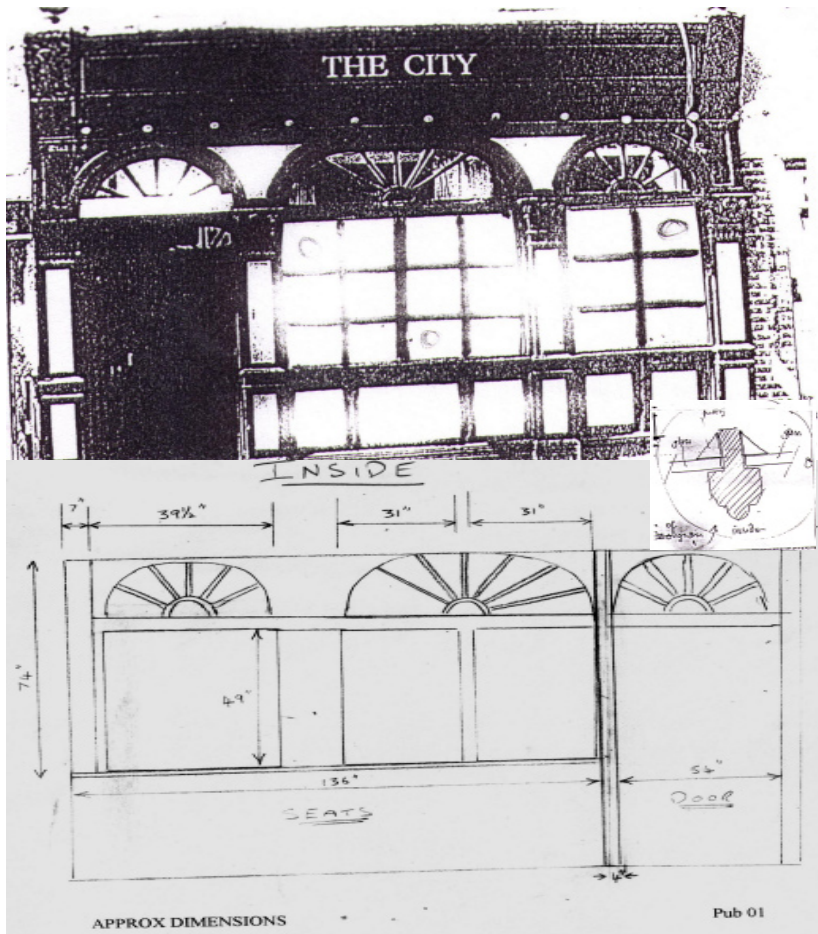
City Pub Weekly Bar Sales



Daily Sales

W/E	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat	Sun	Total	Fruit	Pool	Phone	Total
13/8		22.84	81.15	90.42	145.19	153.69	30.39	523.68	11.00	12.10	3.30	550.08
20/8	61.49	67.34	110.02	75.34	168.97	183.38	40.56	707.10	38.60	0.00	0.00	745.70
27/8	121.22	83.68	154.65	100.19	198.88	148.40	49.07	856.09	91.20	20.10	15.60	982.99
3/9	116.18	90.58	66.97	156.32	159.83	232.33	33.60	855.81	54.00	23.60	5.60	939.01
10/9	91.99	111.59	125.02	143.50	190.86	213.29	40.71	916.96	103.50	19.80	8.20	1048.46
17/9	117.50	173.45	122.61	184.97	152.56	191.90	62.59	1005.58	62.40	23.20	0.00	1091.18
24/9	124.60	157.48	134.68	187.44	276.39	283.38	51.35	1215.32	124.40	26.80	9.60	1376.12
1/10	83.84	118.42	127.57	160.30	162.51	238.80	168.44	1059.88	57.50	22.80	9.00	1149.18
8/10	154.09	153.14	238.62	182.17	179.54	361.21	89.57	1358.34	81.80	26.80	10.60	1477.54
15/10	216.43	127.30	200.16	243.13	328.77	298.70	126.05	1540.54	88.00	21.60	6.50	1656.64
22/10	268.04	253.37	248.84	254.29	227.16	388.82	160.72	1801.24	55.00	19.20	20.40	1895.84
29/10	152.05	139.75	191.91	177.52	237.58	286.55	115.93	1301.29	57.60	24.20	19.30	1402.39
5/11	222.40	299.80	221.34	226.04	311.20	266.64	95.18	1642.60	61.40	26.90	0.10	1731.00
12/11	155.24	188.60	248.29	194.68	258.61	273.24	109.32	1427.98	45.70	28.20	30.60	1532.48
19/11	169.06	142.81	149.12	188.20	168.66	229.50	117.45	1164.80	61.50	10.00	15.40	1251.70
26/11	225.05	177.95	203.52	155.31	185.22	239.99	138.56	1325.60	110.00	19.60	15.80	1471.00
3/12	233.37	159.69	210.65	217.30	256.00	264.08	126.76	1467.85	68.20	28.80	14.70	1579.55
10/12	174.69	166.21	220.53	183.36	248.15	288.48	148.38	1429.80	125.60	52.00	14.10	1621.50
17/12	236.54	144.84	251.21	189.98	350.23	413.64	160.97	1747.41	71.40	48.00	17.50	1884.31
24/12	160.70	258.85	335.52	325.65	732.58	383.10	522.76	2719.16	71.00	68.80	20.60	2879.56
31/12	129.78	358.30	293.85	253.65	276.86	313.78	579.78	2206.00	113.80	47.00	30.40	2397.20
7/1	141.66	125.19	231.16	275.01	235.12	390.43	99.48	1498.05	60.80	18.60	12.60	1590.05
14/1	127.65	256.43	200.38	202.06	336.14	365.74	97.75	1586.15	63.60	30.00	13.60	1693.35

The City Improvements



It was in the spring of 1996 that we applied for an improvement grant to renovate the pub, the total cost was £19,650 of which we had to find 50%. It was a complicated undertaking due to the fact the property had a preservation order nailed firmly on its structure. With such intricate work we had to appoint a specialist, enter the ubiquitous Daren. From the renovation of the sash windows, designed to allow the maximum of heat loss during the winter, to the renovation and painting of the cement render outside, goodness knows what was under the same, but best left alone. Then the removal and repair of the pub facia, which in the course of time had been party to many a fracas.

And not forgetting the Tib Street facia which required our attention after years of neglect. It was through the generosity of the European Regional Development Fund that the grant was made available. On the 14th August the grant was approved and the work started almost immediately.

CHRISTIE & CO

SURVEYORS, VALUERS & AGENTS



The City Pub
133 Oldham Street
Manchester

City Centre public house
High barrelage approx. 10p.w.
Possible 4 bed owner's accommodation
Turnover to y/e July 1999 - £191,121 net of VAT

Freehold
£150,000

Sale of The City

Situation

The City Pub is situated on Oldham Street in Manchester city centre, close to its junction with Great Ancoats Street (A665) and Oldham Road (A62).

The Property

A 3 storey brick built public house under a pitched roof. We are advised by our client that the building originally dates from 1790.

Public Areas

Entrance vestibule to good sized bar area
Good sized servery with seating for approximately 60
Separate Ladies and Gentlemen's WC's
Access to rear

First Floor

Good sized room, which could be used for a function room
Kitchen
Separate WC
3 separate rooms, currently used as offices

Ancillary Areas

Beer Cellar, accessed via trap door from rear of bar area.

Owner's Accommodation

Located at second floor and comprising bathroom, living room and 2 bedrooms.

The Business

The property has been owned by our clients for the past 5 years and has been run under management throughout that period. The target market is towards high volume, low cost, drinks and as such achieves a healthy barrelage in excess of 10 per week.

Our clients believe that if run by an owner/manager the trade will further increase together with an increase in the profitability.

Trading Information

Turnover to the year end July 1999 equated to £191,121 with a gross profit of £97,106. Full accounting information will be made available after an internal inspection.

Licence

We are informed the business holds a Justices' Full On Licence.

Services

We are advised that all mains services are connected to the property.

Agent's Notes

Please note that these details have been prepared as a general guide and do not form part of a contract. We have not carried out a detailed survey, nor tested the services, appliances and specific fittings. Dimensions, where given, are approximate and should be verified by the intending purchasers.

Any accounts or financial statements which are provided to prospective purchasers are provided on behalf of our client. We cannot therefore offer any guarantee of their completeness or accuracy and accordingly, we shall not be liable for any loss, damage, cost, expenses or other claims for compensation arising from inaccuracies or omissions in the accounts/financial statements.

Viewing

No direct approach may be made to the business. For an appointment to view, please contact the vendors agent:

Christie & Co
Acrefield
St. Ann's Square
Manchester
M2 7EF

Tel: 0161 833 3311
Fax: 0161 835 2949
E Mail: manchester@christieco.co.uk
DX: 710257 Manchester 3

Finance

RCC is the only Business Mortgage Company recommended by Christie & Co.

For full information on mortgages available on this or any other business please contact RCC on 020 7535 5000.



Finance & Insurance
4 & 6 York Street
London W1H 1PA
Telephone: 020 7535 5000



Hotel, Tourism & Leisure
50 Victoria Street
London SW1H 0NW
Telephone: 020 7227 0789

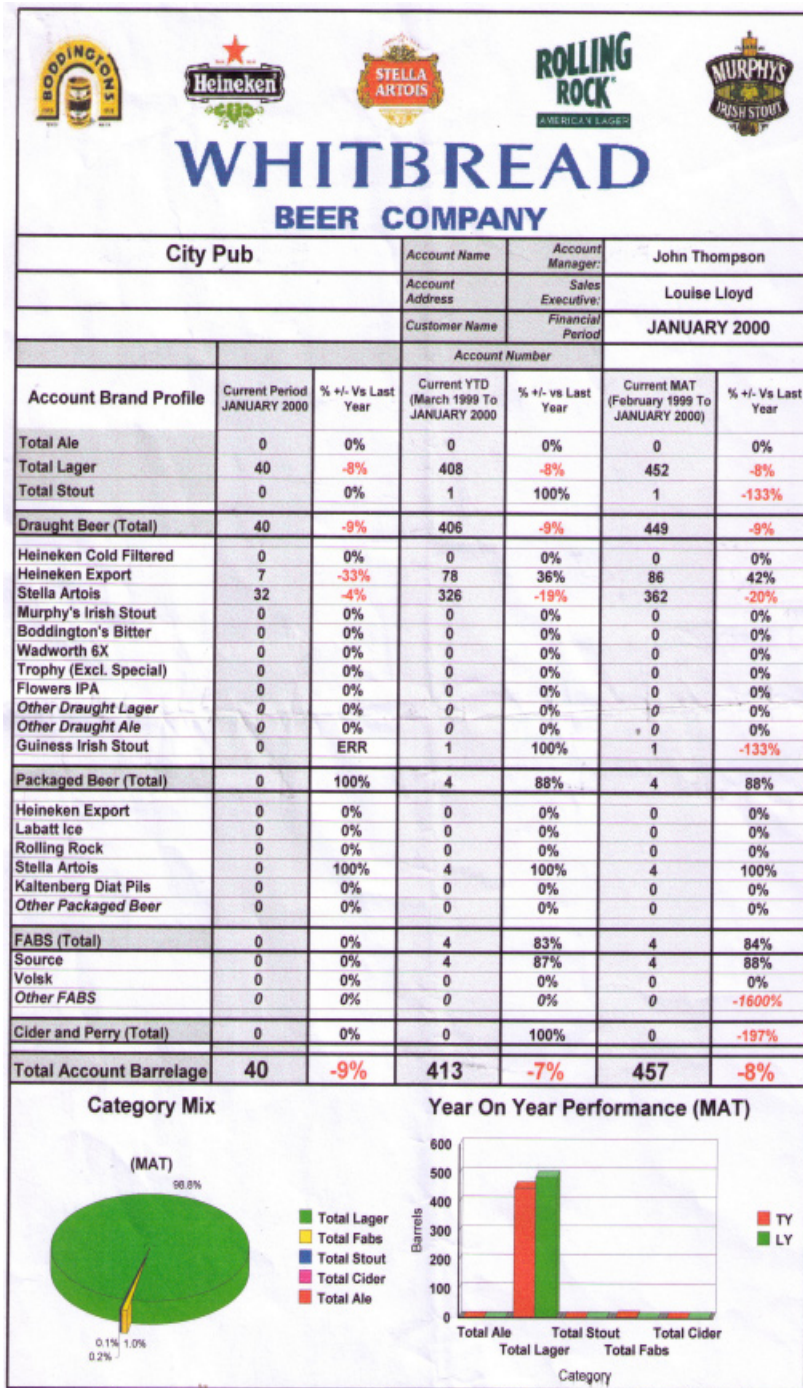


Stock & Inventory Auditors
66 George Row
London SE16 4UH
Telephone: 020 7231 0022



Healthcare Quality Programmes
50 Victoria Street
London SW1H 0NW
Telephone: 020 7227 0758

Sale of The City





The original Manchester Pub Crawl plan can be obtained from :-
<http://beerinnprint.co.uk/description.php?prodid=1743>

CUTTING WITH INTENT TO KILL.

Thomas Mooney, 23, was indicted for feloniously cutting and stabbing Walter Miller, at Manchester. Mr. HALL, who conducted the case for the Crown; the prisoner was undefended. The prosecutor stated that on the 17th of December he was at the Coronation Vaults, kept by Blake, in Manchester. He was a little tipsy at the time, but remembers that it was about 10 o'clock at night. There were from 20 to 30 individuals in the vaults; witness called for a glass of rum, and at the time he was standing in the vaults he placed his hand upon the shoulder of a woman who was standing near him. On seeing this, an individual, whom he did not recognize, threatened to abuse him. He replied that he did not come there to quarrel. He left his liquor, and retired a few yards distant. He afterwards saw the prisoner, but did not speak to him. The prisoner made a blow at witness. Witness threw out his hand to protect himself, and received a cut from some sharp instrument which the prisoner held in his hand. Prisoner made several "drives" at him, and witness soon afterwards felt that he was wounded in the body. Witness spoke positively to the prisoner being the person who inflicted the wound upon him. He (witness) was carried to the Infirmary, where he remained for thirty days. Chas. Blake, who kept the Coronation Vaults, deposed that he saw the prisoner and prosecutor on the 17th December at his vaults. There were individuals in the vaults who were very quarrelsome, and the prosecutor was struck several times. The woman who were present held them back, and Miller said, "If you hold an Irishman, he'll knock his own head off." Witness saw the prisoner strike the prosecutor on the lower part of the belly, and saw a knife in prisoner's hands immediately afterwards. The prisoner and Miller scuffled together for a while, and Miller fell back and exclaimed "I am stabbed." The prisoner ran away. There was no provocation given on the part of the prosecutor. The prosecutor was taken to the Infirmary. The house-surgeon deposed that he examined prosecutor's wounds when brought to the Infirmary, and they were of a very dangerous nature. The jury returned a verdict of Guilty against the prisoner. Sentence deferred.

Lancaster Lent Assizes. (Above)

Thomas Mooney was indicted for feloniously cutting and stabbing Walter Miller on the 17th December at the Coronation Vaults, kept by Blake in Manchester.

Liverpool Mercury March 31 1837.

William Brunell, alias Captain Brunell, alias count Holstein, alias Captain Hoffman, and his wife, Anna Brunell, alias the Countess Holstein, and a man named Robert Fleming, were charged with obtaining money under false pretences. Captain Brunell was staying at St. Peter's Vaults, 107 Oldham Street, the proprietor suspected that they were carrying on some fraudulent activities and informed the police.

Peter's Vaults The Manchester Times and Gazette, February 27 1841.

were committed by their names to the gaol.

A COUNT AND COUNTERS IN ST. PETER'S VAULTS.—Obtaining Money by False Pretences.—William Brunell, alias Captain Brunell, alias Count Holstein, alias Capt. Hoffman, and his wife, Anna Brunell, alias the Countess Holstein, and a man named Robert Fleming, were charged at the Borough Court on Monday with obtaining money under false pretences. Inspector Irwin stated that a great number of letters having been received by Brunell, addressed to Count Holstein, in the care of Capt. Brunell, at the St. Peter's Vaults, 107, Oldham-street, the proprietor suspected that the prisoners were carrying on some fraudulent practices, and accordingly, on Saturday last, informed the chief commissioner, who ordered inquiries to be made, and to have the prisoners' lodgings searched. Another letter addressed to Count Holstein was received on Saturday, and by this the lodgings of the prisoners were discovered to be at Cock-gate. The following documents were found on one of the prisoners, who represented himself to the police as Capt. Brunell:—
"Colonel Williams returns Count Holstein's papers and two sovereigns, and regrets he cannot send more. February 4, 1841.—Count Holstein, to the care of Captain Brunell, 107, Cock-gate, Manchester."

"Major Vandenberg encloses £5, which he hopes will be of service to Count Holstein.—Stockport, Dec. 24, 1840."

"From Major Alexander's letter of recommendation, Sir T. St. Thomas is sorry he was from home when Count Holstein called, and as Sir Thomas is about to leave town this morning for Edinburgh, he regrets he cannot have the pleasure of relieving the Count. Sir Thos. St. Thomas presents his compliments to Count Holstein, and requests his acceptance of the enclosed note.—Dover-street, Piccadilly, June 14, 1840."

"Count Holstein, an Austrian emigrant, came to England from Vienna. Since his arrival he has done his utmost endeavours to obtain a situation as professor of foreign languages. Although understanding German, French, and Dutch, he has not been able to accomplish his object. Should he not succeed, it is his desire to proceed to the United States of America, where some of his relations have become resident, provided he can procure sufficient means to defray his passage. From the documents in his possession, and the knowledge I had of him during my stay at Paris, he is, to the best of my opinion, worthy of any assistance that may be conferred upon him, he being one of the Austrian officers who joined the Polish army, which causes him to be an emigrant from his native country.—A. Alexander, late Major, 25th V. Regt.—London, Dec. 18, 1840."

"Have the kindness to direct the bearer to any person who can speak German, French, or Dutch, as he is a stranger." Inspector Irwin said there was no doubt but that Brunell had received a great deal of money, for he was constantly drunk, and Mr. Benwick informed the court that Brunell was brought up at the Borough Court last week on the charge of hitting off a man's ear. The prisoner's account of themselves not proving satisfactory they were remanded till Thursday, when they were again placed at the bar, and Captain M'Pherson, of the 10th regiment, proved that the "Count" had called upon him during last month and sent up his card as "Capt. Hoffman." He pretended to be unable to speak English, and put a paper into his hand asking for some one who could speak French, or German, or Dutch, and not then knowing whom the prisoner stated in French that he had been a Captain in the British Legion, and he produced a document purporting to be a discharge, signed by General Espartero. He gave the prisoner half a crown.—Sir Charles Shaw said, when the prisoner Brunell was apprehended he stated to him that he had been in the British Auxiliary Legion and had served at Vittoria. He (Sir Charles Shaw) was at Vittoria on the occasion spoken of, and on putting questions to the prisoner relative to the affairs mentioned, he found every statement he made to be false. Brunell produced a paper purporting to be signed by Colonel Lousasse, of the Spanish army, and by General Espartero. Now he (Sir Charles Shaw) was acquainted with the writing of both, and could safely say that the signatures produced by the prisoner were forgeries. He had received a letter from the Duke of Rutland, stating that the prisoner was an impostor, and, in fact, there was not a part of England in which it appeared he was not known.—Brunell entered upon a defence in broken English, imitating the pronunciation of a Frenchman, though Mr. Blake reminded him that he had spoken good English when up before. The defence was that the Count Holstein, to whom the letters were directed, was a stranger, now in London, and he had only consented to receive the letters for him.—The proprietor of the vaults to which the letters were directed said his suspicions were awakened on hearing the prisoner Brunell had opened one of the letters addressed to Count Holstein, and had observed to his wife, "Come this is not so bad—here is a £10 note in this." (Laughter.)—Irwin said the charge against Fleming was, that he had been seen to direct letters for the other parties.—Mr. N. Gardiner said there were papers in the prisoner Brunell's possession on which were the signatures of different gentlemen about the town, which he thought he should be able to show were forgeries.—The "Countess" said Brunell was her husband. Her maiden name was Anna Wisting; she was born at Armagh, but her parents were dead; and she was married to the prisoner, whose parents resided at Valenciennes, about ten years ago, at St. Martin's Church, London.—After some further and important evidence, Mr. Maude told the prisoners they would be remanded till Monday, when, if the case could be carried further against them, and it could be shown that they had obtained money by false pretence, he should commit them for trial at the sessions; if not, they would stand committed for three months as vagrants.

Mr. Bushell, of the Garrick's Head Inn, in Fountain-street, displayed a star done in variegated oil; as did also Mr. G. Hadfield, solicitor, in the same street.

In Oldham-street, over the Hen and Chickens Tavern, a crown, with the words "Free Trade," were displayed in oil. Over the Crown and Anchor Tavern, a crown and anchor, and the letters V. R., were exhibited. In front of the Queen's Stores Vaults, were the letters V. A. with the Prince of Wales' feather between. A transparent portrait of Mr. Cobden, with the mottoes, "Peace and Plenty," "In God is our trust," inscribed below, was shown over the Coronation Vaults. In front of the Crown and Kettle Spirit Vaults, at the corner of Great Ancoats-street, a crown and the words "Free Trade" were displayed. A transparent blind, with portraits of Messrs. Villiers, Cobden, and Bright, and below, the motto "Peace and Plenty," was shown in front of the Grapes Tavern.

In Swan-street, Mr. Jones, wine and spirit merchant, displayed the words "Free Trade" in oil, as did also Messrs. Goodwin and Co. The George and Dragon Tavern was likewise illuminated with the letters V. R. in gas.

The Coronation Inn, in New George-street, Smithfield Market, was illuminated with candles, and had a pleasing effect.

In Shudehill, the letters V. R., in gas, were displayed in front of Mr. Gayter's Spirit Vaults. Mr. Hardy, leather seller, had the words, "Free Trade, Cobden, and the League," done in oil, over his shop. Mr. Whitworth, grocer, in Withy Grove, exhibited a clock face, between the names Cobden and Bright, surmounted with the words "Free Trade," in gas, which had a pleasing appearance.

In Old Millgate, Mr. Underhill, optician, had a large pair of spectacles over his shop, ingeniously illuminated with gas, and portraits of the Queen and Prince Albert thrown upon blinds in his windows by a camera lucida. Nearly opposite, Mr. Gadsby exhibited a star, done in variegated lamps.

In Deansgate, the words "Free Trade" and a star were displayed, in oil, over the Swan Inn. Mr. White, of the Railway Inn, exhibited a crown and the letters V. R., in gas. The house of Mr. Stewart, shoemaker, No. 214, was illuminated with candles; as was also that of Mr. Peter Sherlock, shoemaker, No. 178, in the same street. In front of the Castle Inn there was a transparent portrait of Sir Robert Peel, inscribed "Sir Robert Peel and Free Trade," together with the motto, in transparent characters, "The Lancashire heroes, Cobden, Bright, and Peel," surmounted with a star and the letters V. A., in oil.

In Bridge-street, the letters V. A. and a star between, were exhibited over the entrance to Hayward's Hotel. Mr. Beardsall, gas fitter, also displayed a star, in gas, over his shop.

Celebration of the Repel of the Corn Laws. In Oldham-street, over the Hen and Chickens tavern, a crown, with the words "Free Trade," were displayed in oil. Over the Crown and Anchor Tavern, a crown and anchor, and the letters V. R., were exhibited. In front of the Queen's Stores Vaults, were the letters V. A. with the Prince of Wales' feather between. A transparent portrait of Mr. Cobden, with the mottoes, "Peace and Plenty," "In God is our trust," inscribed below, was shown over the Coronation Vaults. Manchester Times & Gazette Aug. 7th 1846.

The King's Arms and Coronation Vaults, Oldham-street.—To Publicans, Brewers, Wholesale and Retail Wine and Spirit Merchants, and those who intend to commence in the business.

MR. MORRIS is instructed (by Mr. Turner, who is retiring from the business) to **SELL BY AUCTION**, without reserve, in one lot, on the premises, on Friday the 25th of April, 1851, at seven o'clock in the evening, subject to such conditions as will be then produced, the Entire of the **HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE**, Costly Fixtures, Fittings, and Licences, in that well-acquainted and long-established public-house and vaults, known by the name of the King's Arms and Coronation Vaults, situate in Oldham-street, Manchester, now in the occupation of Mr. Turner. These premises contain ample accommodation for carrying on an extensive and lucrative business. The private dwelling house possesses every convenience for the comfort of a family. For a small outlay, the premises might be still farther enlarged. The situation is in front of one of the best streets in the town for business, and is well-deserving the attention of those persons who are disposed to commence the trade.

Catalogues are now ready, and may be had by applying on the premises; or to Mr. Morris, at his rooms, Tib Lane, Cross-street, Manchester.

Sale by auction of The King's Arms and Coronation Vaults, Oldham Street (Mr Turner, is retiring from the business) on Friday 25th of April. Manchester Times April 19th 1851.



Cheap Wines & Spirits

CHEAP WINES AND SPIRITS. — COMPARISON CHALLENGED WITH OTHER HOUSES!			
C. BLAKE and CO., KING'S ARMS AND CORONATION VAULTS, 107, (late 54) Oldham- Street, Piccadilly, submit to the notice of the Public the following LIST of PRICES at which they have determined to Retail Wines, Spirits, &c., pledging themselves that, if the qualities of their Goods, upon trial, are not found to be quite equal, or superior, to those sold by any other house in the kingdom, they will receive them back, return the money, and pay any expense that may have been incurred in making the experiment; and cheerfully consent to give up all claims to future public confidence, should every assertion here made be not fully borne out.			
BRITISH GIN, &c.		PER GALLON.	
		s.	d.
Very Good Gin	- - - -	5	4
Fine Ditto, fit for general use	- - - -	8	0
The very Best Old Tom, or Cream Gin, equal to any in the Kingdom	- - - -	10	6
Grain and Malt Whiskies, of various strengths and qualities	- - - -	10	6 to 16
Good British Brandy	- - - -	10	6 to 13
Patent Brandy, fully equal to any of British manu- facture	- - - -	16	0
Cordials of all kinds	- - - -	10	6
FOREIGN SPIRITS.		PER GALLON.	
		s.	d.
Good Jamaica Rum	- - - -	10	6
Ditto, of superior strength and flavour	- - - -	12	0
Ditto, very old, particularly recommended, being of the very finest quality	- - - -	13	0
Fine Old White Rum	- - - -	13	0
Old Cognac Brandy	- - - -	26	6
Stronger, for Family use, very soft and high- flavoured	- - - -	29	0
Ditto, ditto, Pale, quality very fine, 5s. 6d. per bottle	- - - -	32	0
FOREIGN WINES.			
		GALLON.	BOTTLE.
		s. d.	s. d.
Good Qualities of Port and Sherry	- - - -	10	6
Very Superior ditto ditto	- - - -	13	0
Ditto Old Port Wine two years in bottle	- - - -	-	2
Various Qualities of very fine Ports from three to five years in bottle	- - - -	3	4 to 4
Ditto of Sherries Pale and Brown	- - - -	2	10, 3
Very fine rich Lisbon, Mountain and old Rucellas	- - - -	-	2
Rota Tent, very superior,	- - - -	-	3
West India Madeira	- - - -	-	3
East India Madeira	- - - -	-	5
Champagne, in Pints (3s. per bottle, 36s. per doz.)	- - - -	-	5
Ditto of the first Quality	- - - -	-	5
Clarets, very fine	- - - -	-	3
Marsala and Bronti, very fine	- - - -	-	1
Very good Cape Wine	- - - -	5	4
Ditto Stronger character (Sherry flavour)	- - - -	8	0
Red Cape (Port flavour)	- - - -	8	0
C. B. and CO. are determined to deserve the public patronage by selling every description of Wines and Spirits, from the largest to the smallest quantity, at the lowest prices, depending solely on quick returns and small profits for their remun- eration.—No Credit given!—OBSERVE!—C. B. and Co.'s Establishment is on the left hand side from Piccadilly, Eight Doors from the top of Oldham-street, or New-Cross.			

It is quite ironic that in the course of my research into The City pub I was to discover a "List of Prices" dated January 10th 1835. It had been Stuarts and my intention to start a wholesale business from our cellar, the reason being the very competitive prices that we enjoyed from the brewery. But we were beaten too it by C. Blake and Co. King's Arms and Coronation Vaults 107, (late 54) Oldham Street, in January 1835, our predecessor.

British Gin &c.	Per Gallon	Foreign Spirits	Per Gallon
	s. d.		s. d.
Very good Gin	5 4	Good Jamaica Rum	10 6
Fine Ditto	8 0	Ditto with superior strength & flavour	12 0
The very Best Old Tom, or Cream Gin.	10 6	Ditto very old	13 0
Grain & Malt Whiskies	10 6 - 16 0	Fine old white rum	13 0
British Brady	10 6 - 13 0	Old Cognac Brandy	26 6
Patent Brandy	16 0	Ditto Stronger	29 0
		Ditto Pale Quality, very fine	32 0

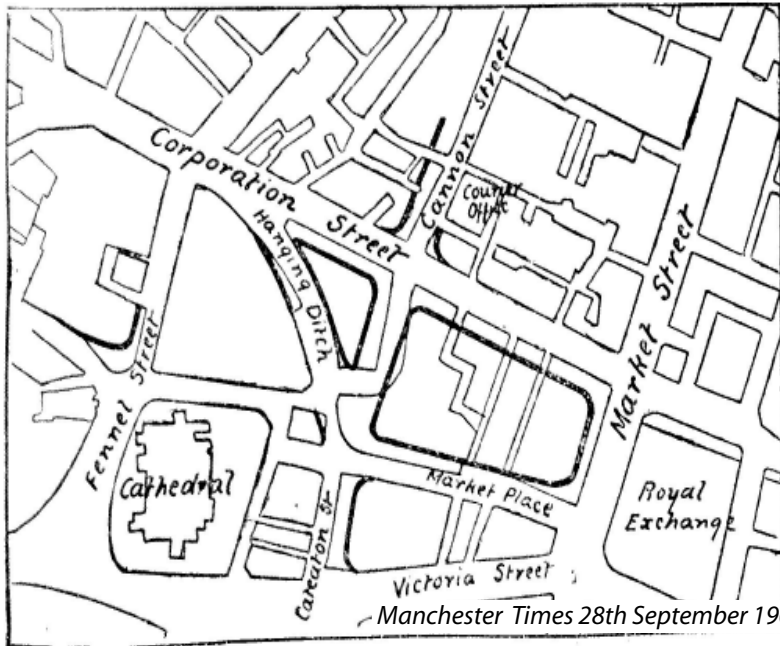
C.B. and Co, are determined to deserve the public patronage by selling every description of Wines and Spirits, from the largest to the smallest quantity, at the lowest prices, depending solely on quick and small profits. No Credit given - Observe - C.R and Co.'s establishment is on the left hand side from Piccadilly, Eight Doors from the top of Oldham Street, or New-Cross.

PROPOSED MANCHESTER IMPROVEMENTS.

THE CORPORATION-STREET SCHEME.

The above plan, reduced from one which has been specially prepared by Mr. T. de Courcy Meade, the city surveyor, for the Improvement Committee, gives a clear idea of what is meant by the Corporation-street improvement schemes. Thick black lines indicate the intended street widenings by contrast with the outer and lighter tracings of the present building lines in Market-street, Market-place, Cateaton-street, Hanging Ditch, Corporation-street, and Cannon-street. On the left hand side of Cannon-street, opposite the "Manchester Courier" and "Evening Mail" offices the property to be scheduled includes a warehouse quite recently named Cheeryble House, in commemoration of its having been formerly owned by Messrs. Grant, who were the originals of Charles Dickens's Cheeryble Brothers. The oblong area, be-

ket-street boundary. He has suggested that, as the Exchange authorities complain from time to time of want of room, the arcade theory might give place to the provision of a magnificent new home for the Royal Exchange if a mutually satisfactory agreement could be arrived at for transforming the present commercial building into a combined art gallery and free reference library for the city. The suggestion is calculated to take one's breath away, but success has often crowned designs which, in their inception, have appeared altogether Utopian. The triangular corner to the right of Hanging Ditch will need a block of buildings of special shape. As to Cateaton-street an effort has been made in Committee to clear away the buildings between that thoroughfare and the Cathedral, but this has met with scant favour. The much-talked-of Hanging Bridge is



Manchester Times 28th September 1900

gioning on the left hand side of Market-street, is by far the greatest of all the sections concerned. Although the time is too early for any decision as to what class of buildings shall be placed thereon, it is understood that the general idea of the Improvement Committee is to erect a colossal structure of fine architectural design with a central arcade somewhat in keeping with the Victoria-street building. One member of the Committee has pointed out to his fellows that this area contains more land than is occupied by the site of the Royal Exchange, which confronts its Mar-

ket-street boundary. If all the sections of the scheme indicated are carried out the total cost entailed may be calculated at over £550,000.

As will be seen by a report in another column the General Purposes Committee of the Manchester City Council yesterday discussed the subject at length, and, by a large majority, agreed to recommend the Council to adopt scheme No. 3, which leaves out Market-street and Market-place, and only involves the widening of Cannon-street and Cateaton-street, and a slight change in Corporation-street.

Owners of The city 1781 -1881

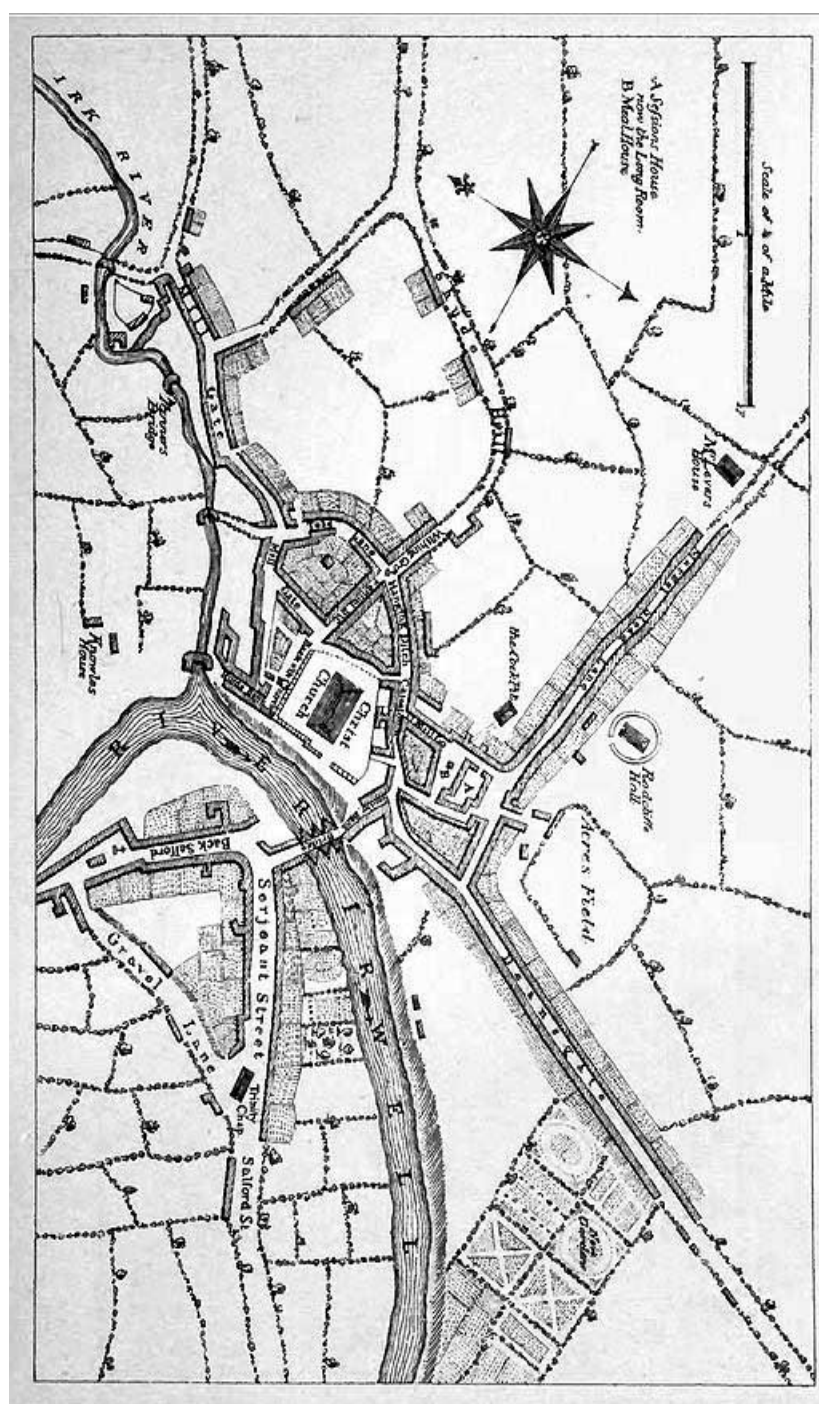
Mr Arthur Glegg Mr Samuel Loaff	Owned the land pre Nov 1781.
Mr John & Joseph Stopford	Leased above land on 20th Nov 1781. Land used to construct dwelling houses, 8th Jan 1783.
Mr Edward Swan	Sold three houses in Tib Street 19th May 1800 to Mr James Oldham.
Mr James Oldham	Sold the property to Mr Thomas Birks 20th May 1800. Also purchased land on the southerly side and sold it on to Mr Birks on the 24th June 1800.
Mr William Aldridge	In 1804 directory William listed as victualler, Prince William of Gloucester (No 54).
Mr Thomas Birks	Sold both plots to Mr Chris Webster, on the 12th Aug 1819, also sold some land sold to Mr James Taylor on the 20th July 1841.
Mr Charles Blake	In 1836 directory lists Mr Blake as landlord, King's Arms & Coronation Inn (No 107).
Mr Arthur Peters	Seems to have leased the pub in 1838 The Kings Arms & Coronation Inn .
Mr Chris Webster	Sold the land to John Craig, on the 11th December 1840.
Mr John Turner	In 1852 Welland Directory indicated Turner was the landlord. Kings Arms Vaults (No 133).
Mr Edward Todman	Had the pub on lease 29th May 1860 Coronation Inn .
Mr Richard Andrew	Married to Ann who went on to inherit the pub.
Rev. Thomas William	Married Ann when Richard dies, 5th May Watts 1881.

Manchesters Parishes

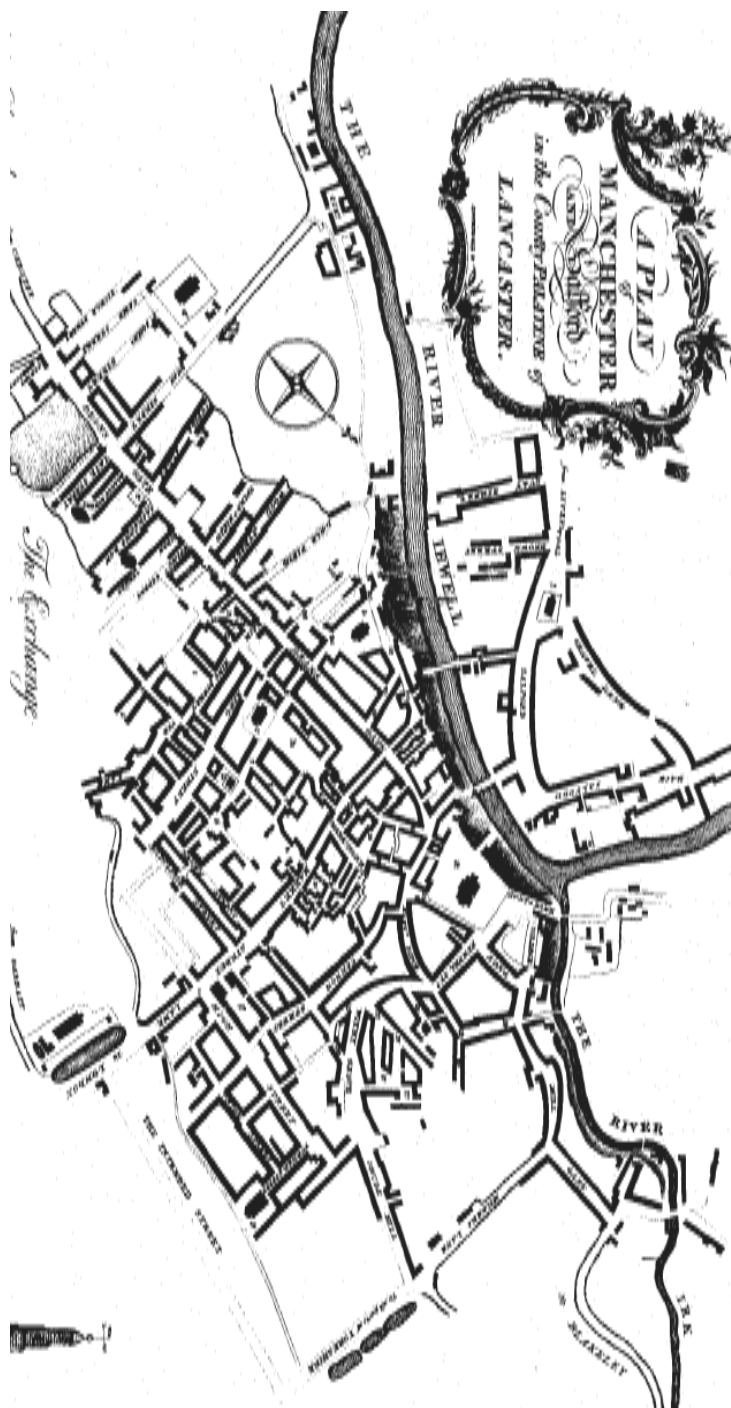


There are 15 civil parishes in the ceremonial county of Greater Manchester, most of the county being unparished; Bury, Rochdale, and Salford are completely unparished. At the 2001 census, there were 129,325 people living in the 15 civil parishes, accounting for 5.2% of the county's population. Parishes arose from Church of England divisions, and were originally purely ecclesiastical divisions. Over time they acquired civil administration powers.

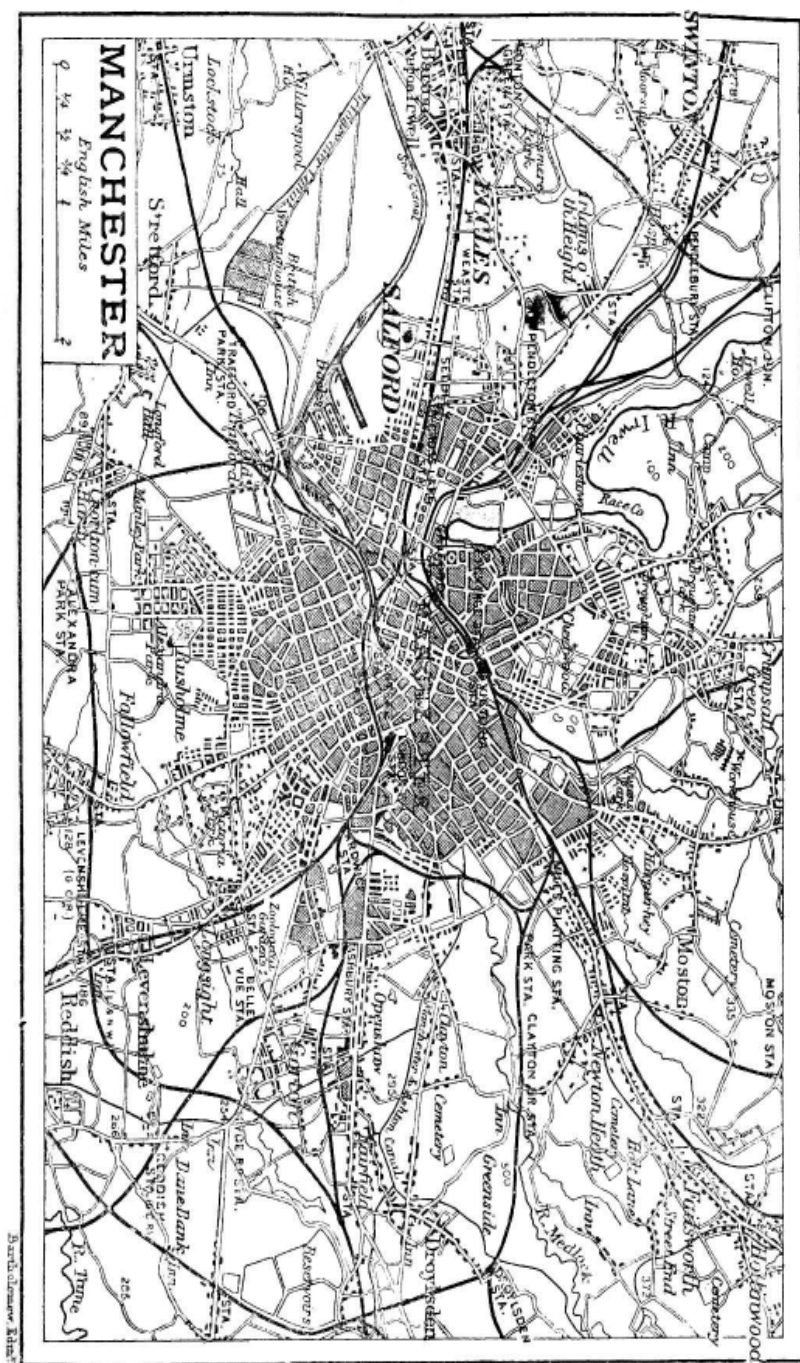
The Highways Act 1555 made parishes responsible for the upkeep of roads. Every adult inhabitant of the parish was obliged to work four days a year on the roads, providing their own tools, carts and horses; the work was overseen by an unpaid local appointee, the Surveyor of Highways. The poor were looked after by the monasteries, until their dissolution. In 1572, magistrates were given power to 'survey the poor' and impose taxes for their relief. This system was made more formal by the Poor Law Act 1601, which made parishes responsible for administering the Poor Law; overseers were appointed to charge a rate to support the poor of the parish. The 19th century saw an increase in the responsibility of parishes, although the Poor Law powers were transferred to Poor Law Unions. http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Civil_parishes_in_Greater_Manchester



Manchester Map of 1844



Manchester Map of 1900



CROSS KEYS,
Wood Street, Cheapside
ROYAL MAIL AND COACH
ESTABLISHMENT.

CHESTER and HOLYHEAD
ROYAL MAIL,

Through Lichfield, Stafford, and Nantwich, every Evening
at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 7.

BIRMINGHAM and COVENTRY

Fast Coaches (Built on a superior Construction),
In 12 Hours, Morning and Evening at 7.

MANCHESTER PEVERIL OF THE PEAK,
In 22 Hours, every Evening at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 7.

LIVERPOOL,

Every Morning at 7.—By this Conveyance Passengers
are allowed to stop One Night at Birmingham.

Liverpool Umpire

Every Afternoon at half-past 2—Arrives in ample time for
Passengers to proceed on by the Packet for Ireland.

SHREWSBURY BY COACHES.

The Nimrod, IN ONE DAY, through Leamington,
Shiffnal and Wolverhampton, every Morning $\frac{1}{2}$ past 5; and
The Emerald, through Coventry, every Evening at 7.

Nottingham and Leicester,
THE RAPID.

Through Bedford, Kettering and Harborough, every Evening
at $\frac{1}{4}$ before 5.

B. W. HORNE & Co. Proprietors.

*The above Coaches start from the Golden Cross, Charing
Cross, where Places and Parcels can be booked.*

Coach timetable 1819 printed with the destination, departure and travel times of stage and mail coaches departing from the Cross Keys Inn at Wood Street, Cheapside. Such timetables would be posted at the entrance to all coaching inns to advertise the services offered from that destination. This timetable notes that the 'Peveril of the Peak' stage coach leaves for Manchester every evening at 7.30pm, with a journey time of 22 hours.

Inn's in Oldham Street 1828 - 1848

Oldham Street	1828 (1)	1828 (2)	1832 (3)	1838 (4)	1848 (5)
George IV		27 John Evans	27 Thomas Stephens		
Lord Duncan / Rose & Crown (8)	30 Thomas Ashworth	30 Thomas Ashworth	30 Thomas Jackson	59 Catherine Constantine 53	59 John Boden 53
King		42 S. Mason See Note (6)		George Todman 83	George Todman
Spread Eagle		61 W. Spooner	54 Horton & Co.	E. Roberts 107 (7) A. Peters 98	107 John Turner 102
Kings Arms & Coronation Inn	61 Ann Gardner			James Vexsey	Peter Okell 70
Grapes Inn (9)					Charles Garwood 82
Cobden Arms	68 Phillip Dougan	68 Phillip Dougan	68 Phillip Dougan	82 Phillip Dougan	Mary Dougan 83
Coach & Horses					James Duxton
Queen Stores	74 William lane				
Still	76 Joseph Lumb 77		108 Joshua Lode 97	24 J Hughes 70	60 Thomas Porter 24
Crown & Anchor (10)		97 John Parker	John Youil		J Hughes
Hen & Chickens					
Lavards Still					280 72 458
Angel					Mary Garside
Heywood Arms					
Itb Street	1828	1828	1832	1838	1848
Wheatsteeaf	21 Edward Treanor	37 Edward Treanor 20	37 Edward Treanor	59 Cum Blackburn	59 Phillip Crane
Anglers Tavern		W. Kay			

As the street grew, the numbers changed.

Directories

1. 1828 Pigot & Co. Directory
Section - TAVERNS
2. 1828 Street Directory
- 3 1832 Street Directory
4. 1838 Pigot & Co. Directory
5. 1848 Slaters Directory
6. Highest numbered property in Oldham Street 107 which was used as a lodging house. Our pub faced onto Tib Street.
7. Arthur Peter moved on to the Yorkminster Tavern at 148 Deansgate (1848 Slater Directory)
8. No. 59 in 1848 is shown as the Rose & Crown instead of Lord Duncan.
9. 1891 Map shows Grapes Inn located where the Frog & Bucket is now.
- 10 Crown & Anchor is now called The Castle Hotel.

From the 1861 Census 133 Oldham Street

Name	Relation	Condition	Sex	Age	Born	Occupation,
GUEST, Henry	Head	Married	M	32	1829	Innkeeper
GUEST, Maryann	Wife	Marrie	F	24	1837	
GRETORX, Elizabeth	Servant		F	19	1842	Waitress
BANCROFT, Jane	Servant	Unmarrie	F	19	1842	Waitress
GUEST, George H	Son	Unmarried	M	1	1860	
GUEST, Fanny	Daughter		F	0	1861	
MC KAY, Mary	Servant	Unmarried	F	21	1840	Nurse
CROSSBY, Betsy	Servant	Unmarried	F	34	1827	Cook
THOMPSON, Elizabeth	Servant		F	13	1848	Nurse



sent was produced among this audience.

The Mayor, in announcing the decision of the justices, said: At the meeting on the 26th of August it was announced that the following applications of licenses for retailers would be suspended, viz.:—*James Carroll, Bay Horse, Long Millgate; James Bradley, Church Tavern, Green-street; George Hardy, Dog Inn, Deansgate; John Bennett, Golden Lion, Deansgate; and, Thomas Dixon Ryke, Harrower-street; Thos. Rigby, Railway Inn, Deansgate; Mary Abrahams, Scho Foundry, Ancoats; Matthias Mather, Victoria Tavern, Angel-street.* In accordance with the information so given, the charges have been fully instigated, and the premises of the persons named have now been determined upon to refuse the renewal of licenses to James Carroll, Church Tavern, Green-street; George Hardy, Dog Inn, Deansgate; Thomas Rigby, Railway Inn, Deansgate; Mary Abrahams, Scho Foundry, Ancoats; Matthias Mather, Victoria Tavern, Angel-street; and John Bennett, Rainbow Hotel, Spring Gardens; and John Bennett, the other four licenses. They are of opinion that these cases were very properly reported by the police, yet the misconduct charged and established is not so serious as to call for the notice that if any misconduct parties must, however, be given, as at a future session they should be unquestionably lose their licenses. The Rainbow Hotel vault will be discontinued, as arranged with the proprietor. The complaint of the police against the directed only against the vault. The justices did not grant any of the applications, as they did not consider any of the premises within the principles which had hitherto guided them in respect to the situation and requirements of the neighbourhood, the size of the house, or the character of the applicant. After the decision of the justices, the renewal of which is refused, there will remain 476 licensed houses in the city. With respect to the wine and beer licenses, there are, according to the lists furnished by the Excise, 2,220 persons in the city licensed to sell wine or beer. Of these 1,793 persons are licensed to sell wine and to be consumed upon the premises, 22 persons to sell wine and to be so consumed, 274 persons to sell beer and to be so consumed upon the premises, twelve persons to sell beer and wine not to be consumed upon the premises, eleven persons to sell wine not to be consumed upon the premises. Fourteen persons are licensed to sell beer who hold licenses to sell wine, and these persons are not to be consumed on the premises. All the licenses to sell beer, except those taken up by the wholesale bootellers, expire on the 10th of October in each year, and for the renewal of these licenses the certificate of the justices at this session is necessary. The wine licenses and the beer licenses, however, do not expire in April or July, but in October, and it is competent for the persons holding these licenses to apply to the justices for certificates at the annual licensing meeting, or at any special sessions for the transfer of licenses to houses. For the purposes of the present session, and in order to give all parties now holding licenses an opportunity of applying for new certificates, whether their licenses have dealt with the entire list furnished by the Excise, having previously caused notice of this session, and the provisions of the new act relating to certificates for renewal, to be served upon every person so licensed for the purpose of giving them an opportunity of presenting the information furnished by the Excise, and of thereto, they announced at these meetings that they should suspend the grant of certificates of renewal to 825 persons for further investigation, that each person should receive notice of objection, and the time and place when they should be heard, and that the persons so named should be suspended from the ground, viz., 353 for evidence of bad character, 181 on charges affecting the character of the

Manchester Times, Sat. Sept. 25, 1869

(100)	(101)	(102)
<p>*Pensack Henry Barry, 49 King st *Pensack Joseph, 56 Bridge st *Pensack Joseph, 96 Market st *Pensack Wm. Jas. 6 Riding's court *Pickard Robt. 7 Hughes st. C. R. *Pollard Robert, 32 Blackfriars st. S *Pollard Wm. & Son, 11 Oldham st *Power Thos. 5 Colonnade, Salford *Pugh Edward, 4 Oxford st *Randerson Richd. 77 London road *Rastrick Charles, Market place *Richards Thomas, 12 Market place *Richardson Matthew, 40 Bloom st *Ridley John & Sons, 78 Spear st *Robley Noah, 6 Whitte st *Ruse and Jones, 2 Crow alley *Saltmer Thos. 3 St. Ann's st *Samuels John, 62 Chapel st. Lon rd *Sargeant Thos. 66 King st *Scurr, Petty and Swain, 12 St. Ann's square *Seddon James, 152 Long Millgate *Seed Francis, 11 Brook st. C. R. *Sharples Saml. 33 Gt. Ancoats st *Shaw Joseph, 60 Tib street *Smith Joseph, 1 Feuton's court, Chapel street, Salford *Smith Wm. and Son, 27 London rd *Steel Matthew, 6 Ridgefield *Stubbs John, Skerrette, 17 St. Ann's square *Swain John, 20 Deansgate *Taylor Thos. and Sons (and mercers) 60 King street *Threlfall and Oliver, 7 Market at Toft John, 3 Cotton st *Tonge Robt. 10 Union st. Church st *Usher John, 5 Dale street *Varley Edw. Place, 2 Exchange st *Vickers George, 62 Falkner st *Walker George, 66 Bridge st *Wardle George, 2 Quay at *Warriner James, 12 Meal at *Watkins Francis, Ducle place *Watts James, 38 King st *Watts Wm. Red bank *Webster John (and clothes dealer) 42a, Thomas street *Wetherburn John, 19 Toxteth st *Wightmore Thos. 298 Deansgate *Woodhall and Haslepreys, 14 Exchange street *Wright Edward, 8 Pall mall *Yates Joseph, 7 Broughton road *Yates Jos. 16 New Richmond, Pen. *Young Thomas, 37 Dale st TALLOW GRANDLERS AND SOAP BOILERS. Briddon John & Hen. 281 Deansgate Cope John, 54 Great Ancoats at Egaa John, 14 Deal st. Salford Golland Thos. 219 Deansgate Hallam Henry, Bury st. Salford Ledward Thos. 3 Chester pl. Pend. Munson and Snodin, 25 Shudehill Munson Benjamin, 89 Oldham st Nanson Wm. 70 King st Roylance John, 27 Withy grove Shelton S. & Sons, 20 & 21 Shudehill Tebbutt Robert and Brother, 186 Deansgate Tebbutt Robt. and Thos. 17 Pall Thornton Robt. 8 Pump st. Lon. rd TANNERS. Brownbill Wm. Recent rd. Salford Matthews James, Butler st Sandbach Daniel & Co. 30 Lloyd at Walker Thomas (and leather dresser) Ducle bridge Wood John, Bradford TAVERNS & PUBLIC HOUSES. Adelphi Tavern, Joseph Holden, Arlington st. Salf. (77 Fleet at Admiral Collingwood, Jn. Langtree,</p>	<p>Admiral Haddock, Wm. Lowe, 3 Parsonage (109 Pollard st Admiral Rodney, Joseph Skarvatt, Alsworth's Arms, Wm. Rodman, 123 Long Millgate Andrew's Arms & Bowling Green, Joseph Caldwell Williamson, Har- perney Angel, Thos. Parry, 93 Deansgate Angel, Jos. Smith, 16 Bank parade Angel, Jas. Taylor, 363 Oldham rd Albion Hotel Tap, John Scragg, 92 Back Piccadilly Apple Tree, Geo. Lingard, 1 Half at Astley's Arms, Thos. Evans, 224 Great Ancoats st [Chorlton at Aytoun Arms, Hannah Scragg, 9 Bakers' Arms, John Brotherdale, 21 Red bank [Toxteth at Balloon, George Johnson, 3 Bal- loon, Martha Roberts, 39 St. George's road [near st Barley Mow, Sarah Gately, 41 Tur- barley Sheaf, John Stott, 37 Clowes street, Salford [Shudehill Bay Horse, Thomas Dickinson, 3 Bay Horse, Wm. Hares, Thomas at Bay Horse, Mary Slater, 127 Long Millgate Bee Hive, Ths. Darlington, Jersey st Bee Hive, Benjamin Green, York st. S Bentley Arms, Michael Hubbard, 7 Junction st [Cheetham hill Bird-in-Hand, Thomas Barlow, Bird-in-Hand, Joseph Marsden, 30 Great Ancoats street Bishop Blazie, Thomas Goulbourn, 57 Water st. Bridge st Bishopgate Tavern, Eliz. Hudson, Blebngate, Fleet st Black Boy, Jas. Travis, Old Millgate Blackfriars Tap, Matt. M. Laughlin, Blackfriars [Oldham rd Black Horse, Geo. Eckersley, 244 Black Horse, Thos. Molinsux, 8 Alport town [Bank, Salf Black Horse, Wm. Smith, 16 Broken Black Horse Inn (& land agent) Robt. Hughes, Greek st. C. R. Black Mare, Joshua Beaton, 44 Canal st [Old Church yd Blackmoor's Head, Susanna Lloyd, Blacksmith's Arms, Richard Yates, Downing st. Ardwick [door Black Swan John Burdick, Smithy Blue Ball, Luke Burton, Mill st. Blue Ball, Hen. Lewis, 1 Chester rd Blue Bell, — Hurst, 33 High at Blue Boar, Thos. Tonge, Blue Boar court, Market place Blue Lion, Wm. Stables, 49 Cooke st. Salford [Sharncliffe Boar's Head, Thos. Holden, Pork Boat House, Jas. Brown, Oldfield rd Boat House, Hen. Gould, 128 Deansgt Boiler Makers' Arms, Jas. Wilson, 178 Chapel street, Salford Bowling Green, James Raby, Wa- ter street, Bridge street Braziers' Arms, William Vickers, Hodson at Salford [Acton at Bricklayer's Arms, Jos. Stevenson, Brickmaker's Arms, John Taylor, 27 Chapel st. Salford Bridge Inn, Wm. Bradbury, 82 Mill street, Bradford road Bridge Inn, James Richards, 18 New Bailey street Bridge Tavern, Hannah Barge, Pa- radise street, Salford Britannia, Jas. Hulme, Newton st Britannia, T. Kay, Ordsall la. Salf British Fleet, Thos. Henshall, Fleet st. Oldfield rd</p>	<p>British Rella, Thos. Barlow, 6 Collier st. Salford [Mushall at British Volunteer, Edw. Gratrix, 13 Britons' Protection, James Key, 45 Great Bridgewater st [Cham rd Britons' Protection, Jos. Wood, Old- Brughton Tavern, Ann Kenyon, Broughton road Brown Ball, John Lyon, New Bal- ley st. [near st. Oldham rd Brown Cow, Mary Antrobus, Bot- Brown's Field Tavern, John Malla- nen, Brewer street Buck, Geo. Saml. Rideal, 48 Booth at Back & Hawthorn, Joseph Ball, 2 St. Ann's street Bull's Head, Joseph Bradshaw, 26 Greengate, Salf. [London rd Bull's Head, Abraham Calvert, 97 Bull's Head, Samuel Liressey, Bull's Head yard, Market place Bull's Head, John Manning, Union st, Church st [Newtown Bull's Head, John Mills, Little gro. Bull's Head, James Platford, Ches- ter road Bull's Head, Jas. Porter, 244 Deans- gate [Woodward at Bull's Head, Peter Sidebottom, Bull's Head & Market House, Jos. Green, Barnes st. Market st Caldender's Arms, Jas. Reed, Jack- son's row [Hulme Cantena, Martha Read, Barracks, Castle & Falcon, Jas. Butterworth, 8 Bradshaw st [Bank Castle Inn, Gilbert Bibby, Hunt's Castle Inn, St. Daniel, 60 Deansgate Cheetham Arms, Thos. Rothwell, 35 Long Millgate Cheeshire Cheese, John Brownsmith, 23 Back Turner street Cheeshire Cheese Tavern, Peter Foster, 484 Oldham road Cheeshire Tavern, Mary Ball, Rowe's court, Bridge street Church and Trumpet, David Made- ley, Barton st. Liverpool road Clarendon Inn, Thomas Stagg, Clarendon st. Oxford road Clock Face, Joseph Schofield, Higher Ardwick [Cham rd Clock Face, Geo. Timmins, 49 Old- Coach and Horses, Philip Doogan, 68 Oldham st [Chapel st. S Coach and Horses, John Glover, 30 Coach and Horses, Hannah Mycock, Loughlight, Gorton Coach and Horses, Jno. Sheldrick, Stevenson's square Coach and Horses, John Twiss, Booth street, Tib lane Coachmaker's Arms, Jos. Stockton, 17 Jackson's row Cock, Thos. Hartley, Cock gates Cock, Wm. Pierce, 99 Deansgate Collier's Arms, Philip Tanner, Canal st [Brown st. Market at Commercial Tavern, Thos. Ogden, 1 Coronation Inn and George IV. Elizabeth Bridge, Smithfield market Cotton Tree, Jno. Greenwood, Back Acton st [street, Salford Cotton Tree, Richard Holt, Gore Cotton Tree, John Stringer, Saville street, Chorlton row Cotton Tree, Wm. Stringer, 52 Great Ancoats street Cow and Calf, Margaret Peatfield, Gravel lane Cow & Calf, Rt. Wood, Cheetham pl Craven Heifer, Betty Camm, Miller at Crescent Tavern, Emanuel Wroe, Mount st. Crescent, Ancoats</p>

(103) TAVERNS—Continued.	(104)	(105)
<p>Cricketer's Inn, John Dickinson, 4 Ford street, Salford [gate] Croft's Arms, Jos. Knight, Cock Cross Keys, George Phillips, Cross street, Swan street Cross Keys, William Southern, 23 Longworth street [at Salford] Cross Keys, Thos. Walker, Brown Cross, Robt. Riley, 123 Deansgate Cross, Richd. Stend, Blackfriars st Cross and Anchor, Thos. Bake Hillon street Cross and Anchor, Joshua Lodge, 51 Water street, Bridge street Cross and Anchor, Joseph Lamb, 76 Oldham st Cross and Anchor, Robert Swyer, 11 Cateaton st [Lg. Millgate] Cross and Coshion, Wm. Bottley, 84 Cross and Coshion, Jonathan Hol- son, 70 Chapel st. Salford Cross and Kettle, Hannah Rich- ardson, 1 Great Ancoats street Cross and Maypole, Robert Bel- ringer, Pendleton green Cross & Miltre, Jn. Haigh, 51 Spear at Cross and Sceptre, William Cleo- bury, 14 Deansgate Cross and Shuttle, Alice Barlow, 107 Long Millgate Cross and Thistle, James Open- shaw, 9 Half street Death of Nelson, Michael Lavery, Oldham road Derby Arms, Richard Hankinson, Derby street, Cheetham Derby Arms, Christopher Holden, 82 Blakeley st Dog, Saml. Burrows, 205 Deansgate Dog and Partridge, Timothy Bar- low, London place, London rd Dog and Partridge, Eliza Glover, Ducie place [Chapel st, Salford] Dog and Partridge, John Graeme, Dog & Partridge, Edmund Hamer, Carnarvon street Dog and Partridge, John Richard- son, 178 Deansgate Dog and Partridge, Esther Travis, 29 Fennel st [40 Fleet at] Dog and Partridge, Thomas Wade, Dog and Volunteer, Catharine Pick- ering, 209 Chapel st. Salford Dog Tavern, Sarah Weston, 57 Deansgate Ducie Arms Inn, John Bell, Great Ducie street, Strangeways Ducie Bridge, Joseph Shaw, 105 Long Millgate Duke of Clarence, Elizabeth Tom- linson, 34 Gravel lane, Salford Duke of Cumberland, Isaac Mid- dleton, 9 Cumberland street Duke of Lancaster, Mary Ann Groves, Newmarket st. Salford Duke of Wellington, John Foxlow, 6 Foster st, Chapel st, London rd Duke of York, Charles Ashton, 25 Coppers at [Lever at] Duke of York, Wm. Corbushley, Duke of York, William Foulkes, 59 Shudehill Duke of York, George Heaton, Regent's road Duke of York, Richard Jones, 1 Frederick street, Salford Duke's Steam Packet, Jas. Kay, 154 Deansgate Durham Ox, Jas. Clark, Tond lane Dyer's Arms, John Blackburn, 15 Lombard street [Salford] Dyer's Arms, Jno. Read, 78 Chapel st, 208</p>	<p>Dyer's Arms, James Street, 65 Ash- ley lane [Lane] Dyer's Arms, Benj. Wetton, 3 Fetter Eagle & Bowling Green, Thomas Cronkall, Tuer st. Chorlton row Eagle & Child, Rt. Burns, Cheetham hill [Oldham road] Earl St. Vincent, Chas. Webster, 7 Edinburgh Castle, Rachael Oliver, Blossom st Egerton Arms, Wm. Nightingale, 32 Chester rd. Hulme Elephant, Geo. Grantham, Green st Engraver's Arms, Jonathan Hob- son, Ger street, Pool street Factory Tavern, Elizabeth White, George street, Salford Farm Yard, Seth Filtercroft, Brad- ford road, Islington [Leigh at] Farmer's Arms, Jan. Hall, George Farmer's Arms, James Phoenix, 68 Deansgate [Hanover st] Farrier's Arms, Wm. Cooper, 72 Farrier's Arms, John Wrigley, Gar- den lane, St Mary's Feathers, Mary Billington, 130 London road Feathers Inn, John Frost, 242 Chapel street, Salford Fifteenth Hussars, William Lomax, 76 Portland street Fleece, Thos. Thorley, 26 Oak st Fleece Tavern, James Ratcliffe, Old shambles Fleur de Lis, Wm. Gee, Ancoats bce Flower Pot, Wm. Oldham, Red bank Flying Horse, Emanuel Hird, 4 Hunt's bank Fox, Wm. Benson, 1 Jackson's row Fox, Geo. Copstick, 77 Lombard st Fox, Eliza. Lax, Cockpit hill Fox & Goose, James Howarth, 2 Broom street [Shudehill] Gaping Goose, James Bagnall, 58 Garret's Head, Joseph Salmon, 23 Fountain at Gas Tavern, Samuel Arrowsmith, Gold street, St. George's road George and Dragon, Matheus De- pear, 30 Fountain st George and Dragon, John Gilli- brand, Higher Ancoats, Ardwick George and Dragon, Isaac Ogden, 38 Garden st, Shudehill George and Dragon, Henry Put- chett, 5 Withy grove George and Dragon, James Sykes, Ardwick green [house, Redbnk] George and Dringoo, Elizth. Wain- George and Dragon, Jane Weston, 1 Gairtade st Geo. IV. Tr. Baron, 14 Gt Ancoats st Geo. IV. Jos. Bird, Longsight, Gorton Geo. IV. Tr. Stephens, Nw Windsor George IV. John Wetton, Pritch- ard street, Chorlton row George Inn, Edmund Brown, 48 Deansgate George Inn, Francis Walker, St. George's road [croft, 13 Pall ml] Gibraltar Tavern, Joshua Welsten- Globe Tavern, Jno. Fallows, Bir- chlin lane [Bury st, Salfd] Globe Tavern, Robert Kilvert, 32 Globe Tavern, Jno. Read, 8 Irwell at Golden Eagle, Jas. Mercer, Swar- brick st, London road Golden Lion, Jno. Coupe, Blackley Golden Lion, St. Ogden, Harpurhey Golden Lion, Hannah Wol-tecroft, 247 Oldham road Grapes, Thos. Crossley, John st Canal st [court, Market pl] Grapes, James Frost, Blue Bear</p>	<p>Grapes, Ann Gardner, 61 Oldham st Grapes, Wm. Hodson, 20 Booth st, Oxford st [Pendleton] Grapes, James Johnson, Cross la, Grapes, Geo. Warbarton, Tib lane Grapes, Jas. Whitehead, Union st Greene's Head, Jas. Dearden, 78 Deansgate [Jersey at] Green Dragon, Nancy Whitehead, Green Vale Tavern, John Cam- mings, Bedford st, Salford Grey Horse, Henry Richardson, 131 Deansgate Grey Horse, Jno. Shore, Smithy door Greyhound, Wm. Warbarton, Ches- ter road, Hulme Grey Mare, Thos. Porter, Openshaw Griffin, Eli Dravill, Griffs court, Chapel st, Salford Griffin, Geo. Fletcher, Cheetham bl Griffin, Jos. Lyon, 249 Gt Ancoats st Half Moon, Wm. Acton, Chapel walks [68 Deansgate] Half Moon, Hannah Broadhurst, Hauch of Venison, Jno. Collins, 51 Dale st [at Oldham rd] Halton's Arms, Benj. Taylor, Butler Hare and Hoonds, Christopher Buckle, 87 Shudehill [Pendleton] Hare and Hoonds, Mary Coupe, Hare and Hoonds, James Gibson, 72 Water st, Bridge st Hare and Hoonds, Mary Norton, 7 Withy grove [Dale st, Salf] Hare and Hoonds, Robt. Newland, Hare and Hoonds, Richard Roe, 2 Parsonage Hare & Hoonds, Jno. Wardle, 11 Chester rd, Hulme Harp Tavern, Edw. Nuttall, Lee street, Great Ancoats st Hat and Feathers, Geo. Eastwood, 7 Mason st Hawthorn, Wm. Lomas, Albion st Hen and Chickens, John Hamer, Oldham st [168 Deansgate] Hen and Chickens, Saml. Malkin, Heywood's Arms, Saml. Cheetham, 1 Fir st, Oldham road Higher Ship, John Shuttleworth, 108 Shudehill Higher Tar's Head, Jas. Ashworth, 44 Shudehill Hiebind Laddie, Wm. Eastwood, 1 Dairdale street [Her at] Highton Arms, Benj. Taylor, Bail- Hise, John Robinson, 62 Deansgate Hope and Anchor, John Martin, Bury st, Salford [11 Half st] Hope and Anchor, John Welch, Hop Pole, John Waddington, 45 Parlamut st [Ancoats st] Hop Pole, Ann Witham, 62 Great Horse Shoe and Bowling green Inn, John Hobson, Pendleton Houldsworth's Arms, Ed. Sawdon, Great Ancoats st Imperial Wreath, Wm. Nightingale Jones, Lever st [at Oldham rd] Industry, Thos. Darlington, Jeracy Iron Bridge, J. Hackli, Greengate Iron Moulders' Arms, Geo. Hay- ward, 33 Major st [501 at] Jolly Hatters, Jn. Ormond, 35 Ben- Jolly Potters, Thos. Stone, 109 Greengate, Salford Junction Inn, Robt. Preson, Junc- tion at, Great Ancoats st King, Eliz. Hobson, 27 Oldham at King Richard III. Alm. Eastwood, 8 James st, Edge st King Richard III. Robert Wright, Tond lane [coats st] King's Arms, Tr. Hancock, 41 Gt Au-</p>

(100)	(107)	(108)
<p>King's Arms, Thos. Cross Brown, Clarendon st, Chorlton row King's Arms, St Hall, 188 Deansgate King's Arms, Wm. Lomas, Charlertown, Pendleton [Spinning field King's Arms, Nathaniel Lowe, 40 King's Arms, Rowland Parkinson, Oldfield road, Salford King's Arms, Henry Patchett, 112 St. George's road [st, Salford King's Arms, Ellis Piggott, Bloom King's Arms, Joseph Woolley, 1 Windmill st [King st King's Arms Tap, Ju. Keen, 2 Back King's Head, St. Benton, O. Shubbs King's Head, Joseph Richardson, 214 Chapel st, Salford King's Head, James Shaw, 1 Chancery lane, Higher Ardwick Annot Mill Tavern, Dav. Crossley, Hewitt street [Gt. Bridgewater st Labour and Health, Jos. Laird, 7 Lamb, Jos. Blackley, Toad lane Lamb, Amery Hall, 167 Chapel st, S Lamb, Wm. Hanley, 288 Oldham rd Legs of Man, Samuel Lowcock, 48 Gravel lane, Salford Legs of Man, Js. Royston, Portland st Lloyd's Arms, Esther Elam, Little Ormond st, Chorlton row London-road Inn, Jno. 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Jones, 30 Thomas' at Millwrights' Arms, Geo. Kesworth, Gaythorn st [ing st, C. R. Minshall's Arms, Wm. Hunt, Down-Mosley Arms, Arthur Holt, York at Moulders' Arms, William Owen, Chapel st, Salford Murray's Arms, Wm. Bayley, Jersey st, Oldham road Nag's Head, James Wood, 9 Jackson's row Nag's Head, Mary, Elizabeth and Frances Radford, 44 Hanover st Navigation Inn, James Gregory, Oldfield rd Navigation Tavern, Mary Coppock, 156 Deansgate Navigation Tavern, R. H. Heardman, Quay st [102 Gt. Ancoats st Navigation Tavern, Thos. White,</p>	<p>Nelson Tavern, Jos. Ashworth, 5 Great Ancoats st [Slaney st, S. Nelson Tavern, John Goostry, 1 Nelson Tavern, Michael Lavery, 433 Oldham rd [Oldham rd Neptune, Jos. Wrigley, Murray st, Neptune Tavern, George Oliver, Lower Temple st, Chorlton row New Boat's Head, Thos. Charbaru, Hyde's cross New Inn, Jno. Hammond, Openshaw New Legs of Man, Elizabeth Barge, New Bridge st, Salford New Market Inn, Mary Ann Roswell, Smithfield market Noah's Ark, Wm. Marsden, Chapel street, London road North British Volunteer, James Dalton, 19 Deansgate Nottingham Castle, Jacob Smith, 320 Oldham road Number Four, Hannah Whitehead, Hope st, Oldfield road Old Bowling Green Inn, Bentley Wright, Strangeways Old Church Tavern, Samuel Thomas, Old Church yd [Deansgate Old Golden Lion, Wm. Cull, 212 Old White Lion, Joseph Scholes, Blackley [nal st Ostrich, Saml. Kent, Wharf st, Ca-Oxford road Inn, Mary Collier, Oxford road Oxmoor, Saml. Bell, Liverpool rd Pack Horse, Robt. Ball, Jan. New Market buildings [ket Pack Horse, Wm. Bond, Apple-mar-Pack Horse Wm. Johnson, Bridge st Pack Horse, Saul. Parr, Openshaw Pack Horse, Ts. Poynton, Oldham rd Pack Horse, Jn. Williams, Deansgate Parliament House, Joseph Moore, 57 Parliament st Peacock, Wm. Suggett, 34 Dale st Peel's Arms, Bold Bagshaw Robinson, Mason st [Gregson st Plasterers' Arms, ———— Garlick, 18 Plough, Hen. Baker, Pottat, Canal at Prince of Wales, Wm. Williams, 22 Silver st, Hulme Prince Regent, Jos. 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Wilkinson, 257 Deansgate [21 Ashton st]</p> <p>Three Crowns, James Butterworth, Three Crown, John Evans, Jackson st, Chorlton row [gates]</p> <p>Three Crowns, Jos. Knight, 24 Cock Three Crowns, Samuel Millit, 2 Crown st [st, Salford]</p> <p>Three Crowns, Jeffery Wright, York Three Horse Shoes, Wm. Barrington, Old Shambles [Chadderton st]</p> <p>Three Travellers, Wm. Williams, 16 Three Tuns, John Eatwistle, Smithy door [Millgate]</p> <p>Three Tuns, Robt. Nuttall, 156 Long Tin-plate Worker's Arms, Benj. Smith, 84 Long Millgate [lard st]</p> <p>Touchett's Arms, Dav. M'Courts, Pol-Town Hall Tavern, C. Butterworth, Tib lane [Bridge st]</p> <p>Traford Arms, Ruth Pollard, Old Two Greyhounds, Jane Sykes, 36 Oak st [door]</p> <p>Uplcorn, Nancy Fisher, 43 Smithy Unicorn, James Gibbons, Chapel street, Salford [arch, outside]</p> <p>Unicorn, Hen. Prossatt, 45 Church st</p> <p>Unicorn, Jennet Green, 208 Deansgate [Union bridge]</p> <p>Union, Elzib. Harding, Rogers st, Union Tav. Richd. 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Gaskill, Angel st</p> <p>Weaver's Arms, Mary Jackson, Sugar-lane, [Cockpit hill]</p> <p>Weaver's Arms, Daniel M'iver, 300</p>	<p>Wellington, James Johnson, Gar-ratt road</p> <p>Wellington Tavern, Thomas Hall, Bengal st</p> <p>Wheat Sheaf, Mary & Alice Ashworth, 3 Fennel st</p> <p>Wheat Sheaf, Rbt. Birdsall, Angel st</p> <p>Wheat Sheaf, Mary Gregory, 102 London road</p> <p>Wheat Sheaf, Wm. Smelt, 36 High st</p> <p>Wheat Sheaf, John Stafford, 395 Oldham road [C. R.]</p> <p>Wheat Sheaf, Wm. Starkie, Cook st</p> <p>Wheat Sheaf, John Stirrup, jun. 62 Chapel st, Salford</p> <p>Wheat Sheaf, Edw. Treanor, 21 Tib at</p> <p>Wheat Sheaf, George Williams, 183 Deansgate</p> <p>White Bear, Thos. Dakin, 62 Swan st</p> <p>White Bull, Wm. Baxter, 45 Deal st, Salford [Plating]</p> <p>White Hart, James Aspell, Miles</p> <p>White Hart, Jas. Chambers, Tase at</p> <p>White Hart, Rt. Cross, 123 London rd</p> <p>White Hart, Robt. 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(wholesale) 24 Thomas street and 22 Edge at</p> <p>Oldfield James, jun. 12 Swan at</p> <p>Robinson Jase & Sesh. 250 Deansgate</p> <p>Scholes Jas. & Co. 106 Market at</p> <p>Shannon John (& tobaccoist) 216 Great Ancoats street</p> <p>Shaw Ralph, 102 Market st</p> <p>Sheldon Stephen and Sons, 20 and 21 Shudehill</p> <p>Sidebotham Ann, 13 St. Mary's gate</p> <p>Stouler George, 58 Swan st</p> <p>Swindells John, 13 Swan at</p> <p>Swithestank Jeffry (and coffee) 47 Oldham street</p> <p>Thistlethwaite Ann, 40 Oldham at</p> <p>White Henry, 201 Deansgate</p> <p>Wilson Richard, 20 Market place</p> <p>Woolfe Ralph, 8 St. Ann's place</p>
<p>TINSEER MERCHANTS.</p> <p>Barnes James, Chapel st, Salford</p> <p>Bellhouse David & Sons, Oxford st</p> <p>Buxton Saml. & Son, 2 Oxford st</p> <p>Carter Thos. Water st. Bridge at</p> <p>Clegg Widow & Sons, 2 George st, and York street</p> <p>Dickinson Thos. Grosvenor st. Pic.</p> <p>Evans John, Addington st, Oldham rd</p> <p>Evans Maurice, Poland at</p> <p>Fincham Frederick, Lever st</p> <p>Ganthorp Robert, Oxford street</p> <p>Goodlen Jas. 59 Great Ancoats at</p> <p>Hughes Wm. Store street</p> <p>Johnson James, New Windsor</p> <p>Ker Thos. Canal st. Gt. Ancoats st</p> <p>Lee John, 14 Brazenose street</p> <p>Lens Wm. Bernard, Worsley st. Salf</p> <p>Molineux Ths. 33 Cable st. Oldm rd</p> <p>Mouney Jas. Old bridge, Salford</p> <p>Ouley John, Chapel at. London rd</p> <p>Petty Joseph, David at. bottom of Portland street</p> <p>Satterfields & Cresswell, 1 Londo rd</p> <p>Schofield Joseph, Higher Ardwick</p> <p>Shaw John, 33 Cable street</p> <p>Walker John, 22 Bridge at</p> <p>Wallis John, 1 Mayes street and Miller street</p> <p>Watson Walter, Castle field</p> <p>Williams John, Chester rd. Haime</p> <p>Wood George, Miller st</p> <p>Wood Peter, Oxford road</p> <p>Young Joseph (& dealer in French bur millstone) Quay at</p>		
<p>TINPLATE WORKERS AND BAKERS.</p> <p>(See also <i>Brewers & Coppermillers</i>.)</p> <p>Almond Roger, Pendleton</p> <p>Atherton Thos. 43 Gt. Ancoats at</p> <p>Blagham, Hunsington & Co. (manu-facturers) 3 Bow street</p> <p>Birch John, Chapel at. Salford</p> <p>Browning James & Co. 1 White-cross bank, Salford</p> <p>Brydon George, 111 London road</p> <p>Carter Mark Robinson, 10 Swan st</p> <p>Catts Wm. 222 Great Ancoats at</p> <p>Davies Thos. (& iron plate worker) 10 Oxford rd. nr St. Peter's chrch</p> <p>Dunstan & Vickers, 228 Deansgate</p> <p>Edwards Jas. (& iron plate workr) 52 Brook st. Chorlton row</p> <p>Flides Elizabeth, 8 Market at</p> <p>Gorton Samuel, 80 Deansgate</p> <p>Gough Robert, 1 King st</p> <p>Hall Mary, 13 Old Millgate</p> <p>Hartley Robt. 61 Long Millgate</p> <p>Heaton Richard, 211 Deansgate</p> <p>Horton Richard, 52 London road</p>		
<p>TEA DEALERS.</p> <p>(See also <i>Grocers & Tea Dealers</i>.)</p> <p>Beddome Josephus (& seedsman) 46 Piccadilly</p> <p>Bingou Hannah & Ann, 23 Piccadilly</p> <p>Bluyon Thos. & Benj. 15 St Ann's sq</p> <p>Boardman Richard, 5 King at</p> <p>Bolan Eleanor, 7 Blackfriars</p> <p>Bowler Peter, 30 Cross st</p> <p>Broad Richard, 5 Old Bridge st, Salf</p> <p>Clarkson James, 78 Market st</p> <p>Emery Sarah & Prudence, Broad st, Pendleton</p> <p>Good Robt. Stevenson's square</p> <p>Goodier Samuel, 160 Deansgate</p> <p>Grierson James, 99 Greengate</p> <p>Hardy & Unthank, 26 Market st</p> <p>Hulme Mary, 12 Brook st. C. R.</p> <p>Johnson Wm. 137 Deansgate</p> <p>Jones, Brothers & Co. 75 Market at</p> <p>Jupson Thos. (and confectioner) 7 Brook st, Chorlton row</p>		

Drinking Beer

Within the Walker Art Gallery in Liverpool, is a special collection of drinking vessels, which records the progress of mans special relationship with the amber nectar



Drinking Beer



- 1 Beer glass, 1750-70. The engraved design of hops and barley shows it was meant for strong beer.
- 2 Cider glass, about 1763. 'No Excise' shows that it was meant for cider. The Government put a tax (excise duty) on cider in 1763.
- 3 Beer glass, 1730-50.
- 4 Earthenware jug, probably Liverpool, about 1793. 'Another jug and then. Then what? Another jug of beer, of course!'

Drinking Beer



11 Puzzle jug, tin-glazed earthenware, Liverpool, about 1750. Inscribed 'Here Gentlemen come try your skill, I'll hold a wager if you will, That you don't drink this liquor all, Without you spill and let some fall.'



17 Creamware mug transfer-printed. The happy faces of 'Courtship' turn into the sad ones of 'Matrimony' when you have drunk the beer and turn the mug upside down. Carr Hill Pottery, Gateshead, about 1800.

22 Creamware jug transfer-printed with a sailor's farewell and return, about 1800. Printed in Liverpool or Staffordshire. The drinkers could sit and sing the verses of this song, 'Auld Robin Gray.'



Drinking Wine & Spirits



Posset pot, tin-glazed earthenware, probably London, dated 1702. Posset was a drink of ale or wine curdled with milk or cream, which gave it a 'head' on top. You could avoid the head by using the spout to suck the liquid below it.



Sharing the Cup

Until after 1700, drinkers often shared one large cup and passed it round. Lots of handles made it easier to pass and lift. Some drinking pots had a spout from which you each sucked in turn (see no.1). After 1700 large cups gradually became rarer: most people now preferred to have a mug or glass to themselves.

Drinking Wine & Spirits



19 Stirrup cup, *creamware*, 1770-1810. In the shape of a fox's head, for a huntsman to use in the saddle.

16 Spirit flask, *salt-glazed stoneware* pottery, about 1830. You could fill it with gin and literally drink the house down.

17 Spirit flask, *salt-glazed stoneware* pottery, about 1832. Inscribed 'Success to Reform', its owner drank to the success of the Reform Bill of 1832 which created the basis of modern British democracy.





- 1 *Tin-glazed earthenware punchbowl, Liverpool, dated 1770. The Brocklebanks rose to become one of Liverpool's great shipowning dynasties.*
- 2 Wineglass engraved 'Success to the Warwick' with a view of the ship, 1760-75.
- 3 Glass wine bottle, 1740-60.
- 4 Glass wine bottle, 1730-90.
- 5 Silver punch ladle with whalebone handle, London 1796.

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I recently found these four business cards:

Suntours: Pat Day organised many business trips for Stuart and myself including an inarguable flight from Manchester to Kuala Lumpur in Business Class with Malaysian Airlines. And a couple of First Class flights taboot, a very useful lady to know.

Jay-Bee Promotions: Had been contacted to help improve our cultural evenings at the City Pub. But it transpired the fees to obtain the artists were a little on the expensive side. So Tom Jones and Earth, Wind and Fire had to wait.

Alf Jones: Was our stock taker for the duration of our ownership of The City. With weekly reports and audits it was nice to know which of the drinks was most popular with the staff.

Whitbread: The chap that looked after our account was a scouser called John Thomas a likeable but tough negotiator. Once a year and depending on the barrelage we would renegotiate our deal. We always made sure we had a couple of guest beers on display, just to annoy him. We would also use the beers to help negotiate a better deal.



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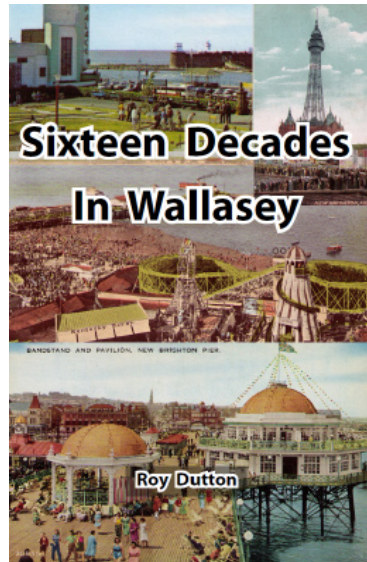
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